# Our Gang

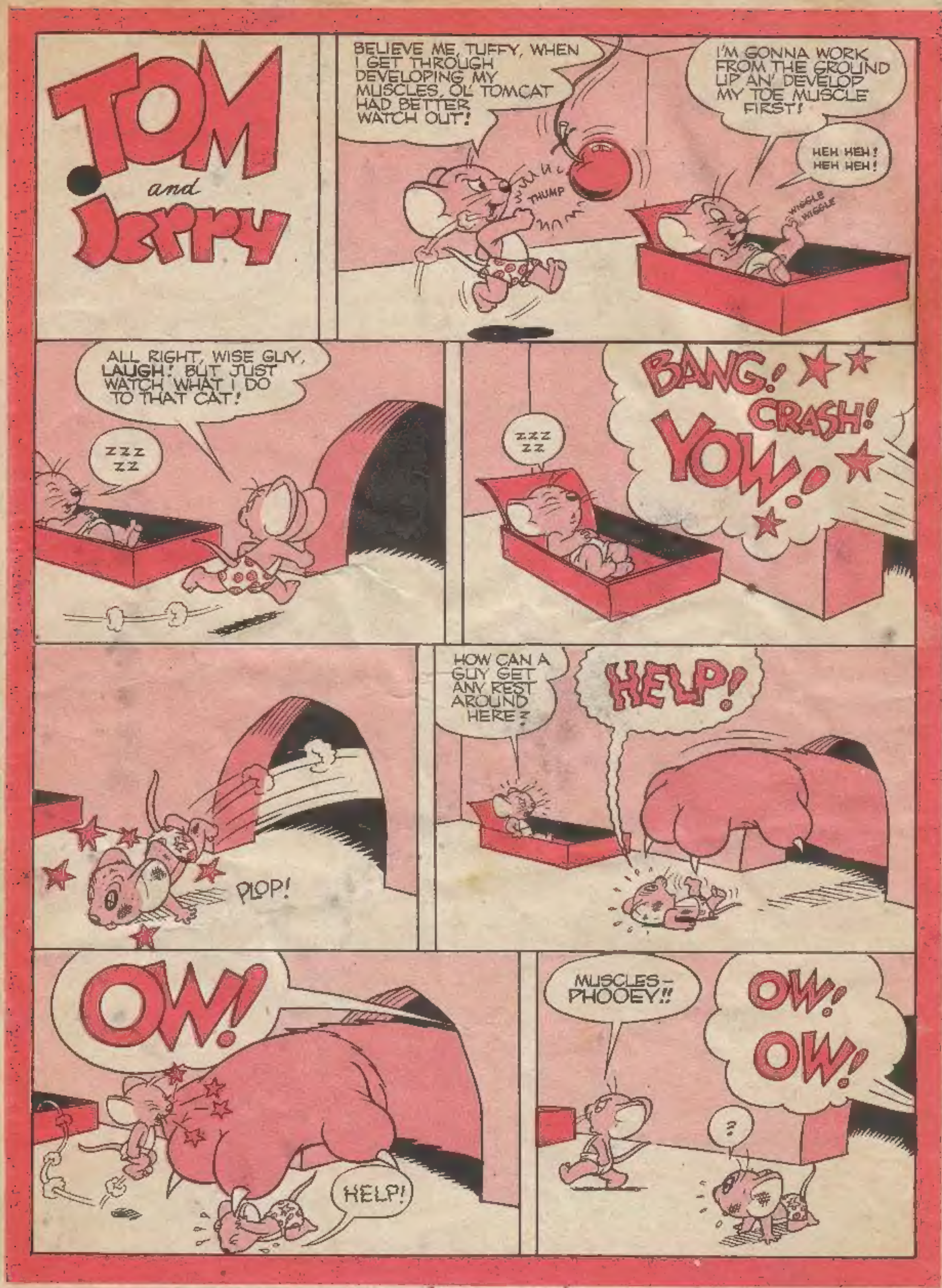
SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER COMICS

10¢

No. 13

A DELL MAGAZINE

DELL

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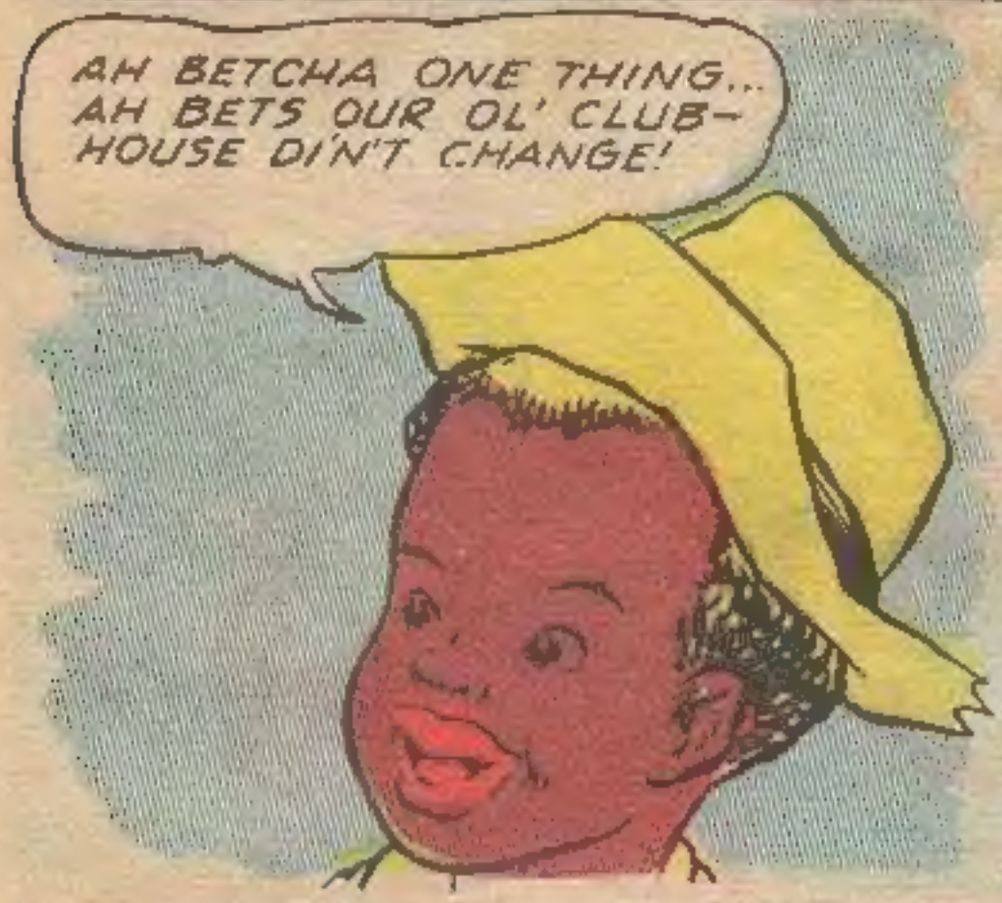
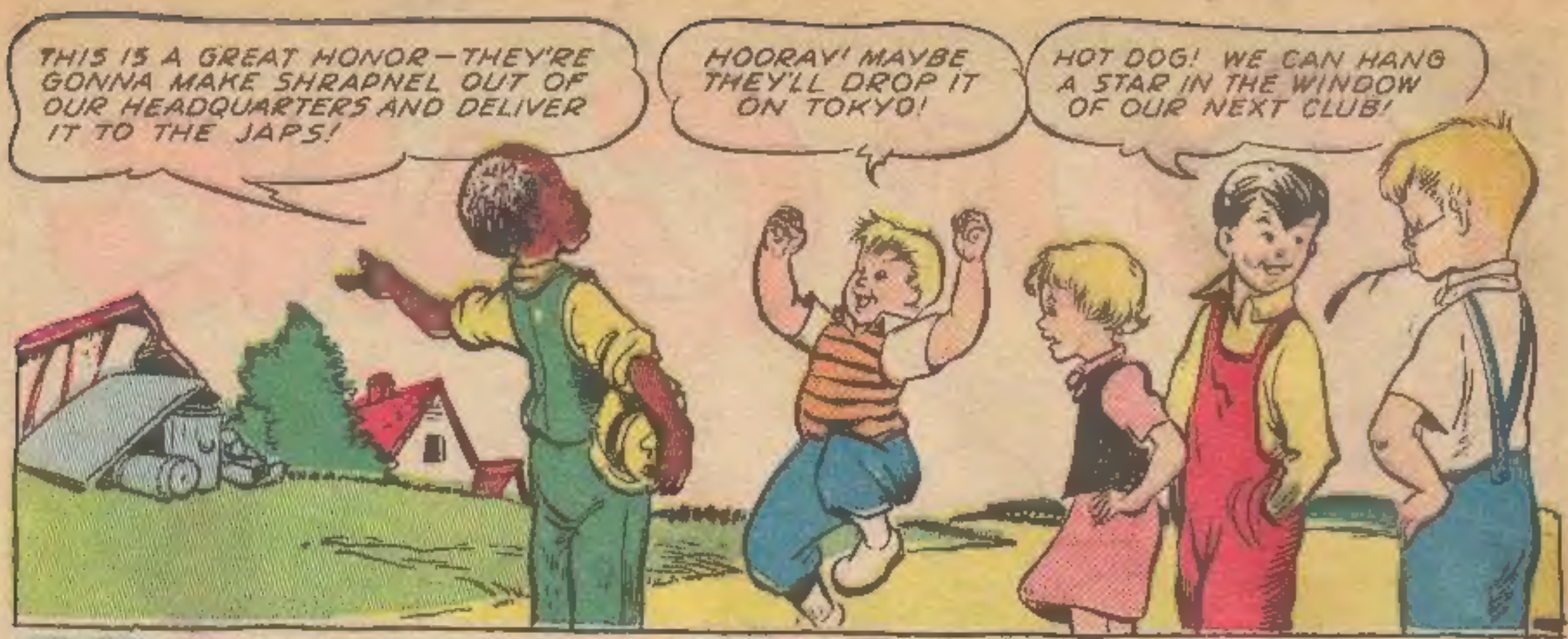
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PRESENTS...

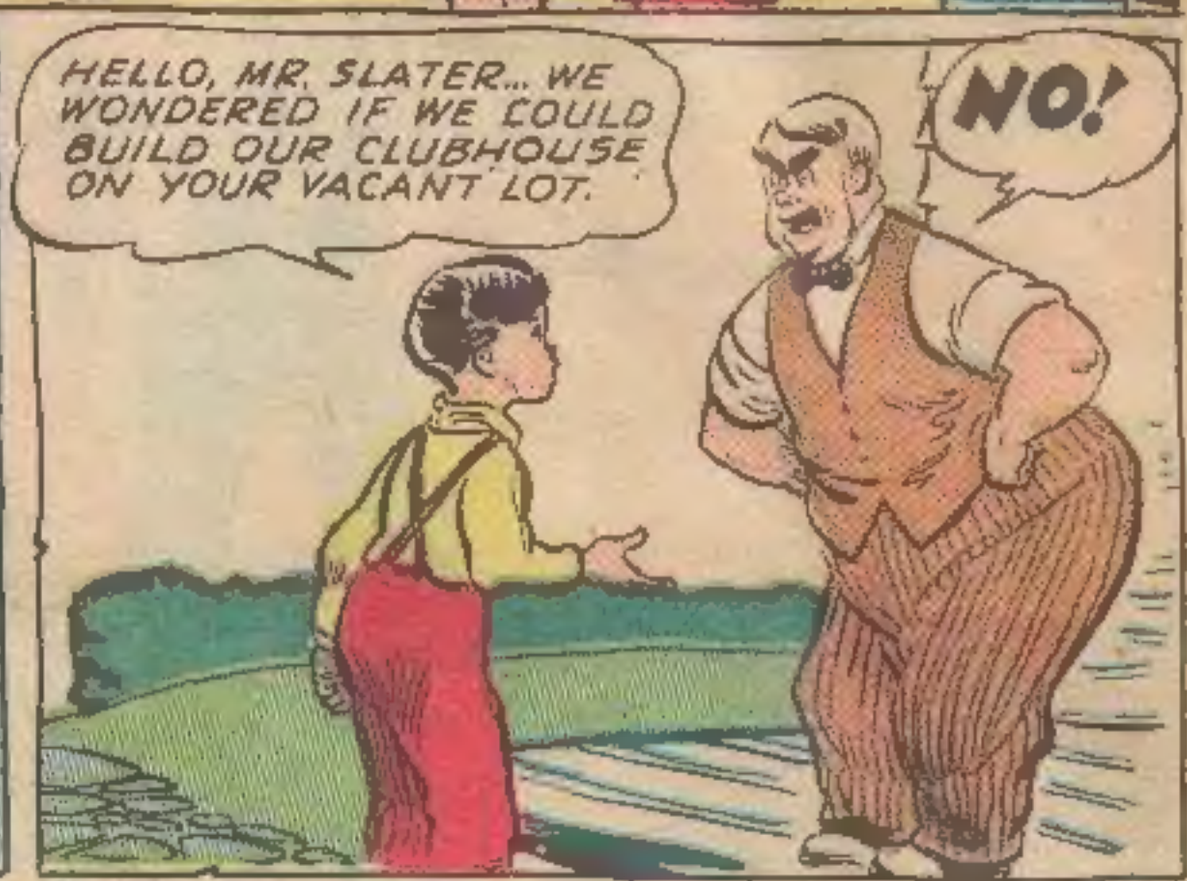
# OUR GANG

GOSH, THE OLD TOWN HAS CHANGED WHILE WE WERE AWAY—DID YOU SEE THE NEW FACTORIES?




THIS IS A GREAT HONOR—THEY'RE GONNA MAKE SHRAPNEL OUT OF OUR HEADQUARTERS AND DELIVER IT TO THE JAPS!
HOORAY! MAYBE THEY'LL DROP IT ON TOKYO!
HOT DOG! WE CAN HANG A STAR IN THE WINDOW OF OUR NEXT CLUB!

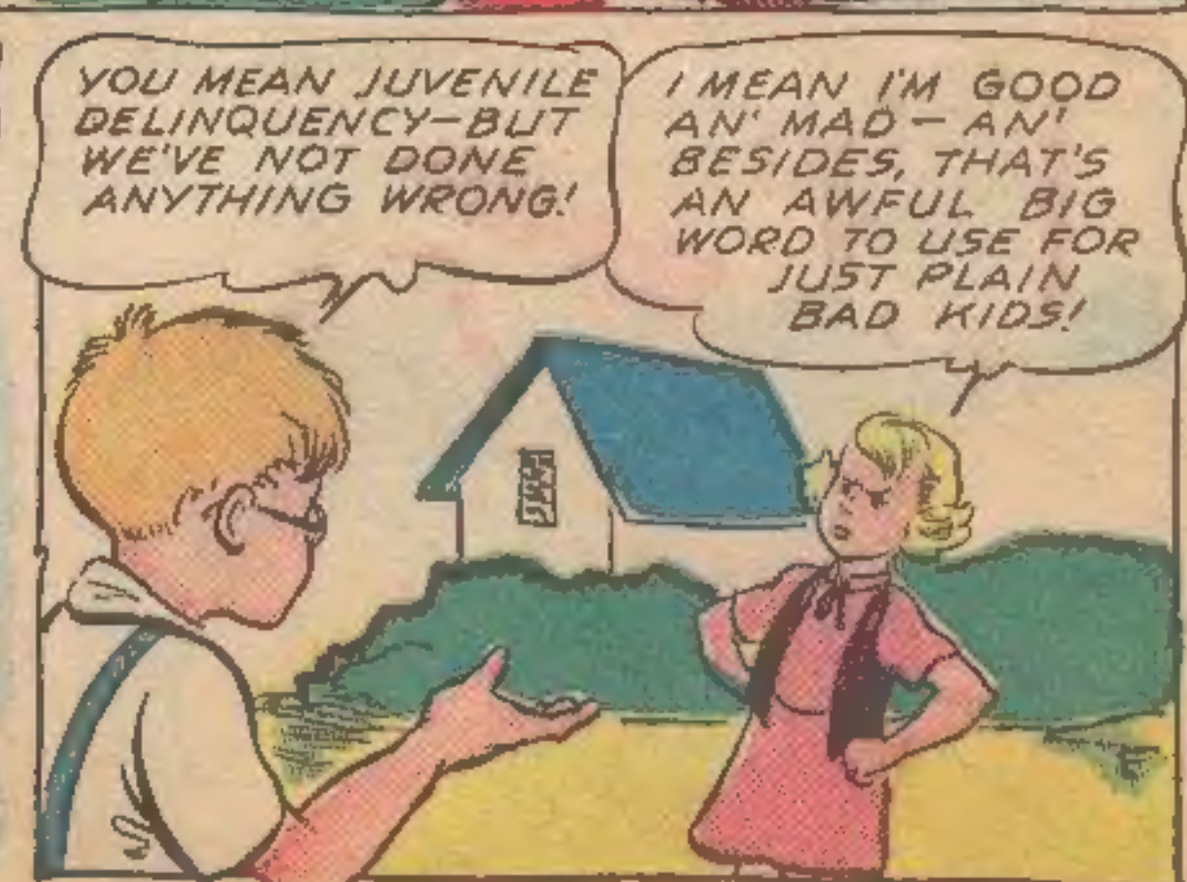
COME ON... LET'S GO LOOK FOR A NEW SITE FOR OUR NEW CLUBHOUSE.
OUR OLD CLUBHOUSE WAS SURE A SIGHT!


HELLO, MR. SLATER... WE WONDERED IF WE COULD BUILD OUR CLUBHOUSE ON YOUR VACANT LOT.
NO!

MORNIN', MISS SIMPSON! CAN WE BUILD OUR CLUBHOUSE DOWN BACK OF YOUR OLD BARN?
MERCY, NO! GOODBYE!

GOLLY PETUNIA! WHAT'S GOIN' ON? EVERYBODY ACTS LIKE WE WERE ENEMY AGENTS!
YEH, NOBODY WANTS US AROUND!
HERE COMES JANET AND SHE LOOKS MAD!
AW, SHUCKS!

KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER? EVERYBODY'S DOWN ON ANY KIDS AROUND HERE BECAUSE THERE'S BEEN SO MUCH JOO-VEN-ILE DE-LINKRACY GOIN' ON!

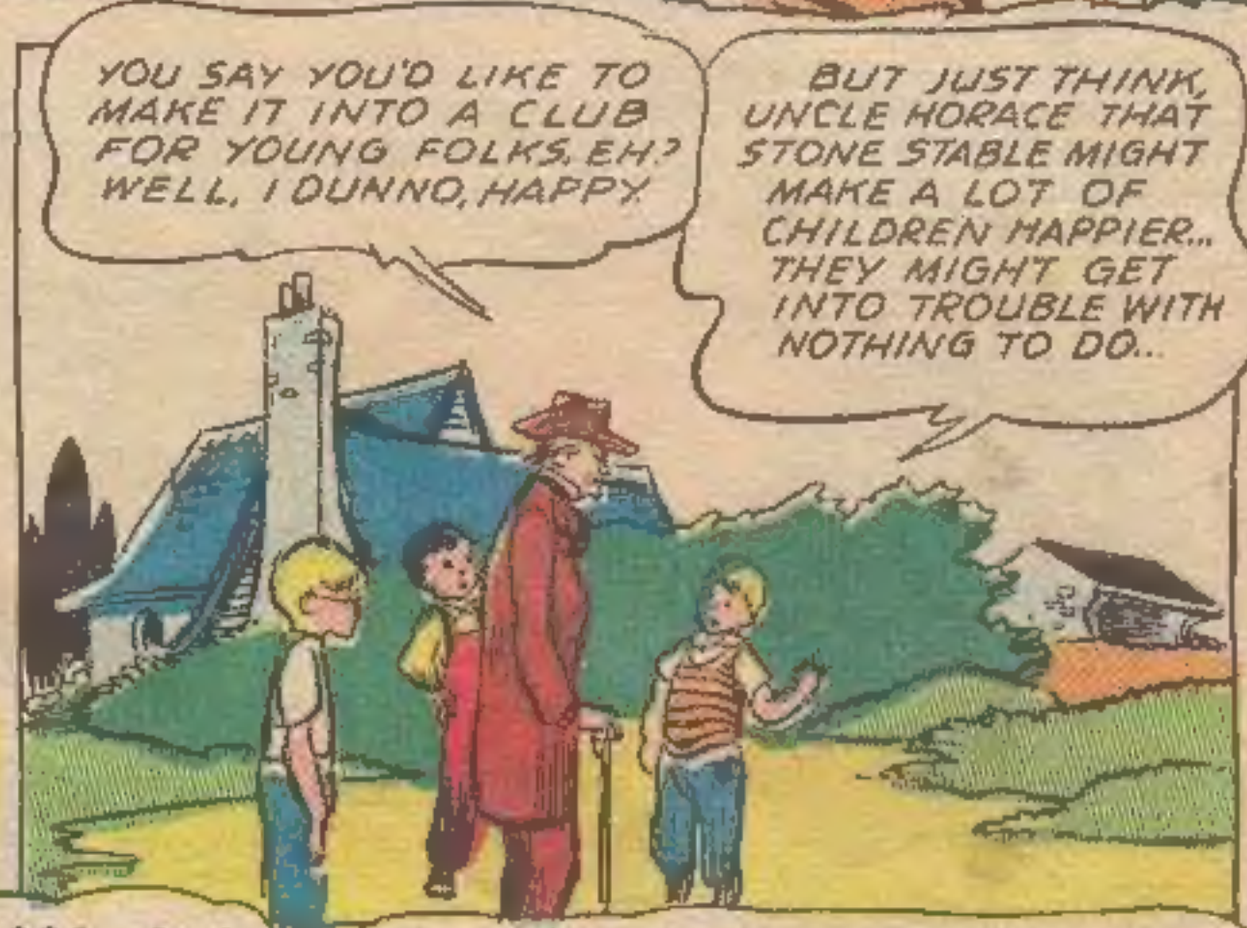

YOU MEAN JUVENILE DELINQUENCY—BUT WE'VE NOT DONE ANYTHING WRONG!
I MEAN I'M GOOD AN' MAD—AN' BESIDES, THAT'S AN AWFUL BIG WORD TO USE FOR JUST PLAIN BAD KIDS!

THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF MISCHIEF CAUSED BY A BUNCH OF HOODLUMS.

THEY'VE GIVEN ALL KIDS A BAD NAME BY CAUSING TROUBLE... NO GROWN PERSON WILL TRUST ANY BOYS OR GIRLS.

WELL, PEOPLE CAN'T BLAME US FOR THINGS WE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH— LET'S GO ASK MY UNCLE HORACE ABOUT THAT STONE STABLE AT THE REAR OF HIS PLACE.

WE'LL MAKE AN ATHLETIC CLUB OUT OF IT...HE'LL APPROVE OF THAT 'CAUSE HE SAYS ATHLETICS BUILD CHARACTER AS WELL AS MUSCLE.


YOU SAY YOU'D LIKE TO MAKE IT INTO A CLUB FOR YOUNG FOLKS, EH? WELL, I DUNNO, HAPPY.
BUT JUST THINK, UNCLE HORACE THAT STONE STABLE MIGHT MAKE A LOT OF CHILDREN HAPPIER... THEY MIGHT GET INTO TROUBLE WITH NOTHING TO DO..


WELL, I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT YOUNG KIDS CAUSING TROUBLE, I THINK THIS NEXT CROP OF YOUNG 'UNS IS A TOTAL LOSS


YOU MEAN ME TOO? YOUR OWN GENUINE 14 KARAT FLESH AN' BLOOD NEPHEW? WHY, UNCLE HORACE!


ALL RIGHT, GO AHEAD—BUT MARK MY WORDS...AT THE FIRST SIGN OF TROUBLE OUT YOU GO— 14 KARAT FLESH AND BLOOD NEPHEW OR NOT.
ZOWIE! YOU'RE ON THE BEAM, UNK!


LOOK! I'VE GOT A REAL PUNCHIN' BAG!
WE'LL HAVE IT FIXED UP IN A HALF A DAY.


HELLO, THERE... WHAT'RE YOU DOING, BUILDING A SKYSCRAPER?
UH—OH, HELLO!

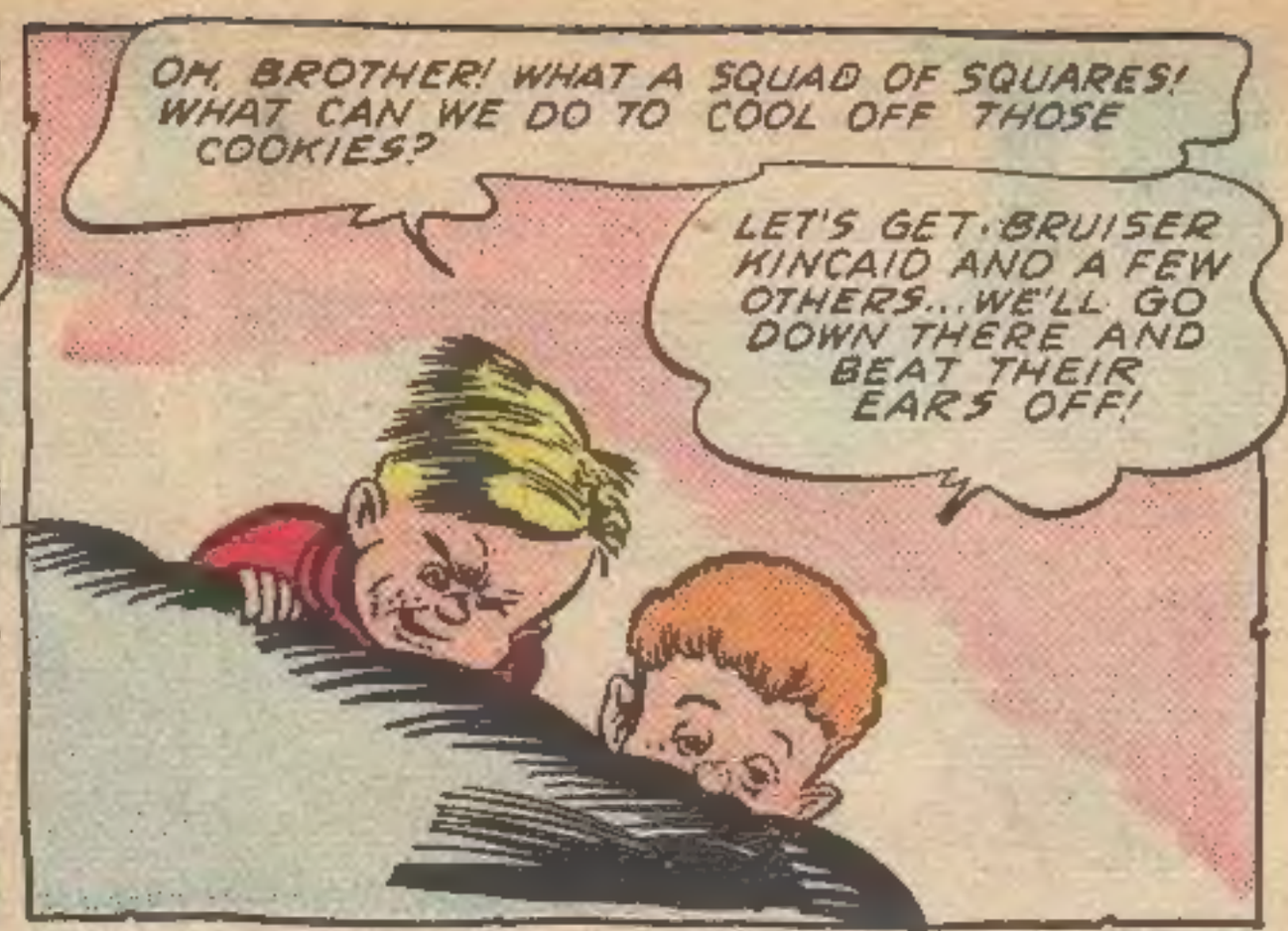
NO-UH-WE-WE'RE BUILDING A ATHLETIC CLUB FOR KIDS.
SAY, THAT'S A GOOD IDEA!
YOU'RE A RETURNED SOLDIER, AREN'T YOU?
YEAH... DO YOU MIND IF I SIT HERE AND WATCH YOU? I USED TO BELONG TO AN ATHLETIC CLUB MYSELF.

BLESS ME! AH RECKON YOU MUS' BE BARNEY FINN... MAN, YOU IS A WAR HEE-RO —AN' YOU WAS A STAR ATHLETE AT THE UNIVERSITY 'FO' DE WAR!
WELL, I'M BARNEY FINN, ALL RIGHT— DUNNO 'BOUT THAT OTHER BUSINESS.
COME ON, TELL US ABOUT THE FIGHTIN IN IT'LY, MR FINN!... WAS IT FIERCE?
MMM-


TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO! YOU JUST DON'T ASK ME ANY QUESTIONS ABOUT THAT STUFF AND I'LL ACT AS YOUR COACH OR PHYSICAL INSTRUCTOR FOR THE ATHLETIC CLUB YOU'RE STARTING.
OKAY, COACH, GET A LOAD OF THIS HERE FEET WORKS!... AH GONNA BE A REGULAR JOE LOUIS WHEN AH ADDS TO MAH CORPUSCULARITY

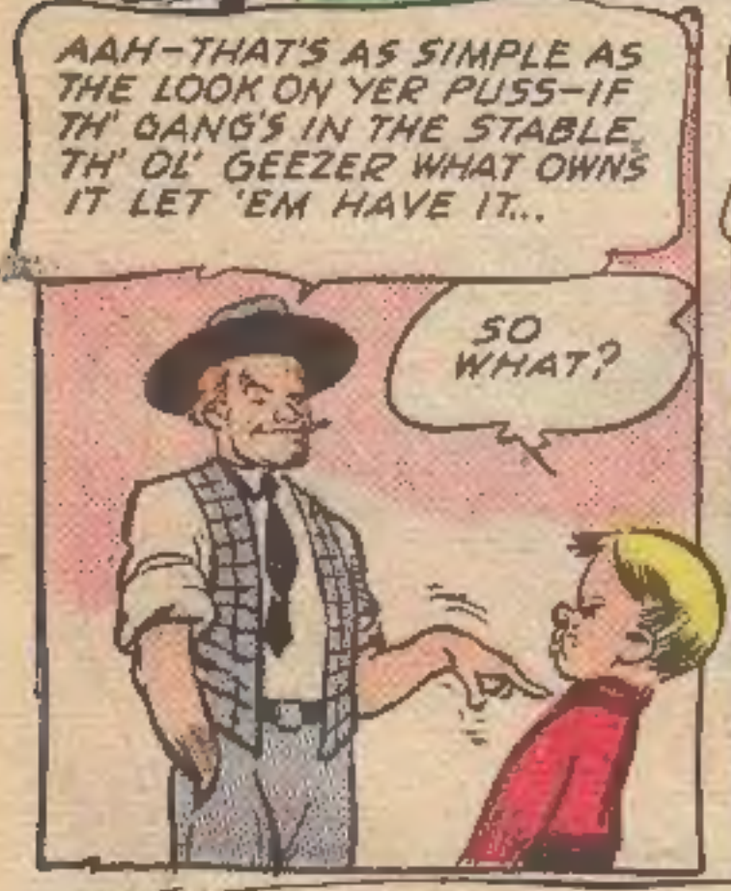
MEETING CALLED TO ORDER ALL THOSE IN FAVOR OF MR. FINN BEIN' COACH SAY "AYE" THE AYES GOT IT MEETIN' IS ADJOURNED!
MEANWHILE
WHAT GOES DOWN BY THE OL' STABLE, JUGEARS? LOOKS LIKE A CLAM BAKE!
THAT'S THE GANG KIDS—THEY'RE BACK AN' FULL OF GOOD DEEDS, NO DOUBT.

IS THAT THE BUNCH OF JERKS WHO STAMP AROUND PLAYIN' BOY SCOUTS AND MAKIN' LIKE A FLOCK OF ANGELS?
THAT, JAXON, IS WHAT THE MAN SAY—THAT'S WHAT HE SAY...


OH, BROTHER! WHAT A SQUAD OF SQUARES! WHAT CAN WE DO TO COOL OFF THOSE COOKIES?
LET'S GET BRUISER KINCAID AND A FEW OTHERS...WE'LL GO DOWN THERE AND BEAT THEIR EARS OFF!

WHAT A TRIGGER MIND! WHAT SUBTILITY! YOU FIX WATCHES WITH SLEDGE HAMMERS —BUT LEAVE THE BRAIN WORK TO ME!
AAAH—IN YOUR EYE, MUSCLE HEAD! I CAN THINK BETTER THAN YOU WITH ONE BRAIN TIED BEHIND MY BACK!

H'LO, RATS, WHAT'S COOKIN'?
HI, BRUISER—WE'RE WHIPPIN' UP SOME WAY TO SOFTEN UP THE GANG KIDS—THEY MOVED INTO THAT OL' STABLE WE WUZ GONNA USE FOR A PLACE TO HANG OUT.


AAH—THAT'S AS SIMPLE AS THE LOOK ON YER PUSS—IF TH' GANG'S IN THE STABLE, TH' OL' GEEZER WHAT OWNS IT LET 'EM HAVE IT...
SO WHAT?

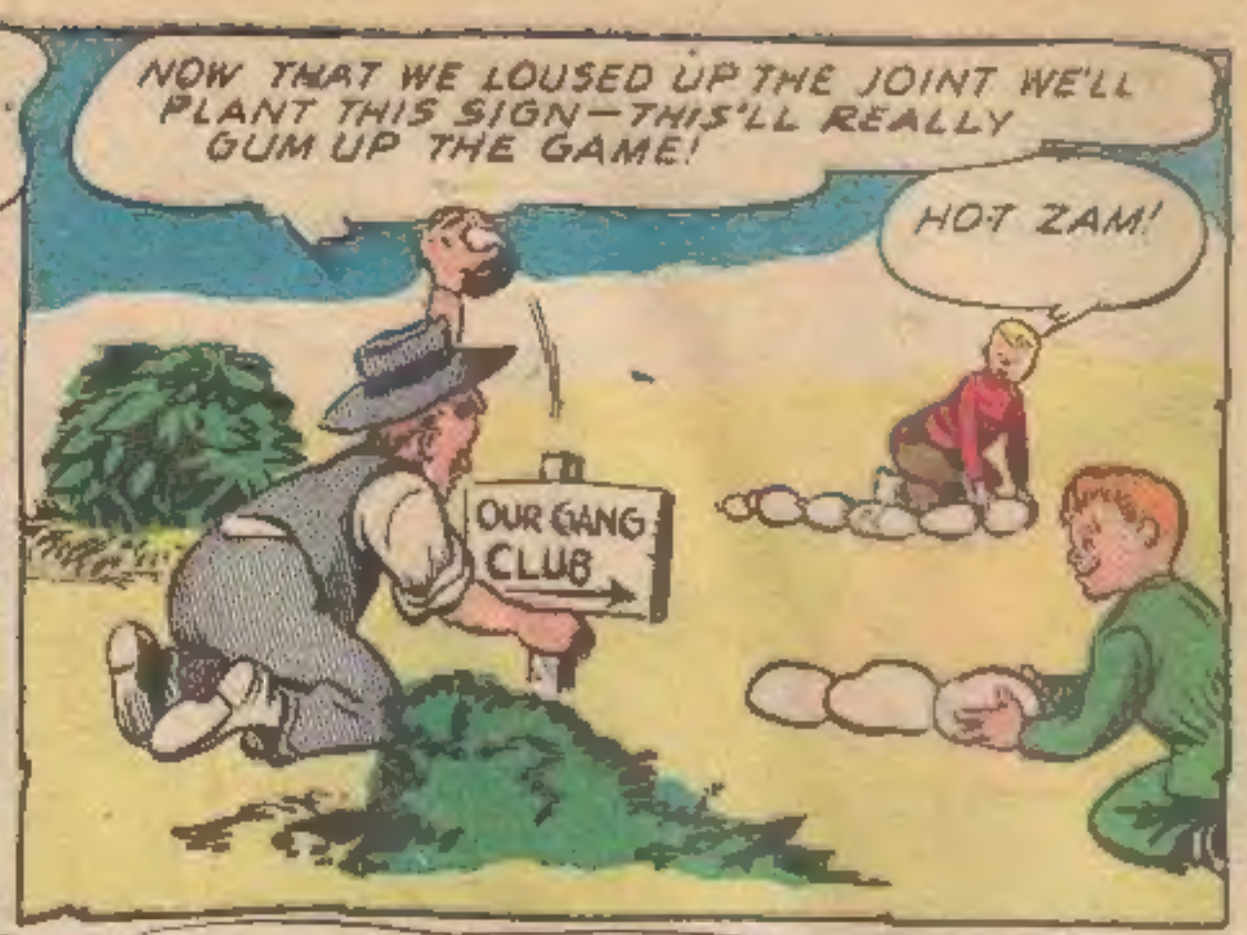
SO THIS!...YOUR GAG IS TO SOUR THE OLD GUY ON THE KIDS—GO BUST HIS WINDOWS AND BLAME IT ON THE GANG!

YA SEE, FLAT HEAD? THEN THE OLD GUY WILL FLING THOSE POTATOES OUT OF THE STABLE—AN' WE'LL TAKE OVER.

COME, SMALL FRY—I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO REALLY CRAB THEIR ACT... YOU'D ONLY PUT YOUR FOOT IN THE FIDDLE.
THAT NIGHT, WHEN ALL WAS DARK.

FIRST OF ALL, SEE ALL THOSE STONES LINING UNCLE HORACE'S DRIVEWAY? JUST GATHER 'EM UP, ME BUCKOS!

NOW YOU HELP ME CLEAR AN OPENING THROUGH THIS BORDER OF PLANTS—THE OTHER GUYS CAN LAY THE STONES OVER TOWARD THE STABLE...

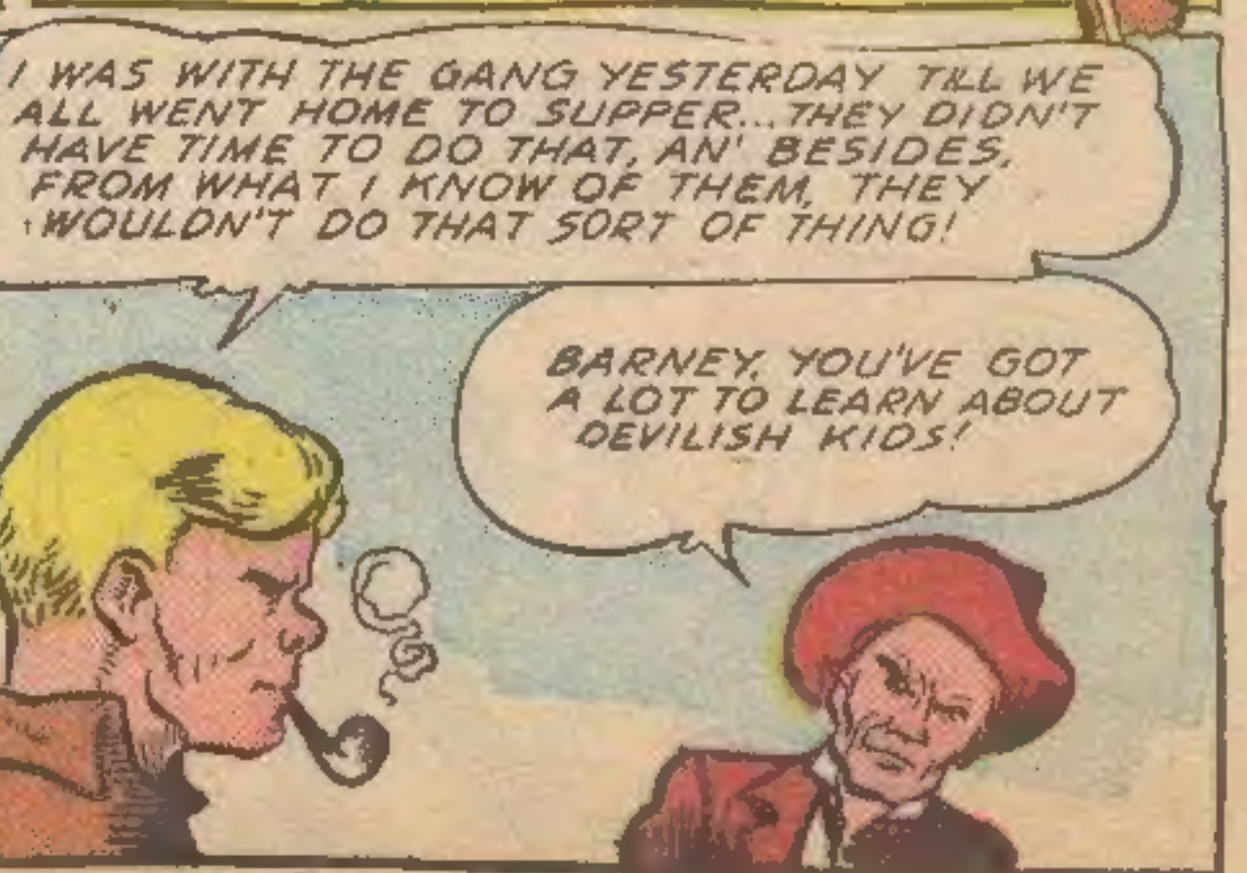

NOW THAT WE LOUSED UP THE JOINT WE'LL PLANT THIS SIGN—THIS'LL REALLY GUM UP THE GAME!
HOT ZAM!
OUR GANG CLUB

THAT'S A KILLER! UNCLE HORACE WILL THINK THE GANG TORE UP HIS DRIVEWAY—RUINED HIS PETUNIAS, AND PLANTED THE SIGN JUST TO MAKE A ENTRANCE FOR THE CLUB! NOW WHAT'LL WE DO, BRUISER?
NOW WE RUN LIKE A PAIR OF 10¢ SILK STOCKINGS!
WE'LL READ ABOUT IT IN THE PAPERS—I'M NOT STICKIN' AROUND!

NEXT MORNING.
GREAT SUFFERING MOSES! WHO DID THAT?

CLUB FOR RECREATION, BAH! CLUB FOR DESTRUCTION—THAT'S WHAT! THOSE RAPSCALLIONS CAN'T BE TRUSTED—I'LL—I'LL—!
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, MR. GRIMES?

TROUBLE ENOUGH, BARNEY! THAT NO-GOOD NEPHEW OF MINE MISLED ME! LOOK WHAT HE AND HIS GANG DID TO MY DRIVE AND TO MY PETUNIAS!
THAT'S STRANGE!


I WAS WITH THE GANG YESTERDAY TILL WE ALL WENT HOME TO SUPPER... THEY DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO DO THAT, AN' BESIDES, FROM WHAT I KNOW OF THEM, THEY WOULDN'T DO THAT SORT OF THING!
BARNEY, YOU'VE GOT A LOT TO LEARN ABOUT DEVILISH KIDS!

AHA! THERE YOU ARE, YOU YOUNG VILLAIN!... YOU CLEAR YOUR GANG OUT OF THAT STABLE AND MAKE IT SNAPPY BEFORE I CANE YOU ALL!
WHY—WHAT'S WRONG, UNCLE HORACE?

YOU MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW? WHY, YOU LITTLE—
B-BUT WE DIDN'T DO A THING—AN' IF YOU MEAN WE TORE UP THOSE PLANTS, WE NEVER TOUCHED 'EM, HONEST!

IF YOU'LL PARDON ME, MR. GRIMES, PERHAPS THE GANG AND I CAN STRAIGHTEN THIS OUT. THERE'S APPARENTLY MORE TO IT THAN MEETS THE EYE.
SOMETHING WILL MEET YOUR EYE, HAPPY, TOMORROW MORNING, IF THIS ISN'T CLEARED UP!

AH BETCHA SOME OF DEM JOO-VENILE DE-FREQUENCIES COME IN TO SPOIL THINGS FO' US!
YES, NO DOUBT SOMEBODY'S JEALOUS OF YOUR CLUB.

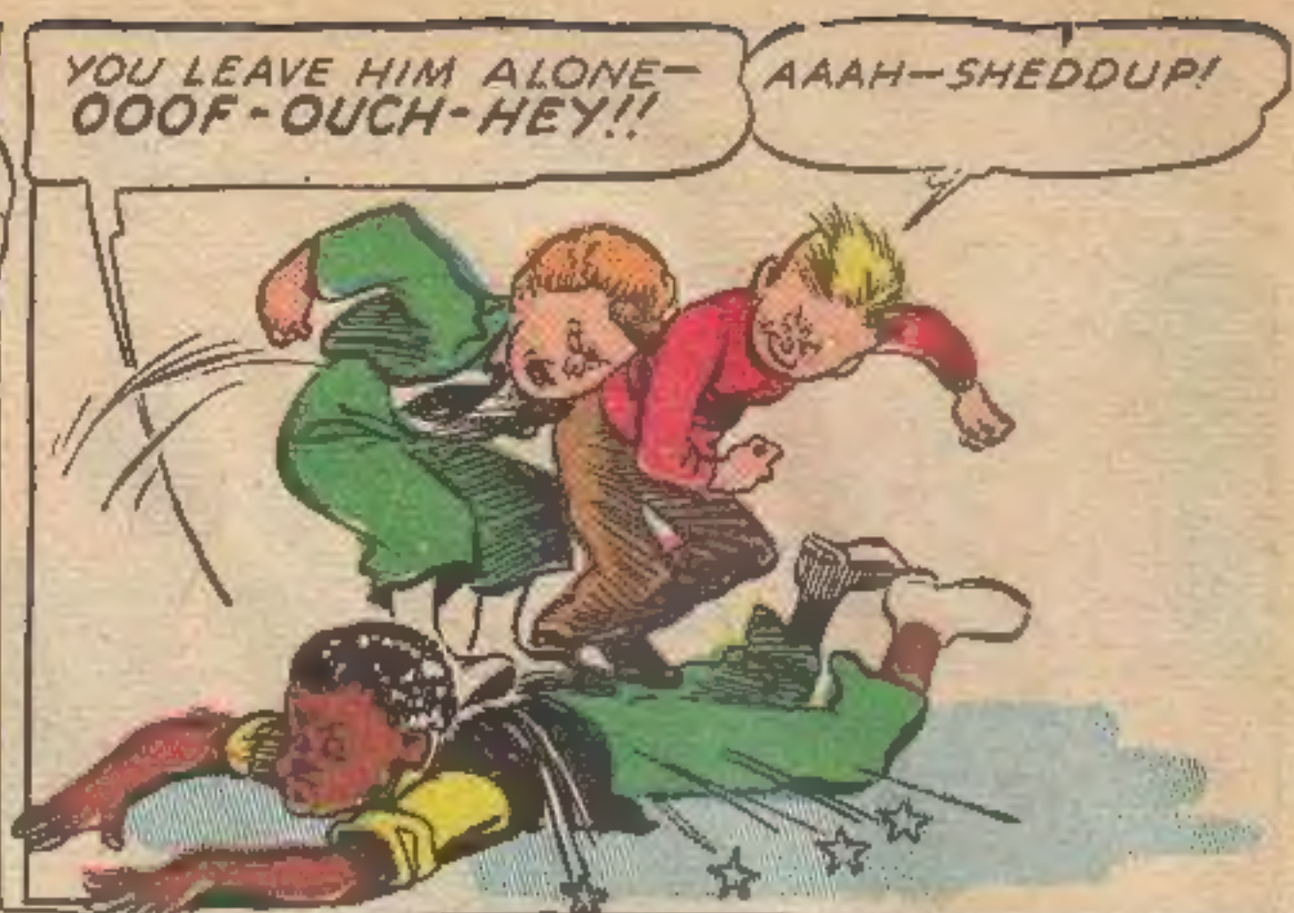
WHY DON'T YOU ROUND UP THE REST OF THE GANG AND TRY TO FIND OUT WHAT KIDS MIGHT HAVE IT IN FOR YOU... MEANWHILE I'LL ASK AROUND THE NEIGHBORHOOD AND SEE IF ANYONE CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE BOYS WHO DID THE DAMAGE.
OKAY, COACH!

HOW COME FOLKS DO LIKE THAT?
USUALLY 'CAUSE THEY'RE JEALOUS OF SOMEBODY ELSE— OR SOMETHING.


SHIFT INTO REVERSE, KIDS— WHERE'S THE FIRE?
HEY— WHAT'S THE IDEA?
WHOP!


H'LO, MR. THREE BY THREE! HOW'S THE ATHLETE TODAY?
UH— WHAT?

HOW DO YA LIKE THAT FOR ATHLETICS, FATSTUFF?
OOF!
BAM


YOU LEAVE HIM ALONE— OOOF-OUCH-HEY!!
AAAH—SHEDDUP!

LET THAT TEACH YOUSE GUYS! KEEP OUTA OUR TERRITORY!
YOU PROB'LY RUINED UNCLE HORACE'S LAWN AND DRIVEWAY, TOO!
AH IS DAID!

SO WHAT—?! YOU JERKS PROVE IT!

COME ON, BUCKWHEAT—WE'LL GET FROGGIE 'N' MICKEY 'N' JANET—
JES' GIT ME A DOCTOR! AH IS DISCOMBOOBERATED!
YOU KNOW WHUT'S BETTER? GIT DAT OL' GOAT OF OURS... HE'S A GOOD 'NOUGH FIGHTER TO BEAT UP HITLER!
HEY! WHAT HAPPENED!?

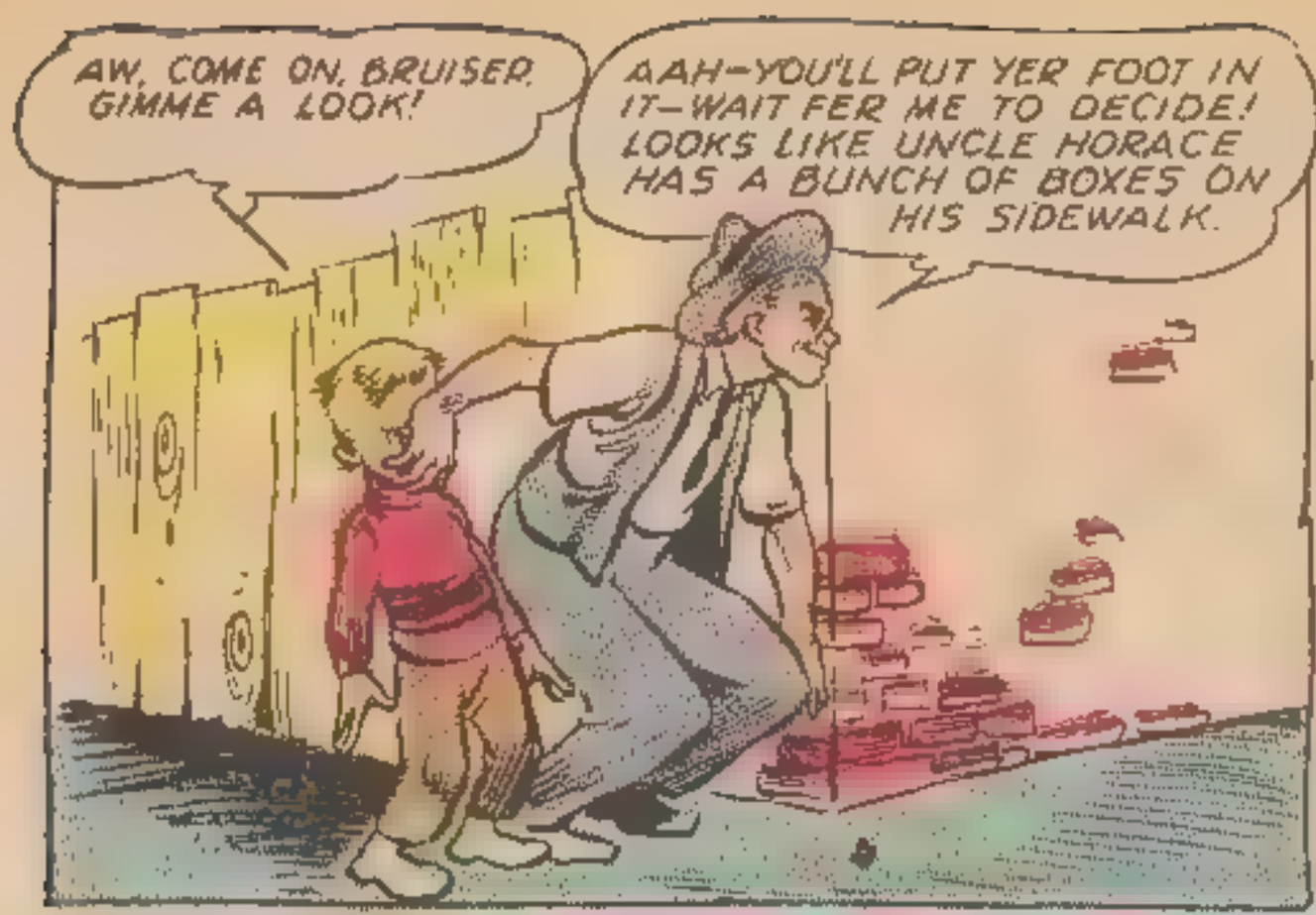
HAPPY TELLS THE STORY.
SO THAT'S HOW IT IS— 'N' THOSE TOUGH KIDS 'RE JUS' TRYIN' TO MAKE THINGS HOT FOR US!
SO IT'S MA SUGGESTION DAT US ROUND UP DE GOAT AND GIVE DEM BOYS DE ONE-TWO!
WELL, BRAINS 'R' BETTER'N BRAWN... WE'LL SET A TRAP FER THEM!
SOUNDS GOOD!

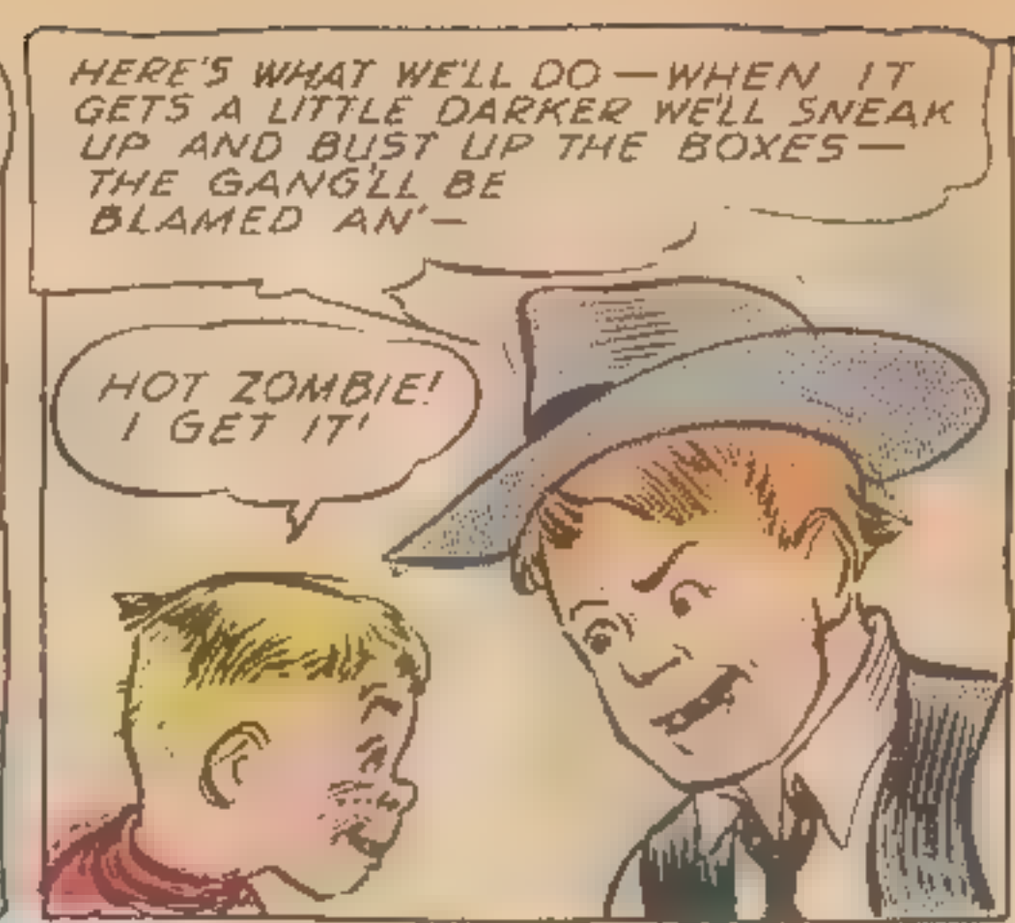
BUT HOW YOU GONNA DO IT?
AH STILL SAY SIC ON DE GOAT!
JUST DON'T BE SO IMPATIENT!
LOOK! THERE'S OUR CHANCE—THE GARDENERS ARE DELIVERING NEW BOXES OF PLANTS, SOIL, AND SOD TO YOUR UNCLE HORACE!
GOOD NIGHT! ARE YOU THINKIN' OF FOOLING AROUND WITH UNCLE HORACE AGAIN?
NURSERIES

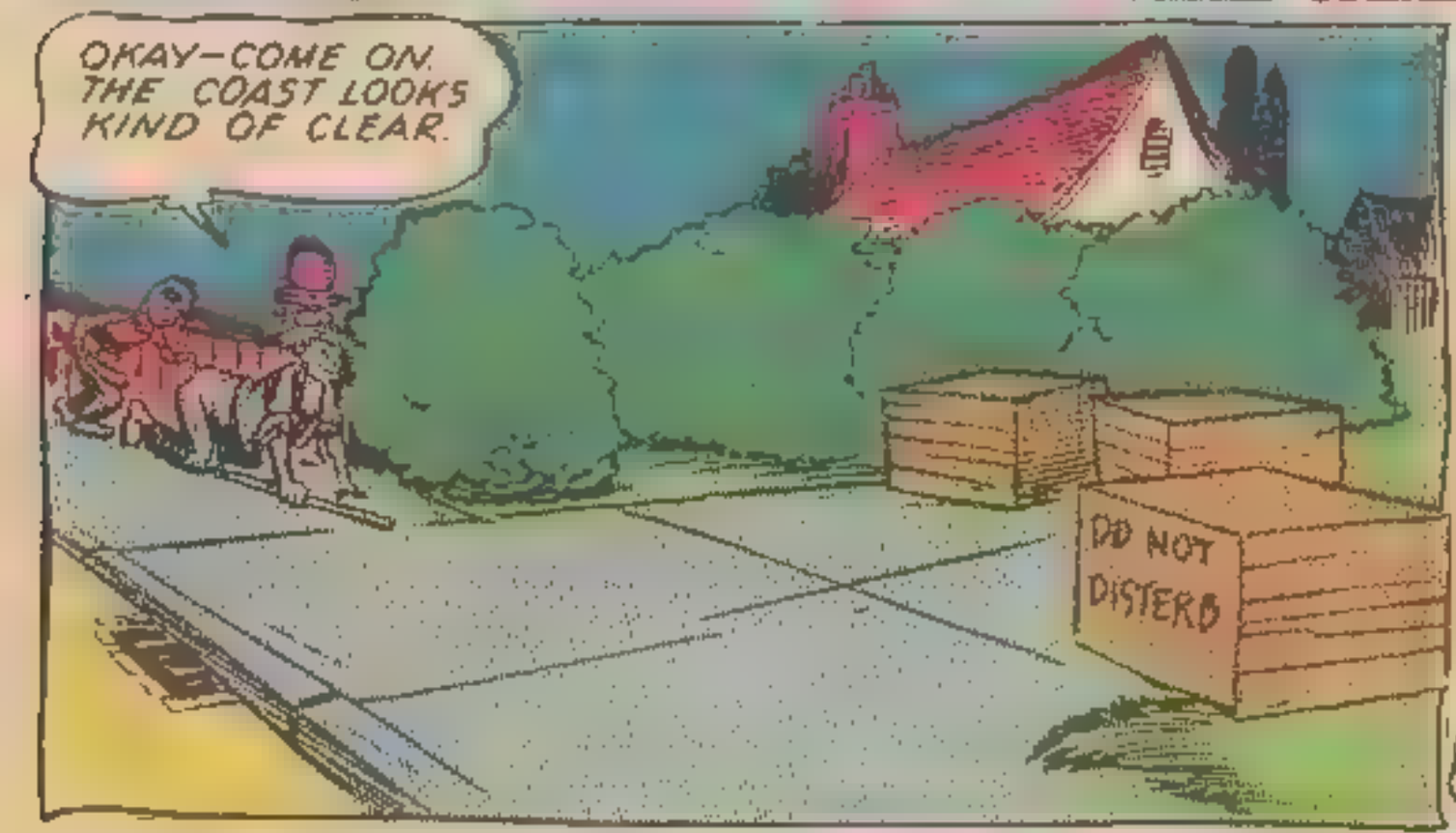
SURE! YOU GO GET A BUNCH OF RED PEPPER, HAPPY... BUCKWHEAT, GET THAT GOAT.. I'LL ROUND UP SOME INSECT SPRAYERS AND WE'LL ALL MEET IN MY CELLAR.
I'M GLAD YOU TOLD ME ABOUT WHAT YOU DISCOVERED, BARNEY— SAY, WHERE'S FROGGIE GOING WITH ALL THOSE BUG JUICERS?
I'LL BET ONE THING...

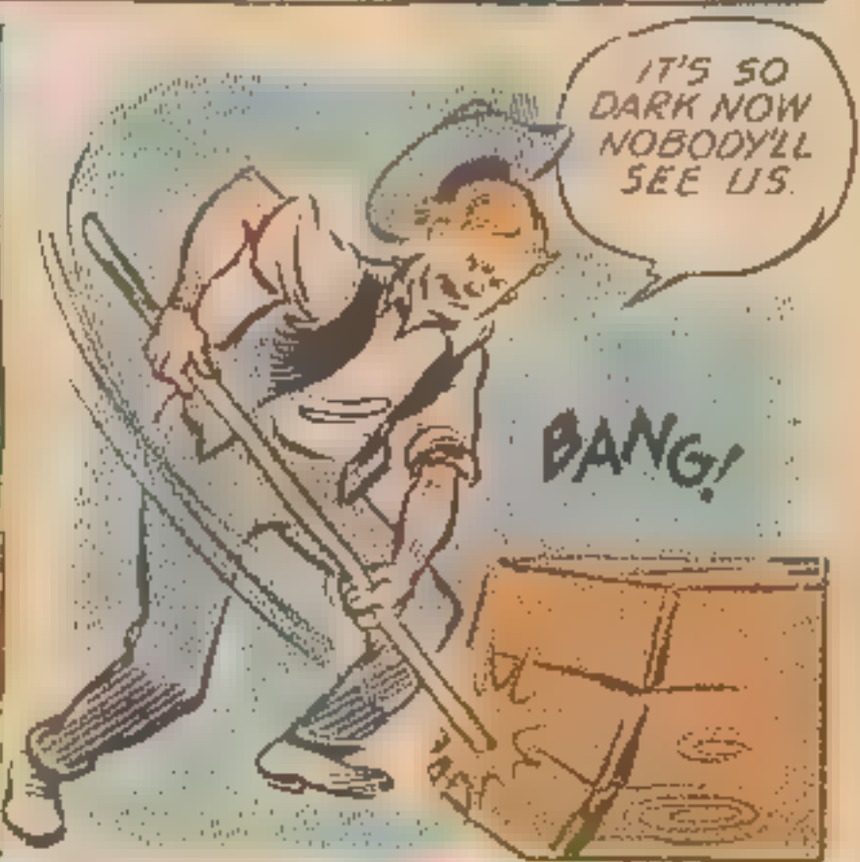
HE'S GOT SOMETHING UP HIS SLEEVE... AND PROBABLY WE'LL HEAR ABOUT SOME INSECTS GETTING EXTERMINATED!
I'D RATHER SEE THAN HEAR IT.
HOW O'YA SPELL "DISTURB?"
WHAT'S THE DIFF'RENCE? THOSE MUGS WON'T KNOW IF IT'S RIGHT, WRONG, OR MIDDLE-SIZED!

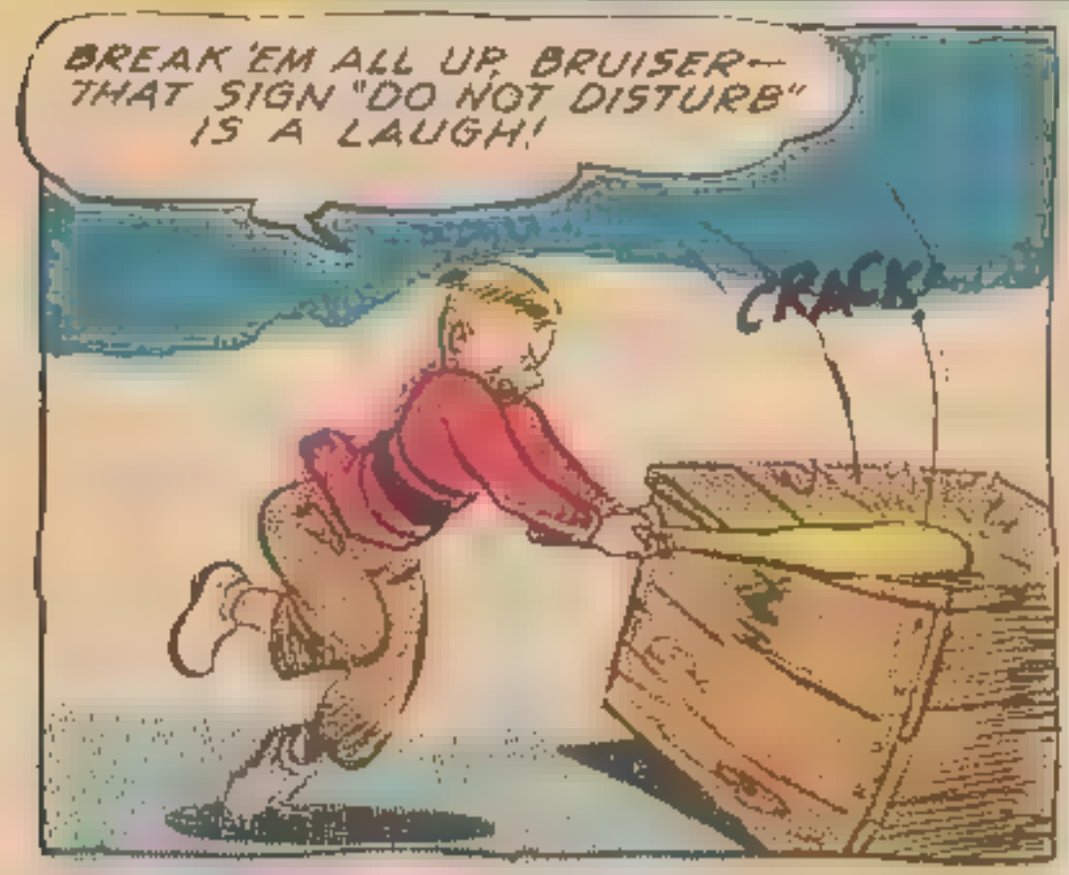
WHAT'S WRONG WIF GIVIN' DIS GOAT A LITTLE OOMPH?
THAT'S TOO MUCH OOMPH FOR ONE GOAT—HE'S GOT NATURAL OOMPH!
I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, FROGGIE!
JUST SO THOSE WISE KIDS DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE DOING, I'M SATISFIED!
DO NOT DISTURB

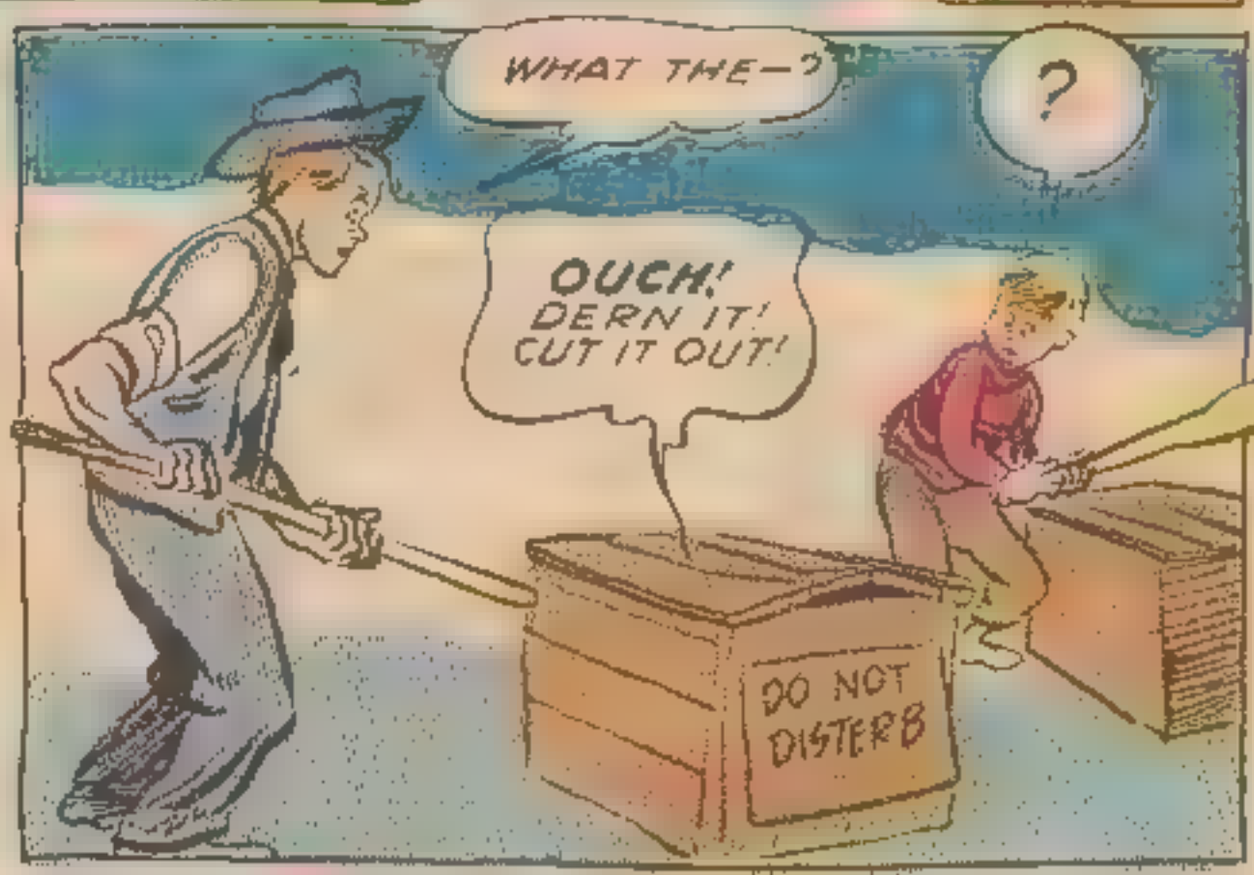

AW, COME ON, BRUISER. GIMME A LOOK!
AAH—YOU'LL PUT YER FOOT IN IT—WAIT FER ME TO DECIDE! LOOKS LIKE UNCLE HORACE HAS A BUNCH OF BOXES ON HIS SIDEWALK.

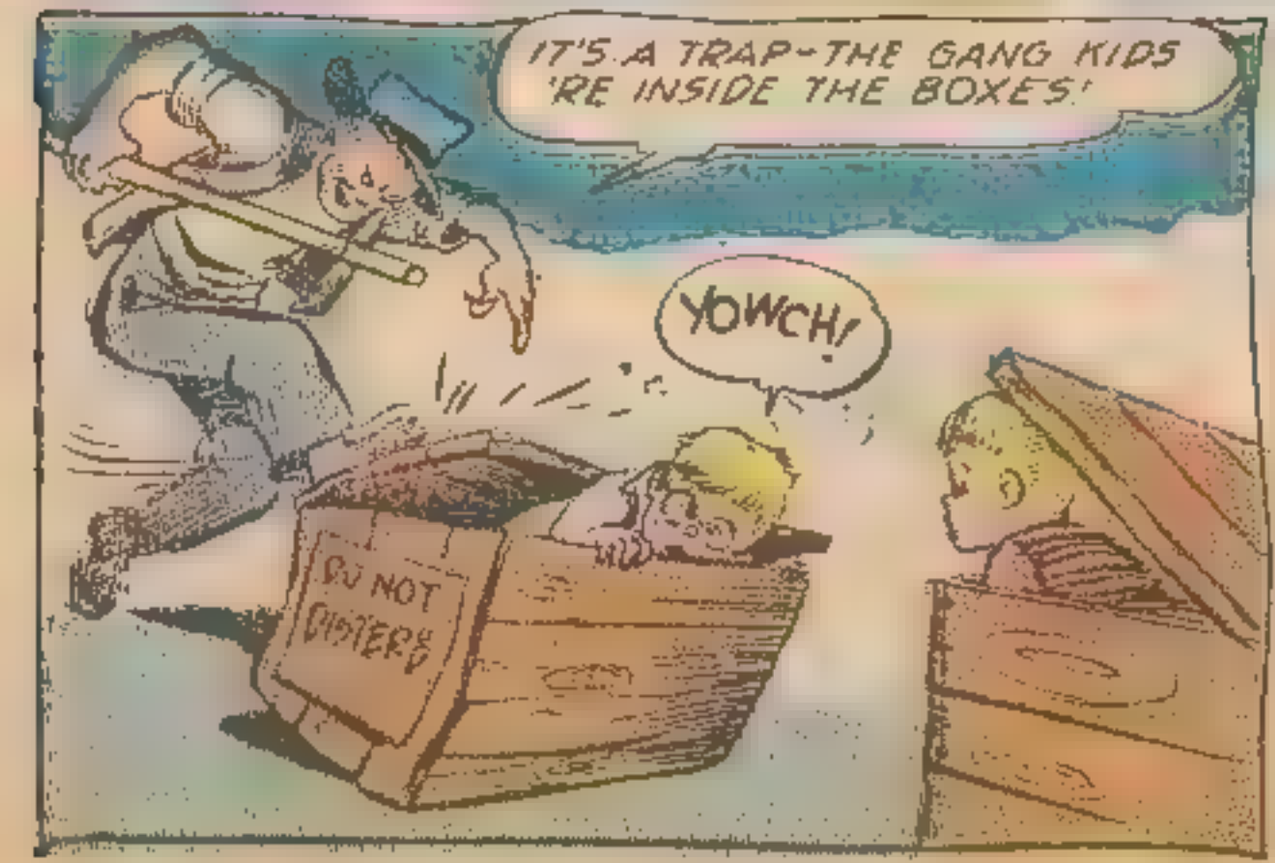

HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO—WHEN IT GETS A LITTLE DARKER WE'LL SNEAK UP AND BUST UP THE BOXES—THE GANG'LL BE BLAMED AN'—
HOT ZOMBIE! I GET IT!

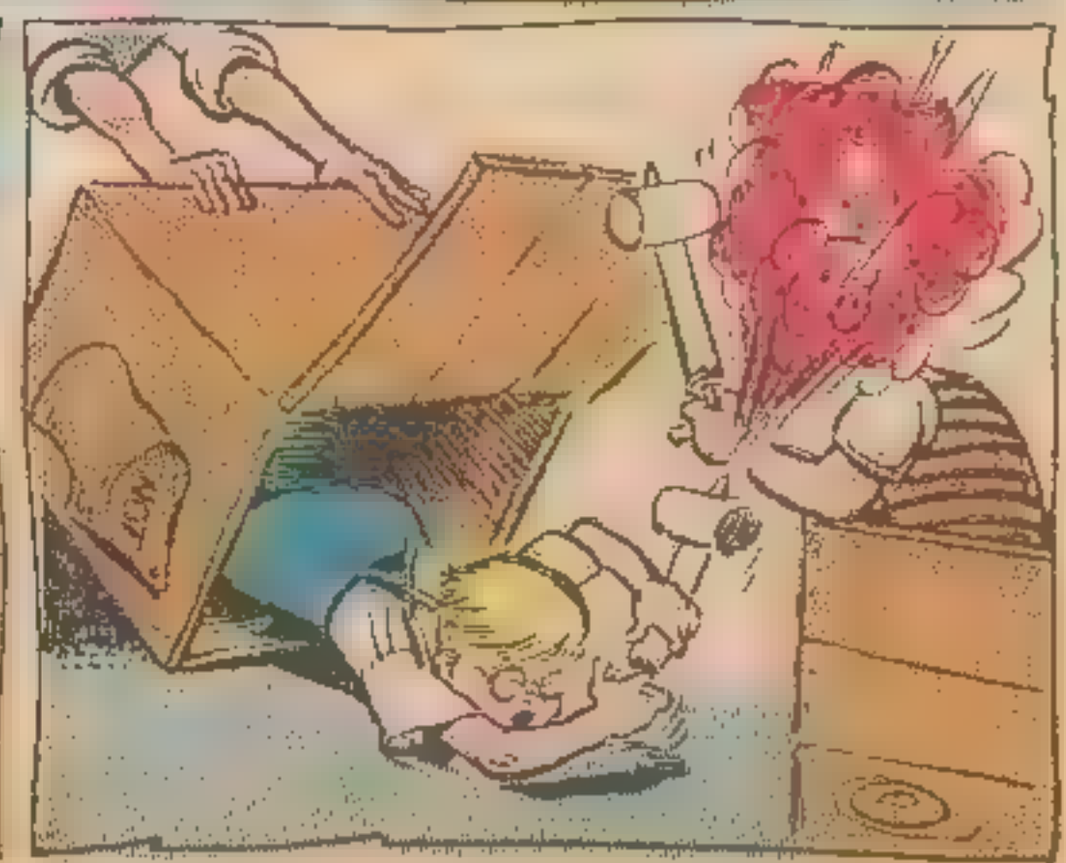

OKAY—COME ON. THE COAST LOOKS KIND OF CLEAR.
DO NOT DISTURB

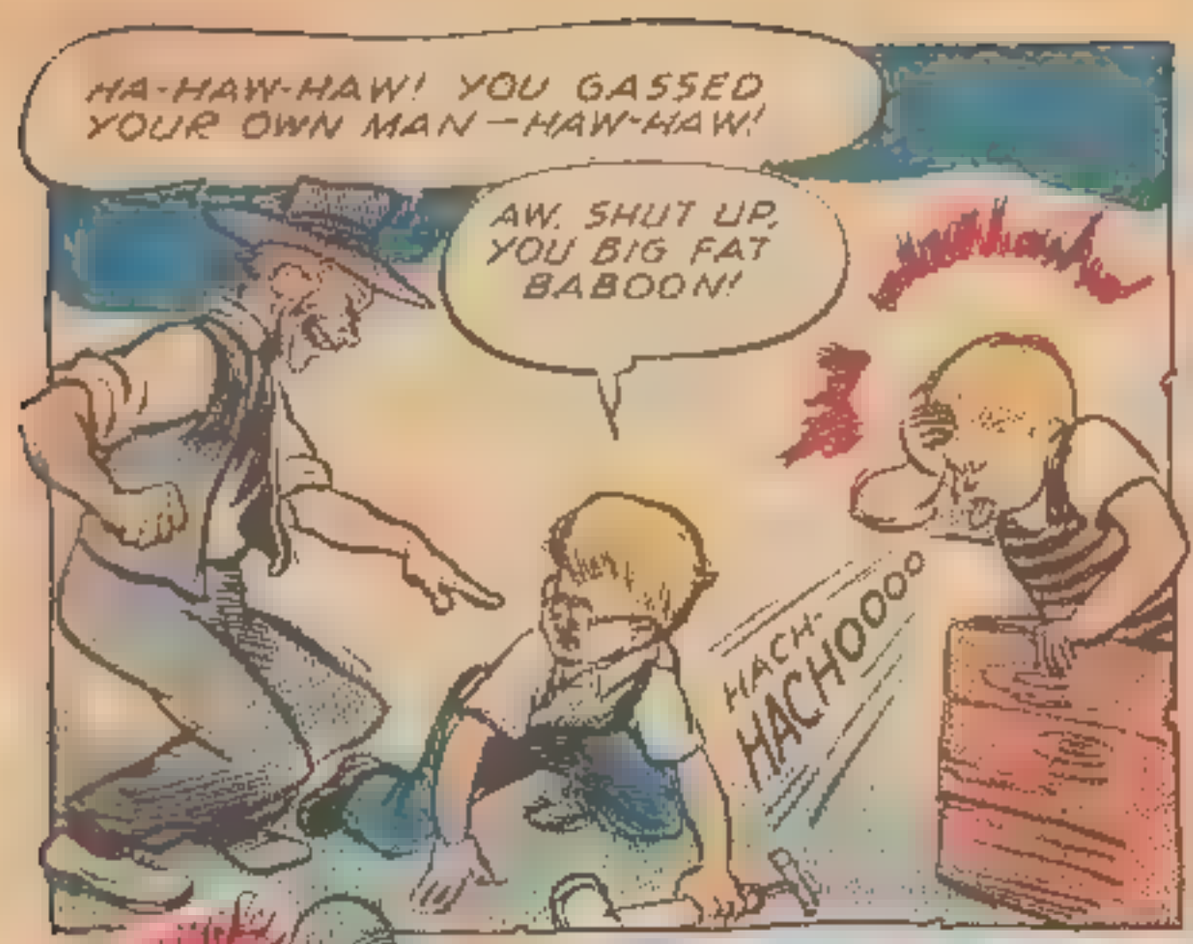

IT'S SO DARK NOW NOBODY'LL SEE US.
BANG!

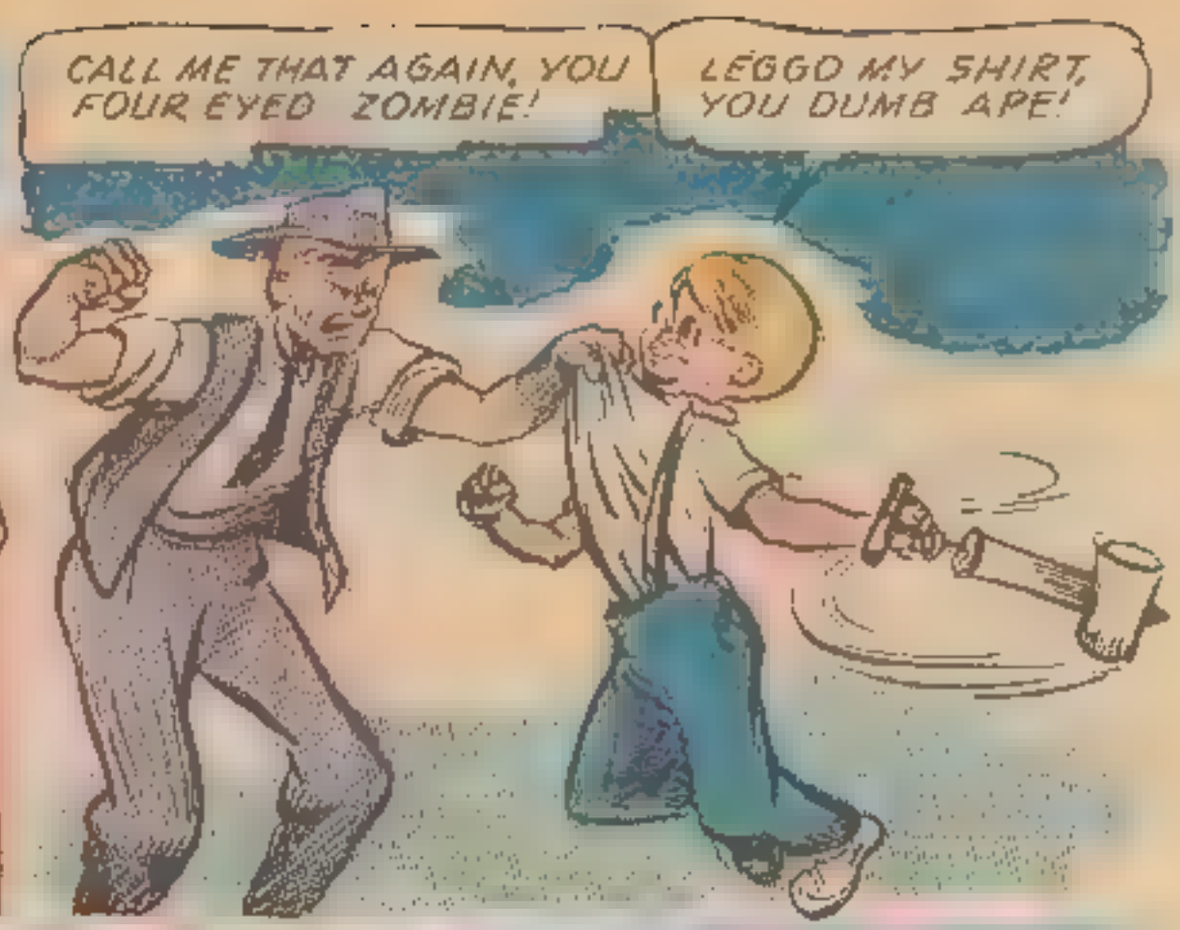

BREAK 'EM ALL UP, BRUISER—THAT SIGN "DO NOT DISTURB" IS A LAUGH!
CRACK!

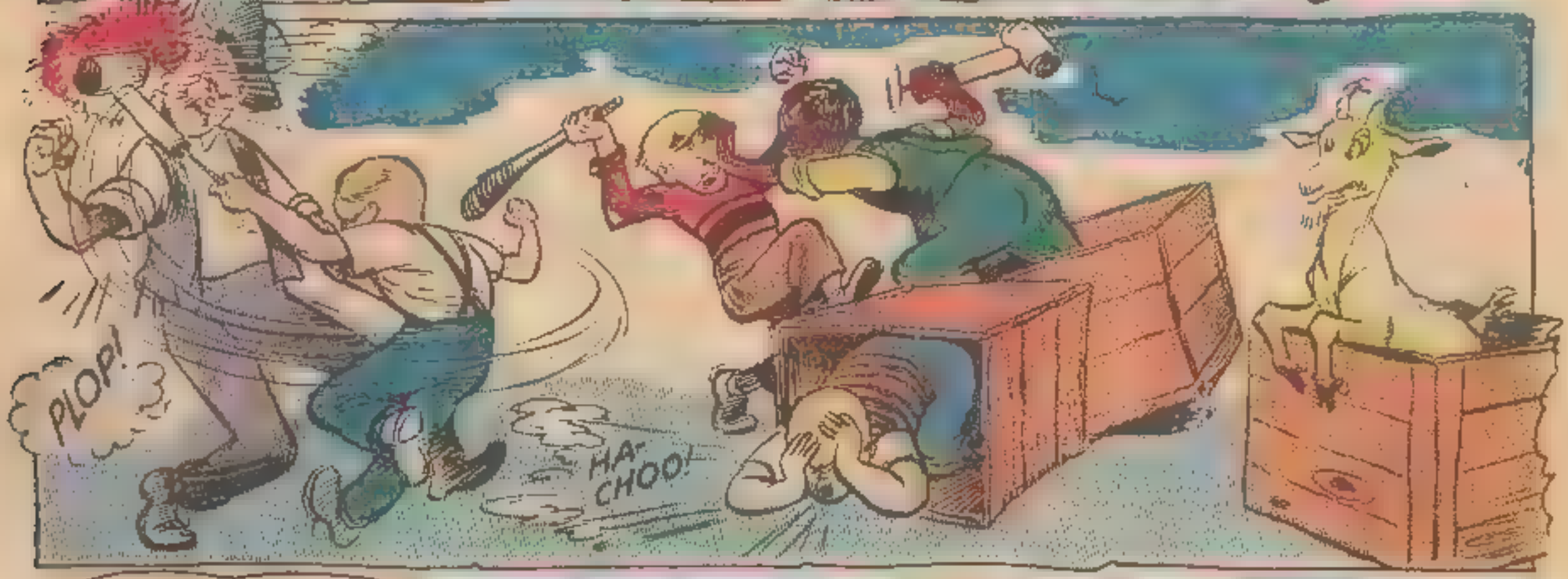

WHAT THE—?
?
OUCH! DERN IT! CUT IT OUT!
DO NOT DISTURB

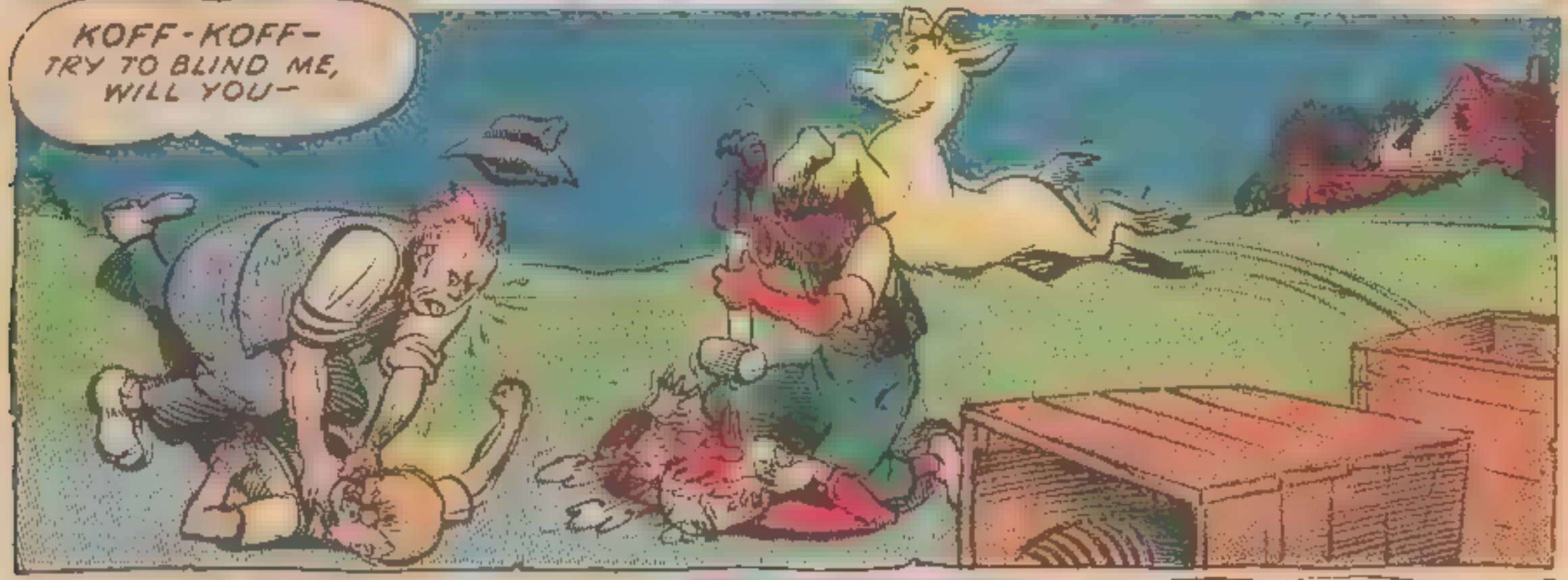

IT'S A TRAP—THE GANG KIDS 'RE INSIDE THE BOXES!
YOWCH!
DO NOT DISTURB

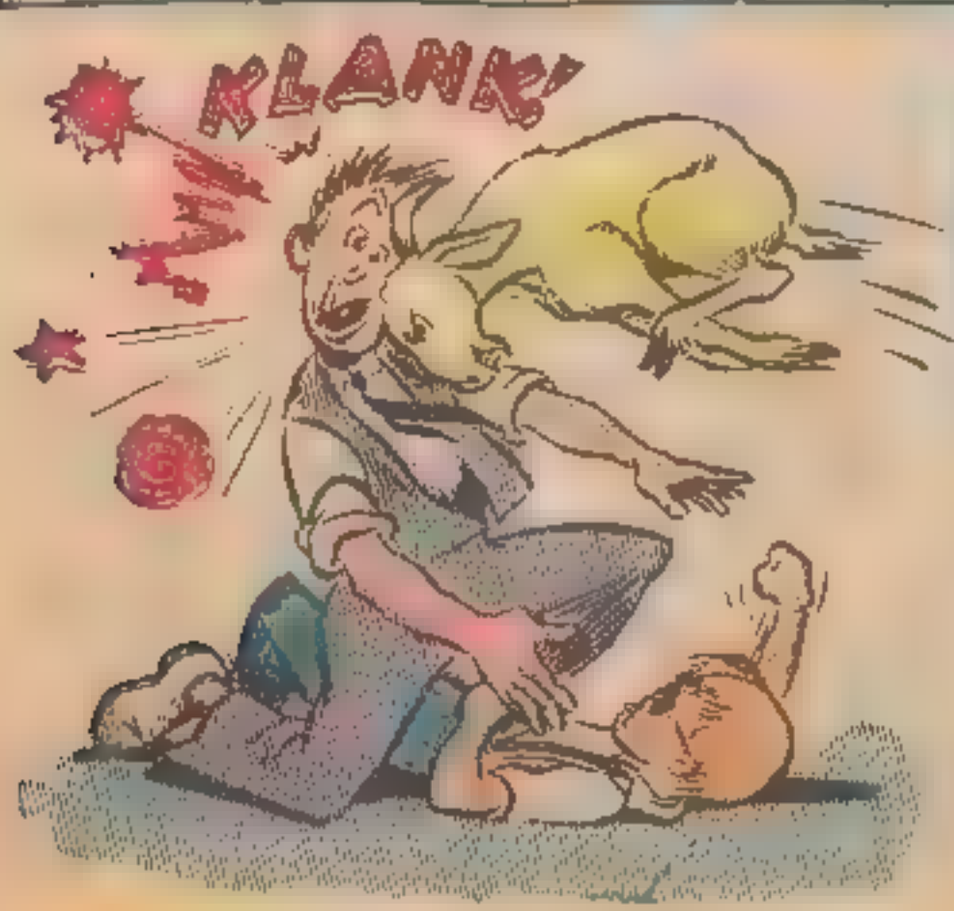


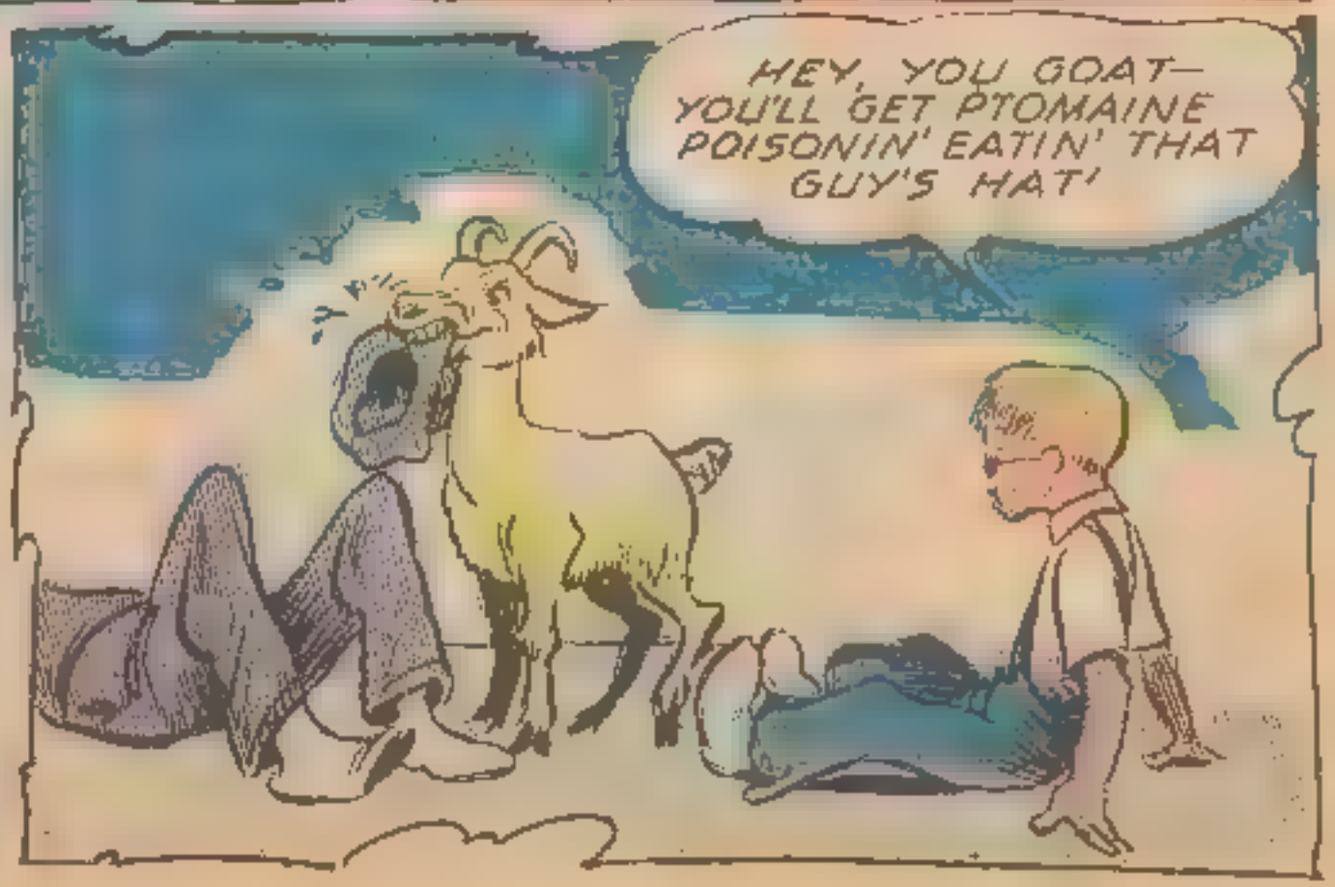

HA-HAW-HAW! YOU GASSED YOUR OWN MAN—HAW-HAW!
AW, SHUT UP, YOU BIG FAT BABOON!
HACH-HACHOOOO

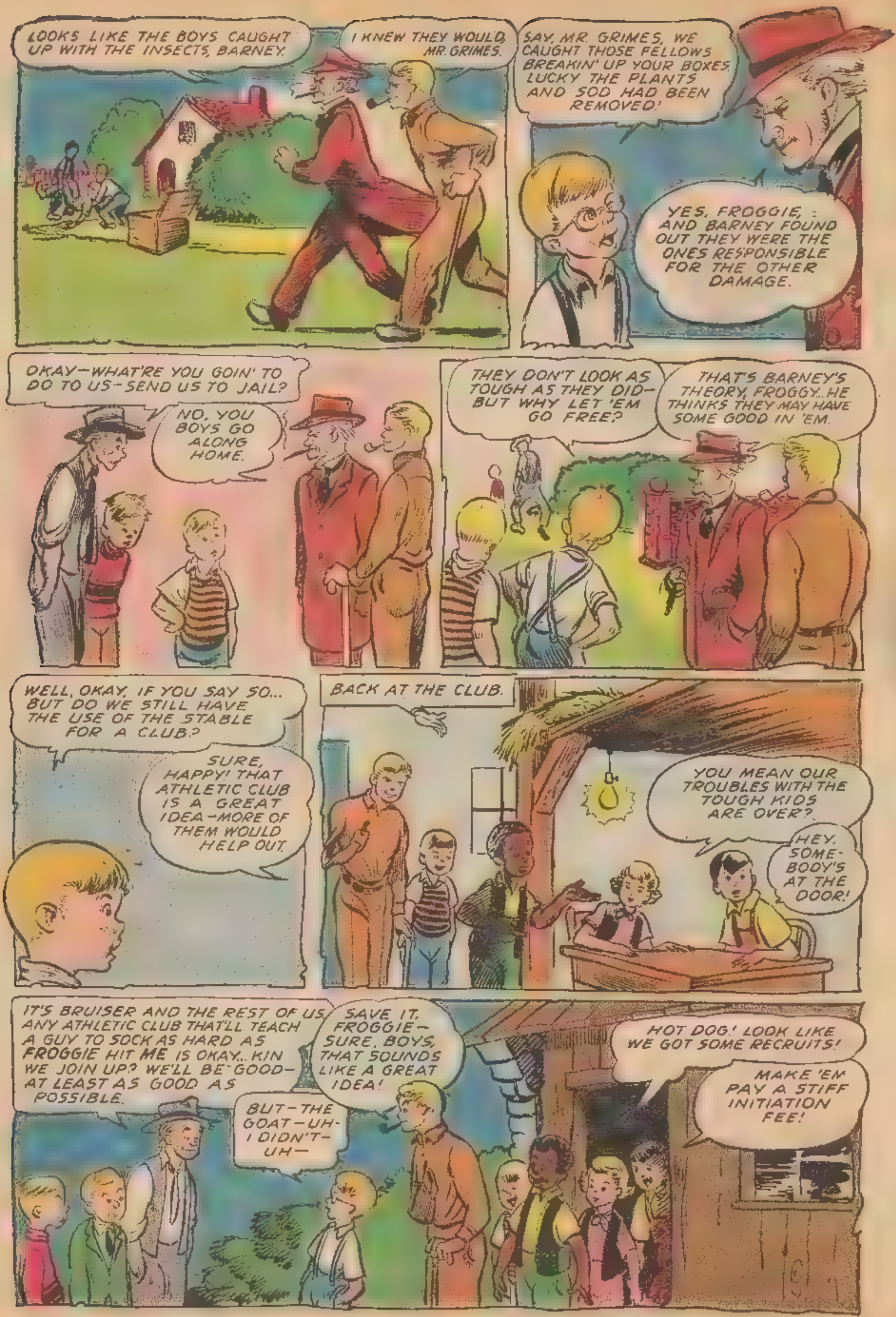

CALL ME THAT AGAIN, YOU FOUR EYED ZOMBIE!
LEGGO MY SHIRT, YOU DUMB APE!


PLOP!
HA-CHOO!


KOFF-KOFF—TRY TO BLIND ME, WILL YOU—


KLANK!

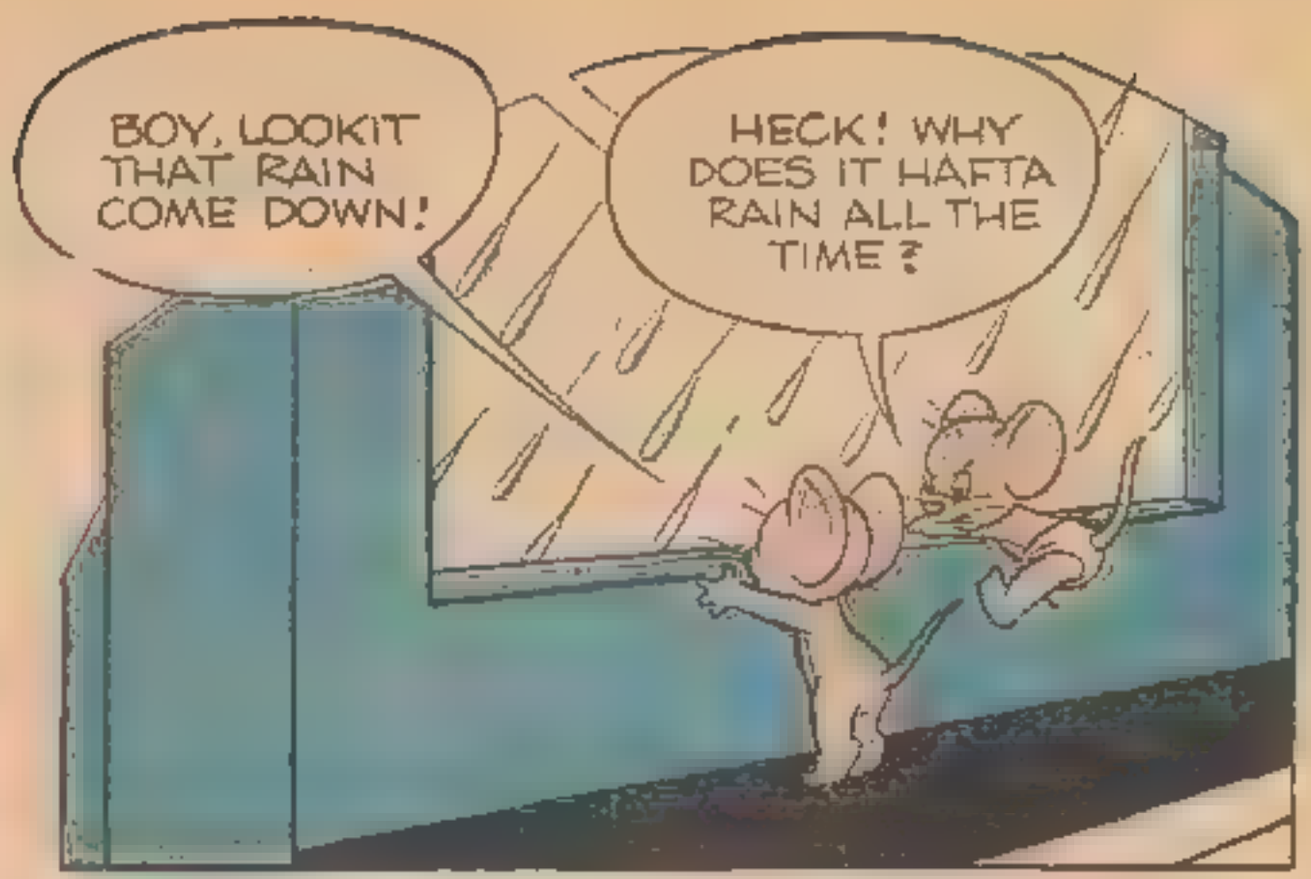

HEY, YOU GOAT—YOU'LL GET PTOMAINE POISONIN' EATIN' THAT GUY'S HAT!

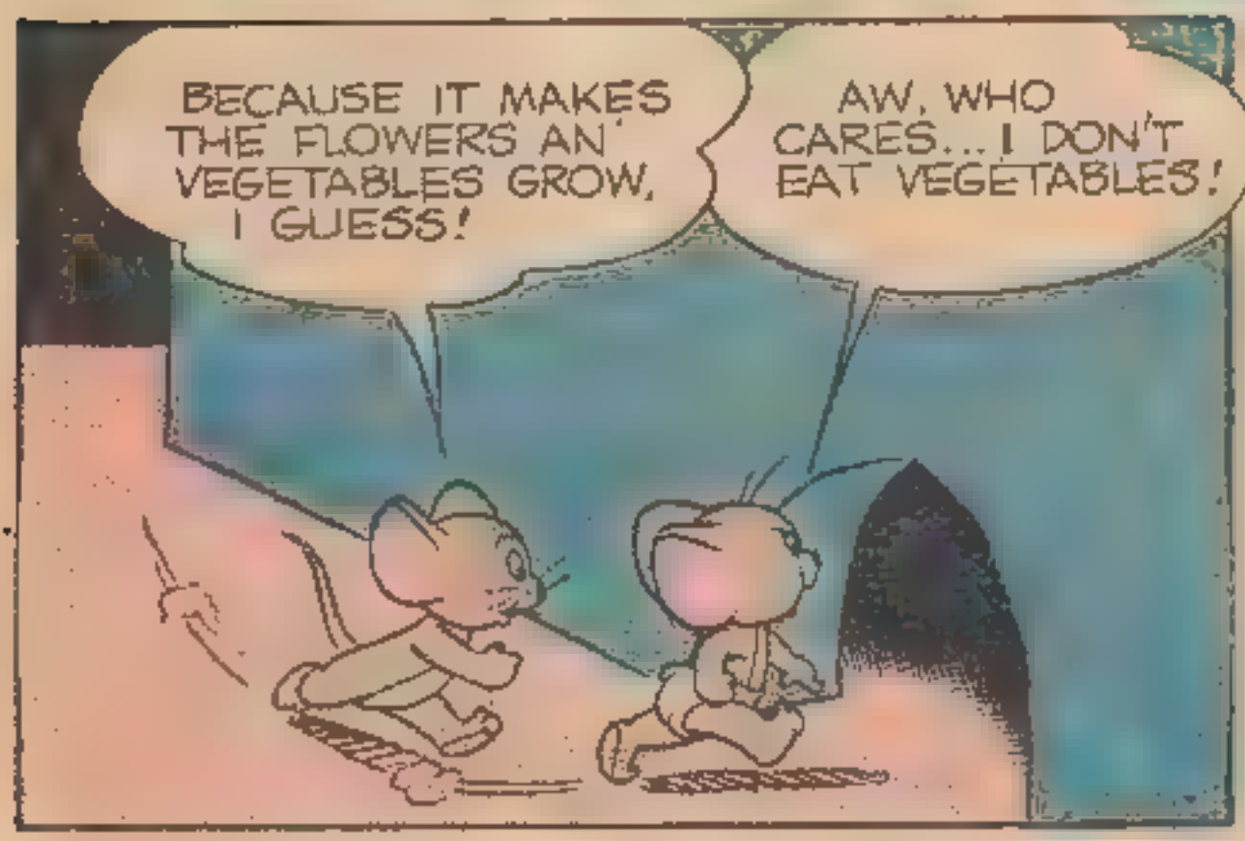


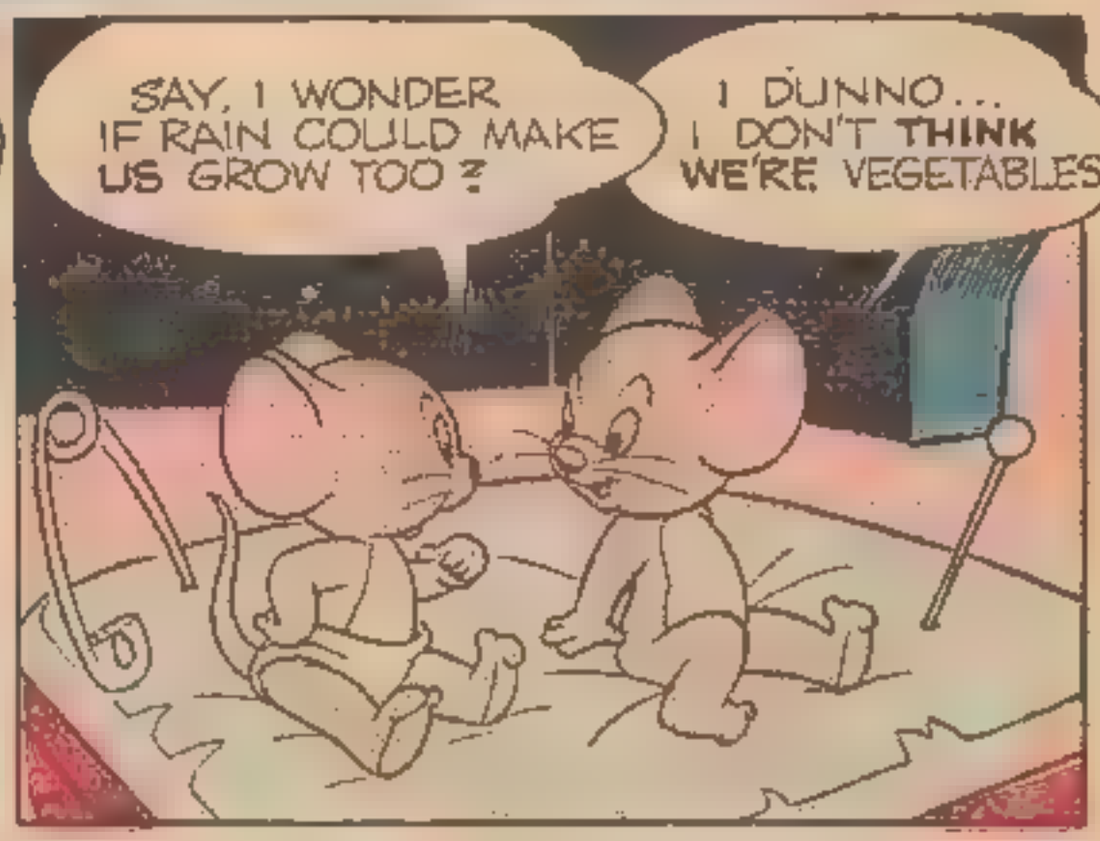

OUR GANG appearing in M-G-M pictures

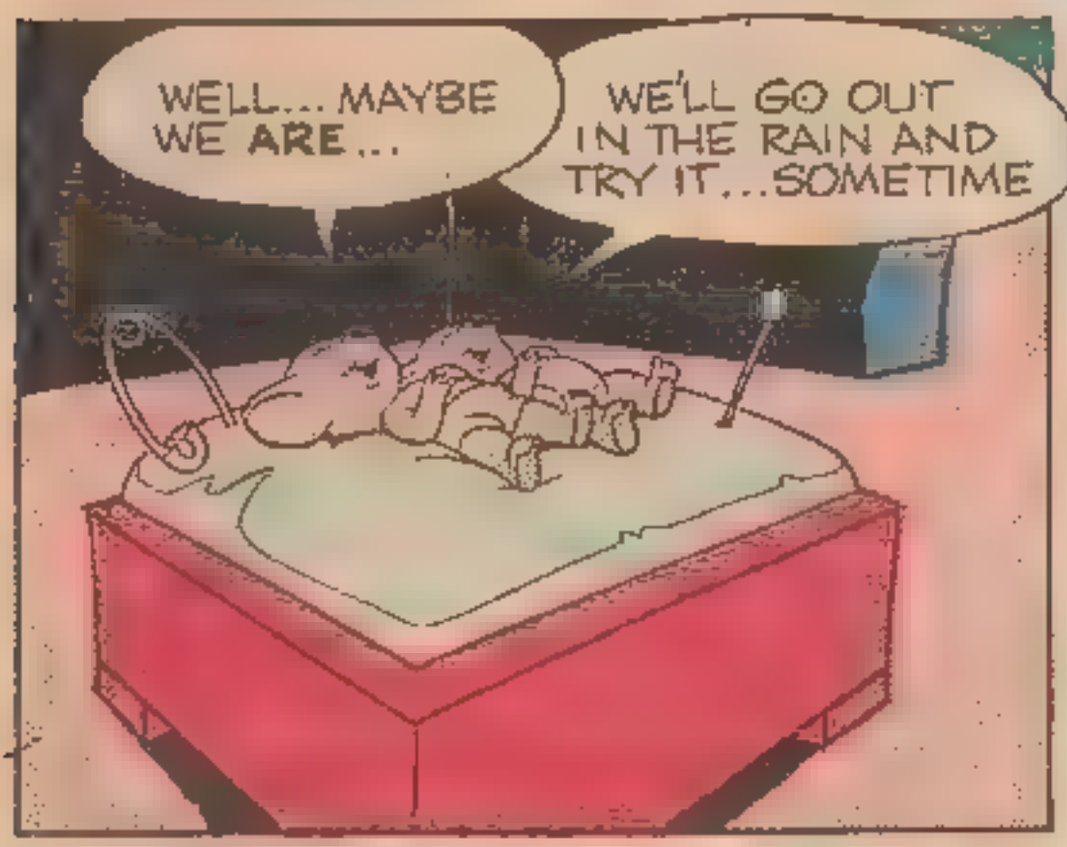
# TOM and JERRY

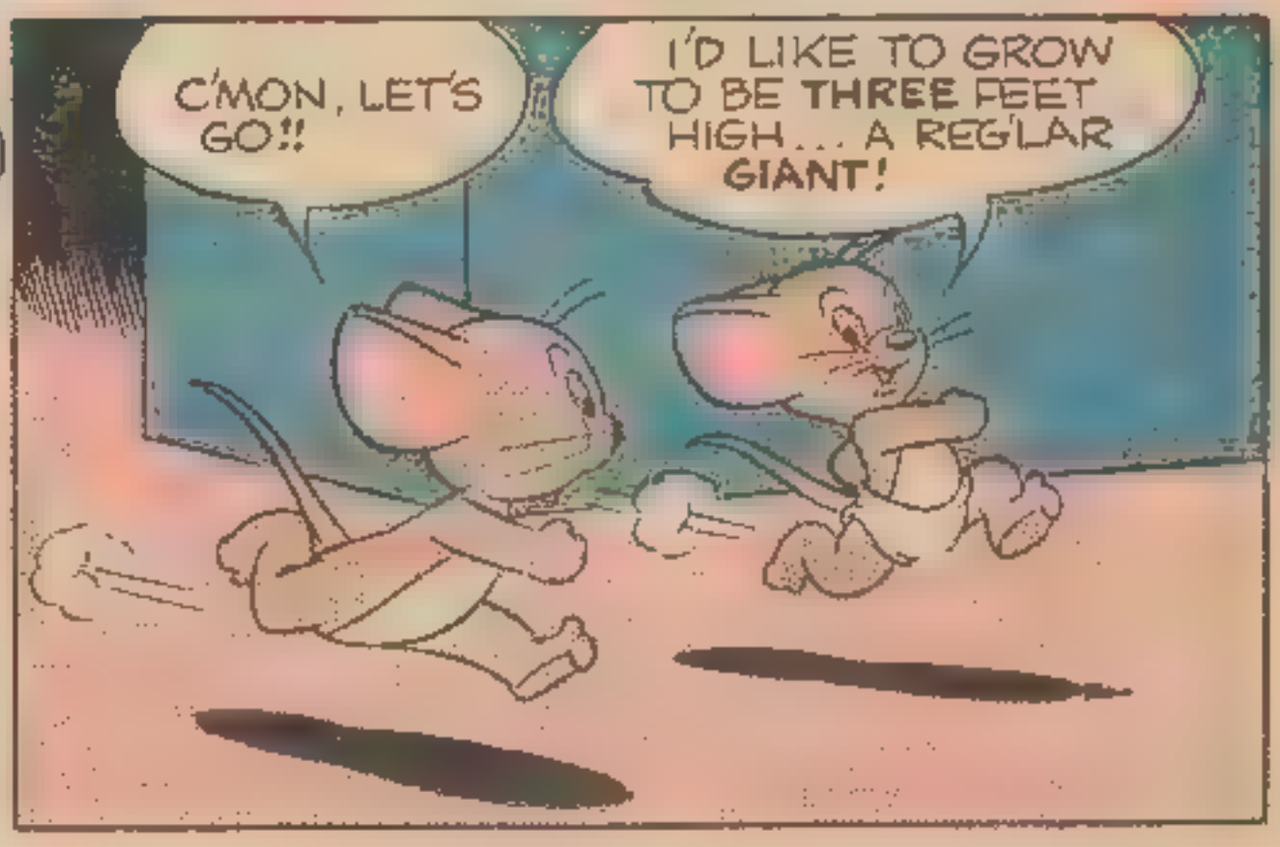
M.G.M. PRESENTS

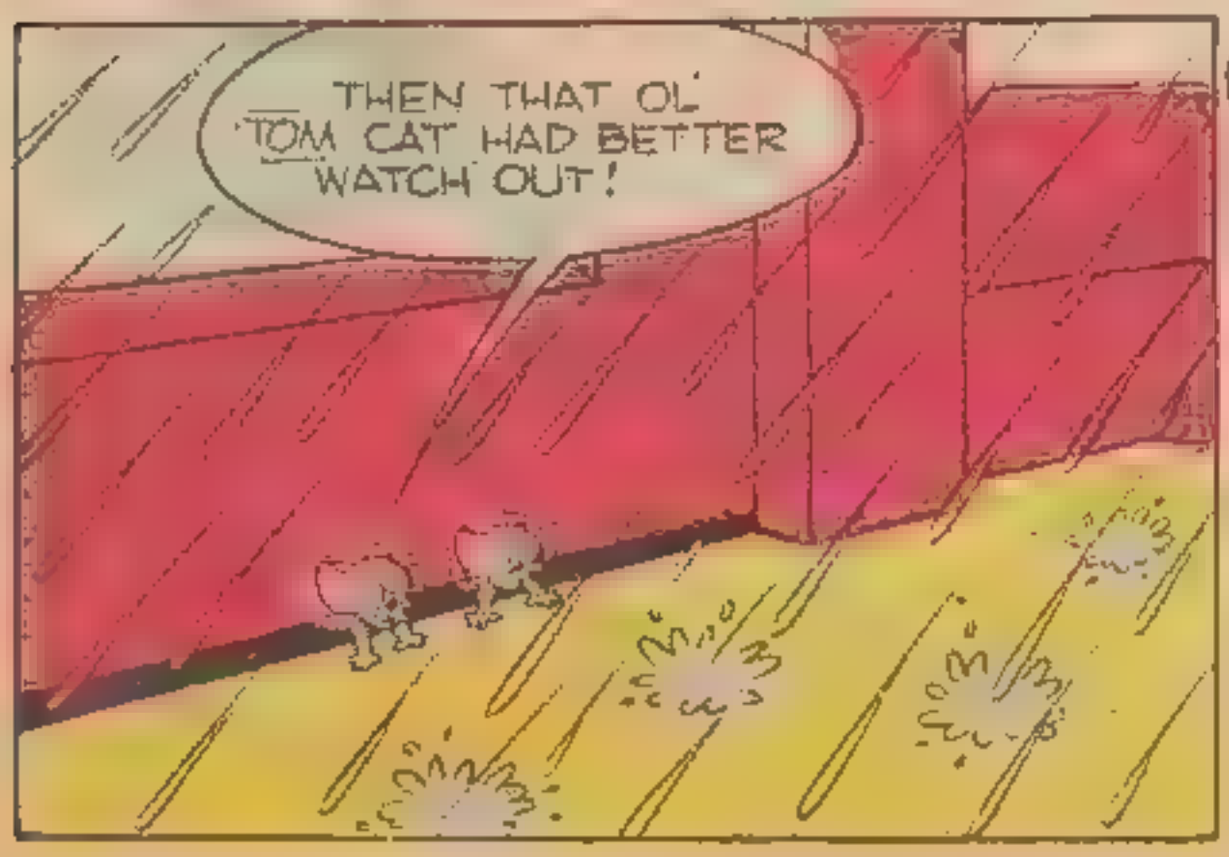


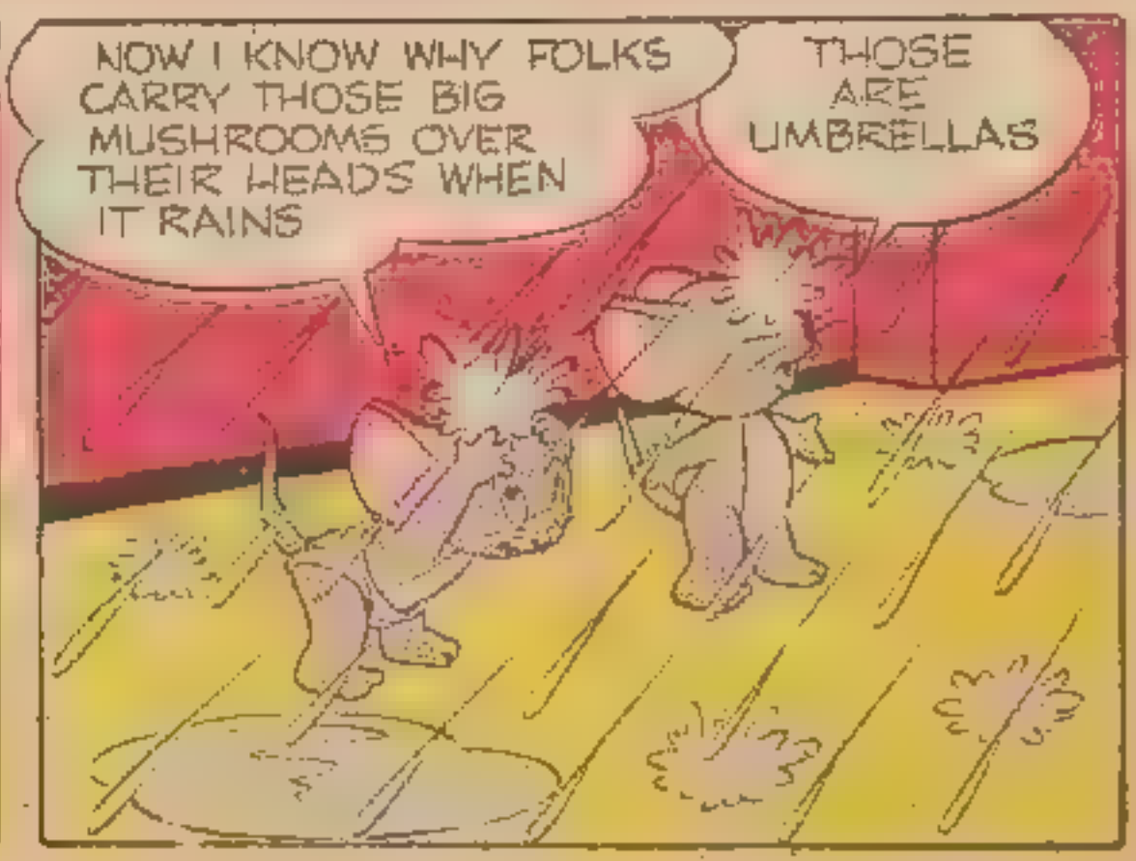



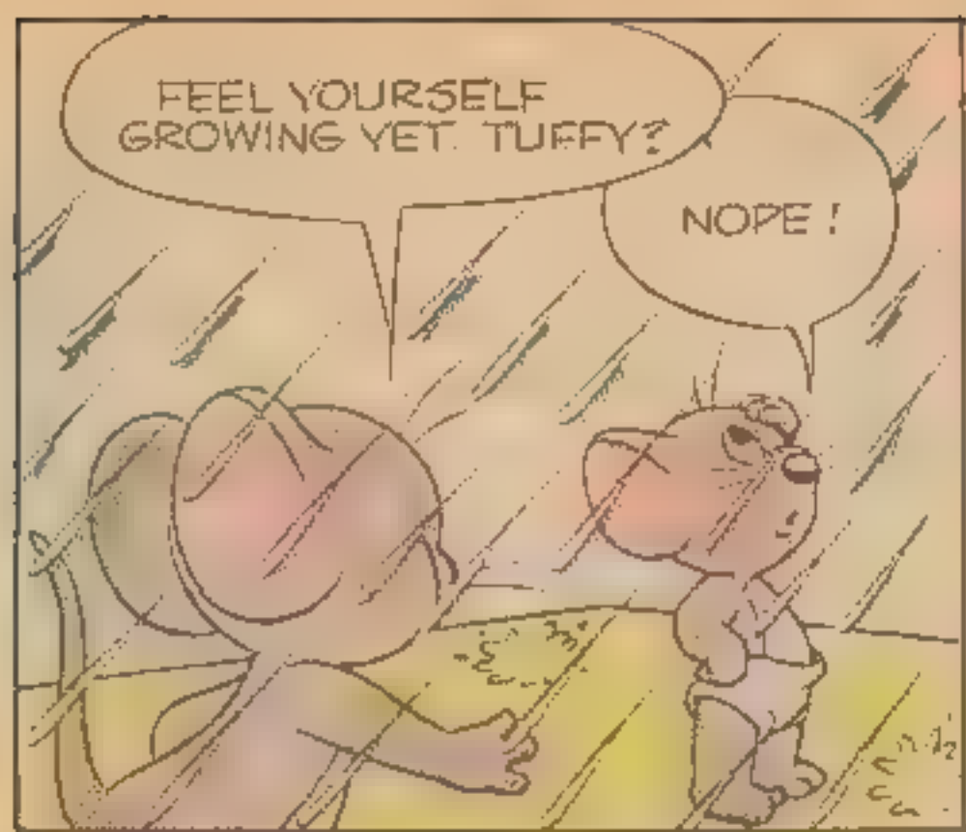



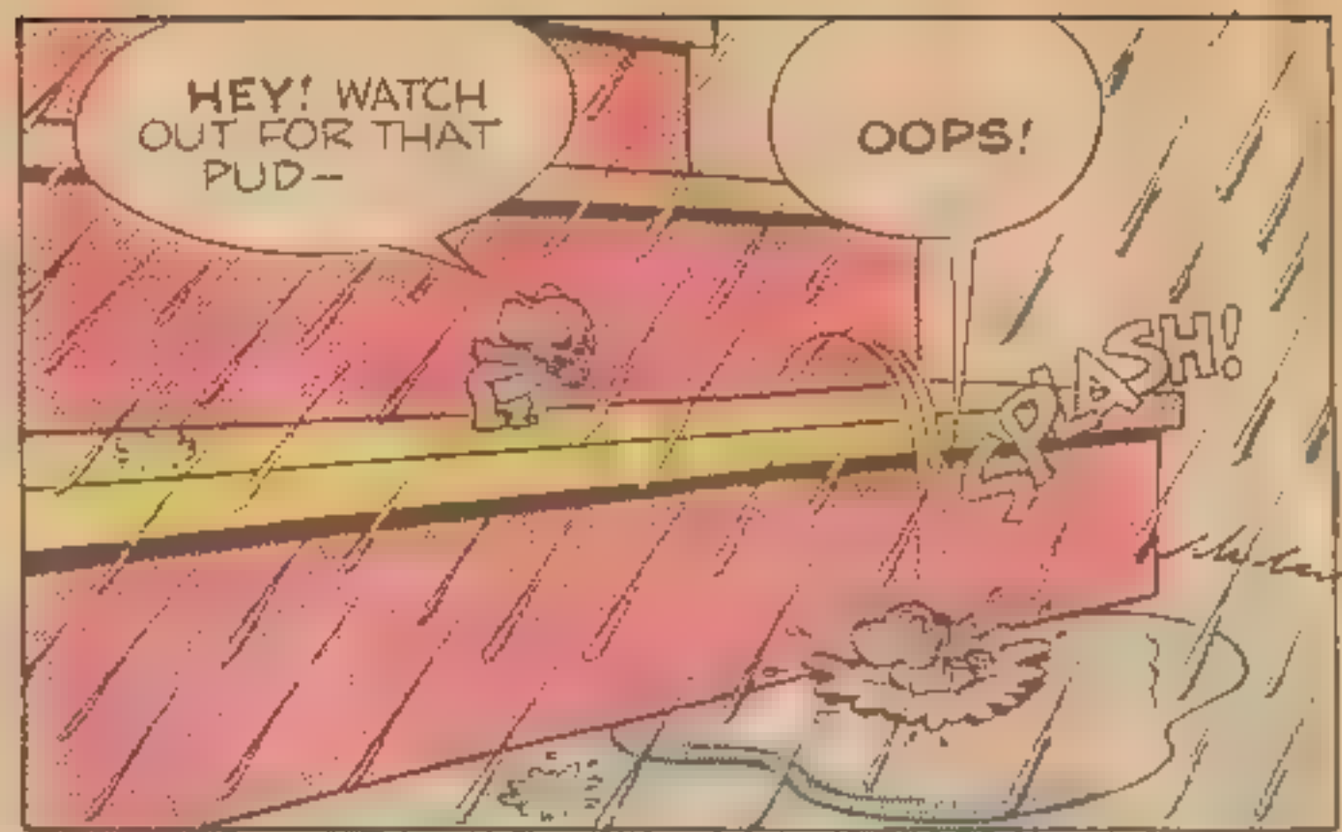



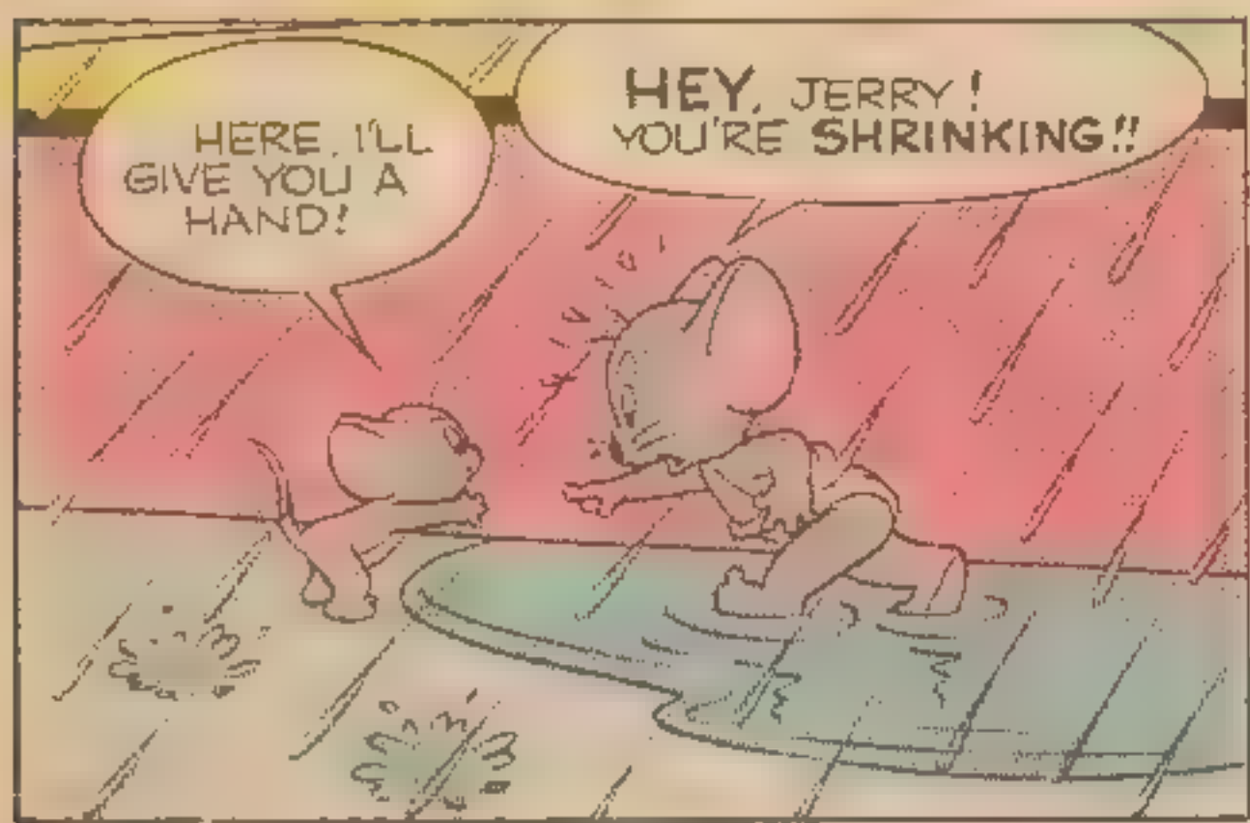



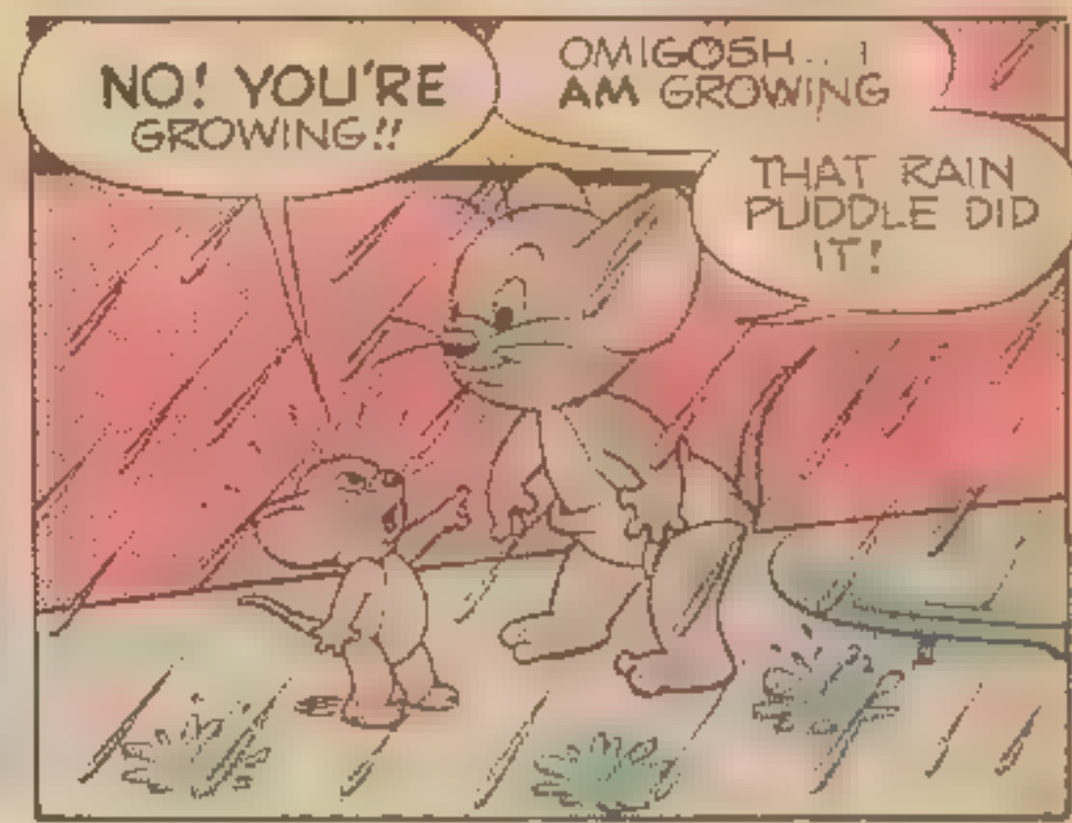



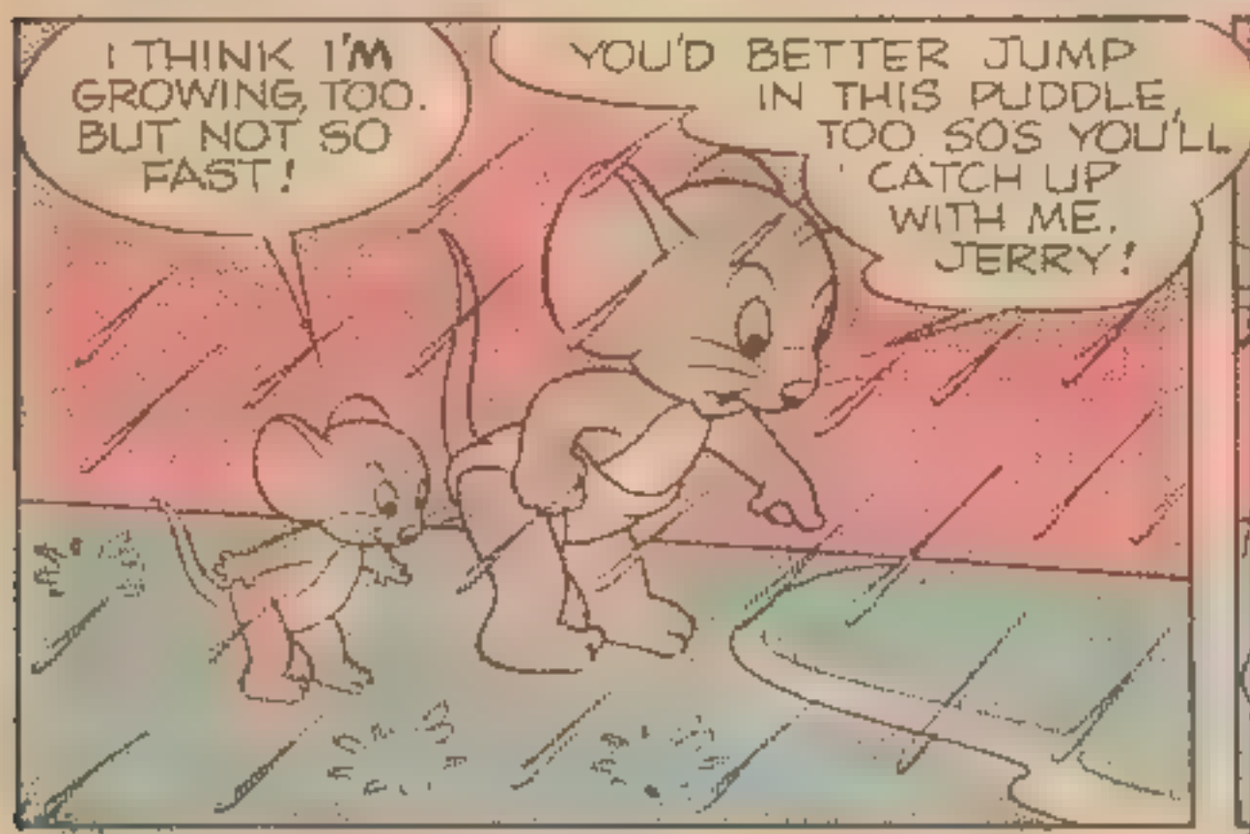



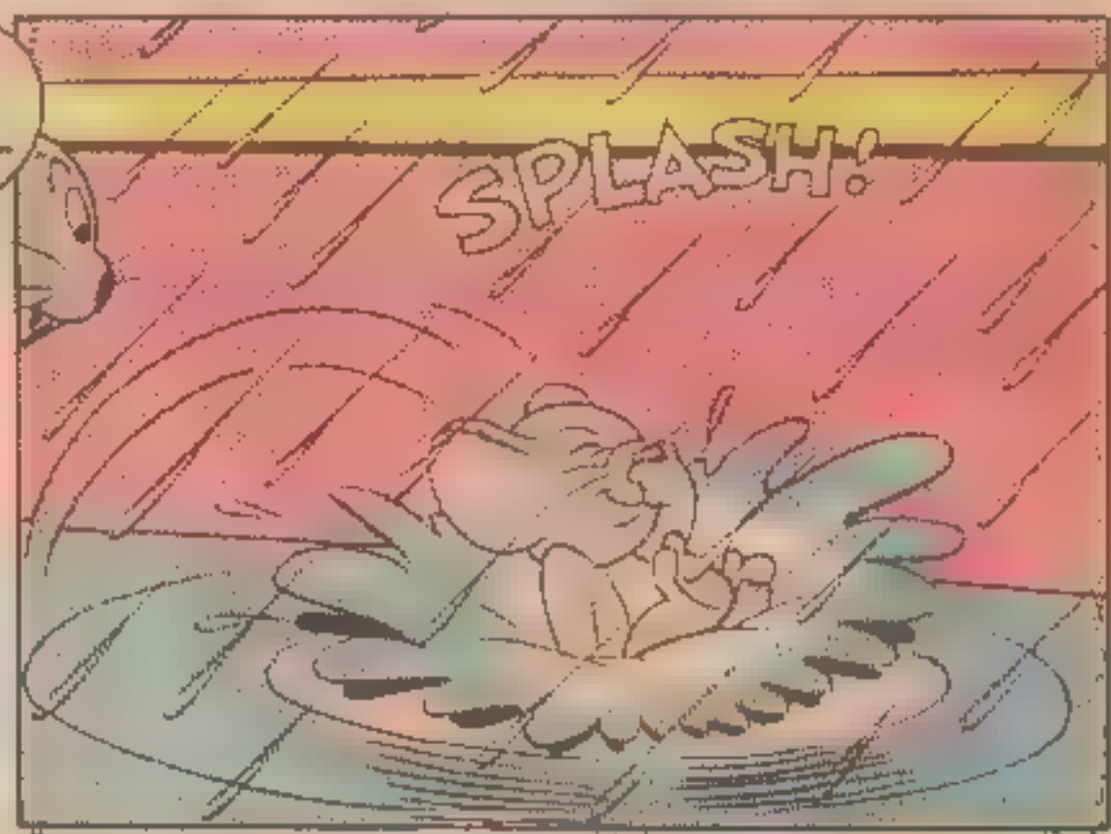

FEEL YOURSELF GROWING YET, TUFFY?
NOPE!

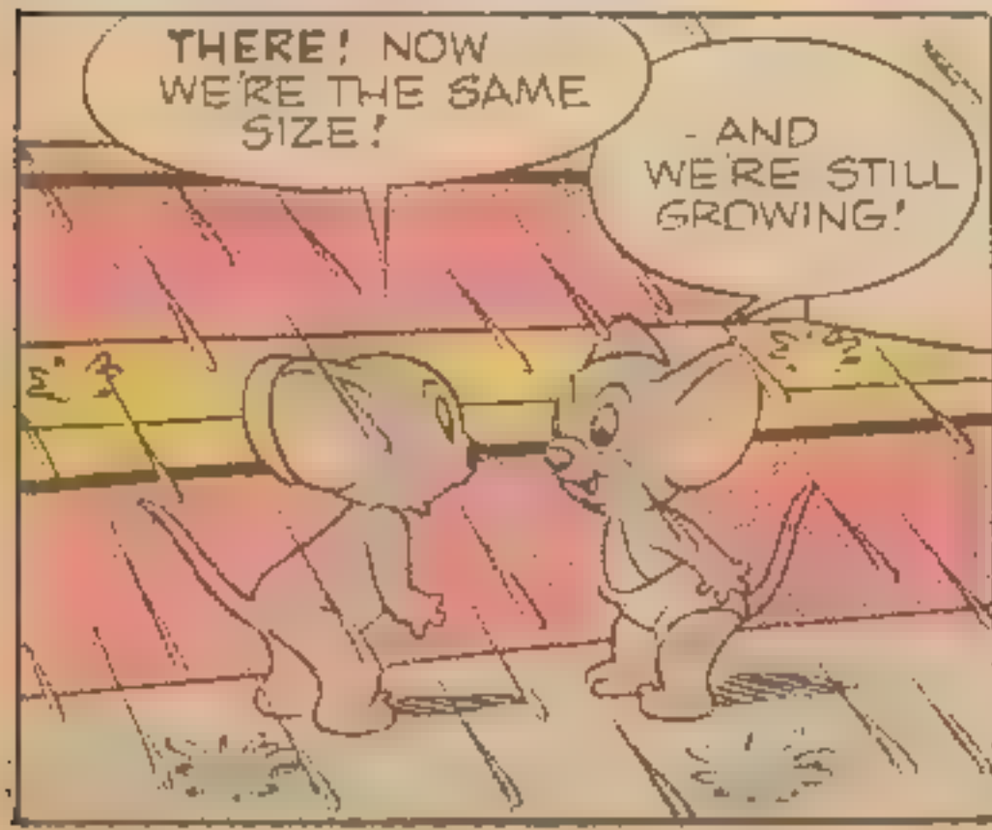

HEY! WATCH OUT FOR THAT PUD--
OOPS!
SPLASH!

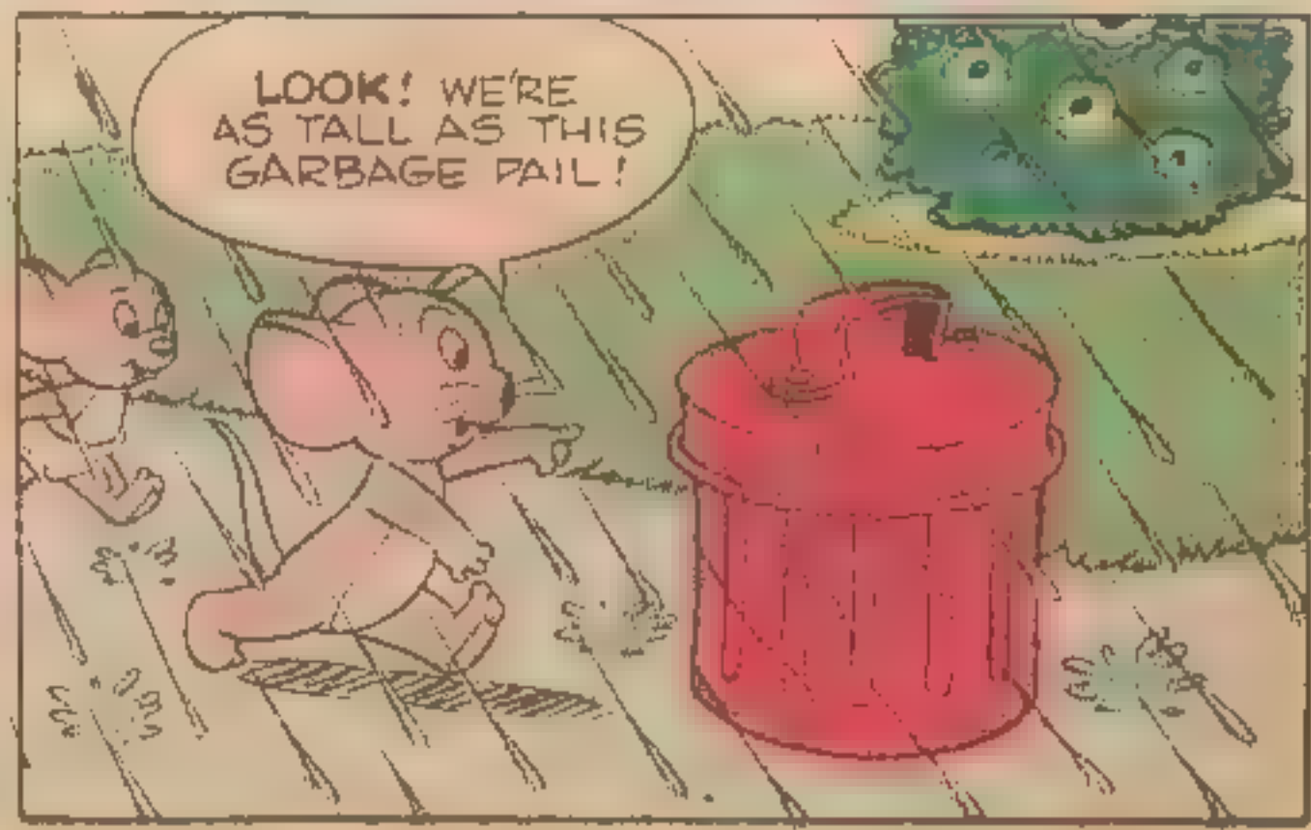

HERE, I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND!
HEY, JERRY! YOU'RE SHRINKING!!

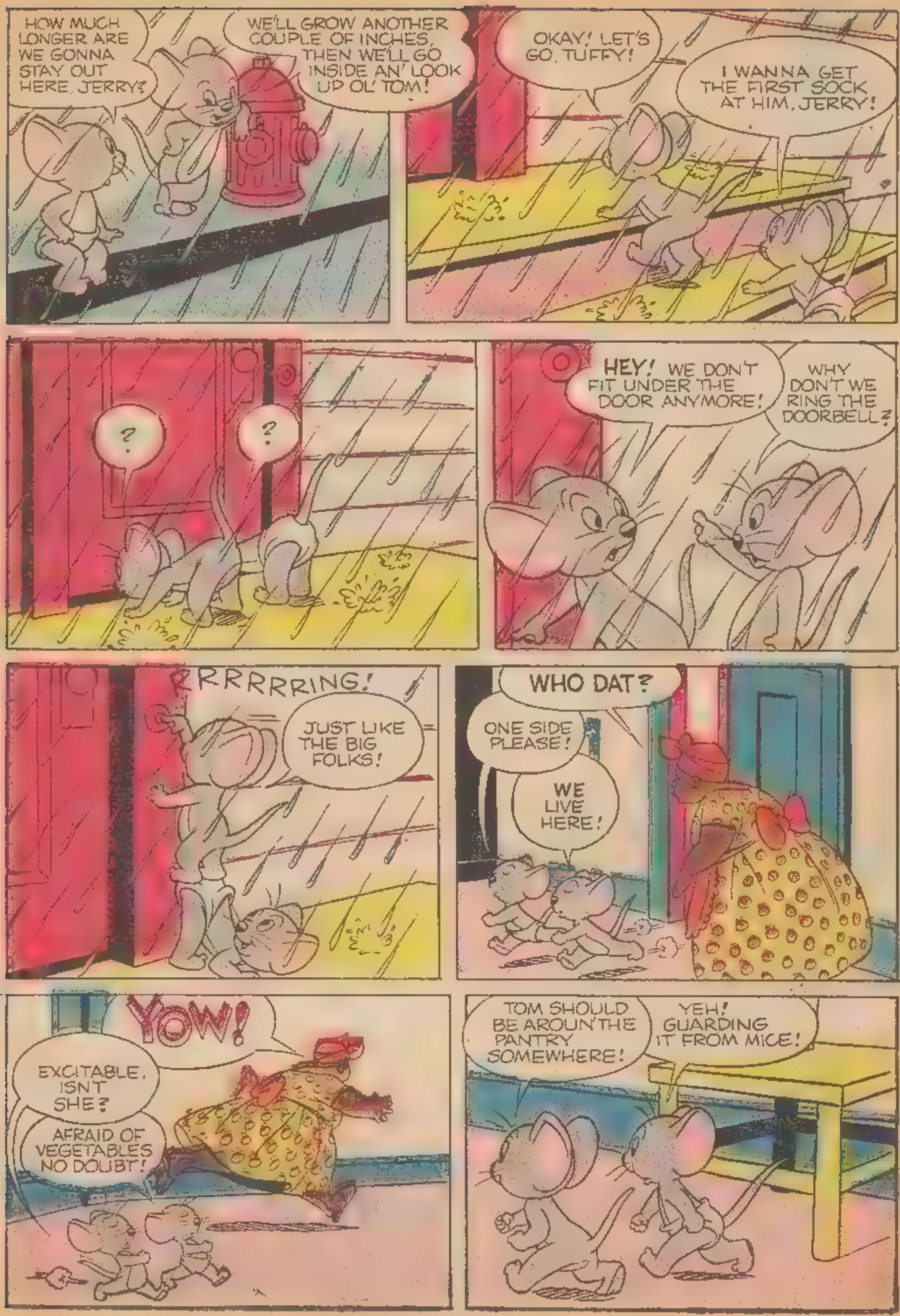

NO! YOU'RE GROWING!!
OMIGOSH... I AM GROWING
THAT RAIN PUDDLE DID IT!

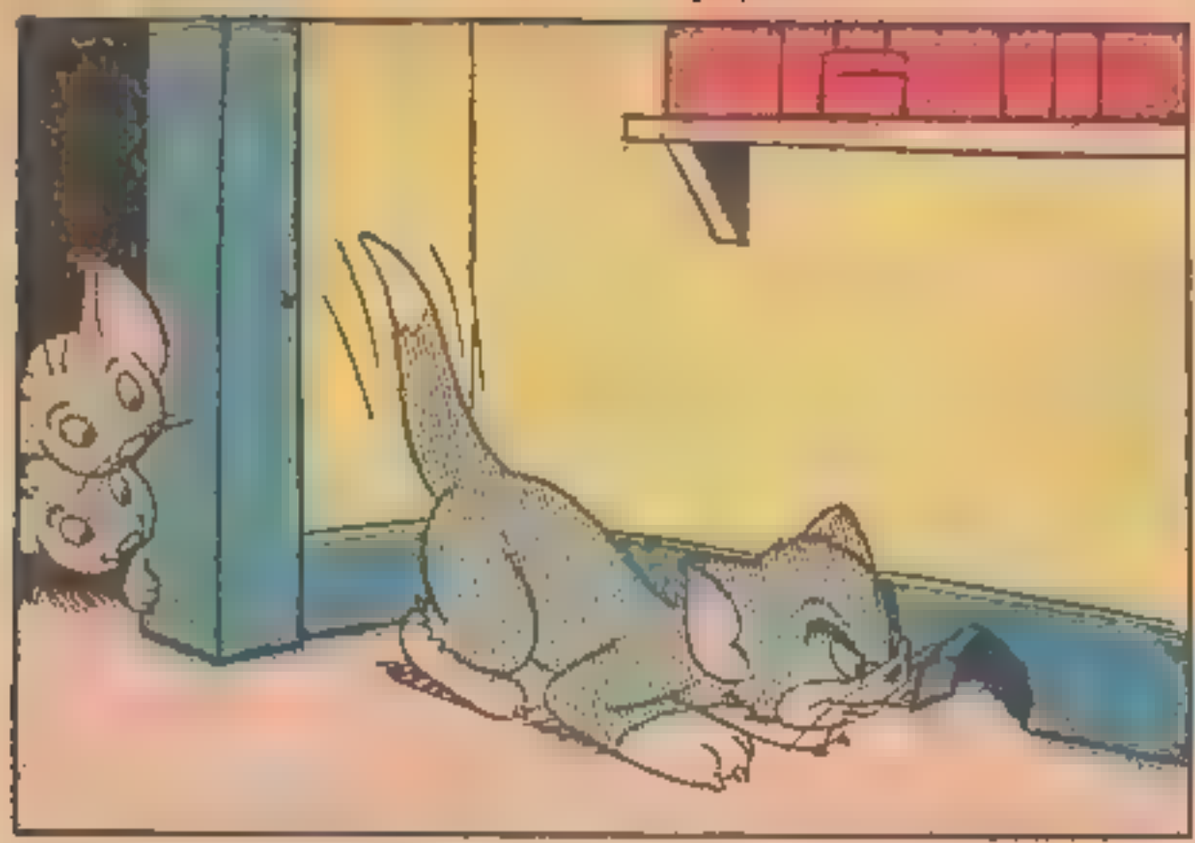

I THINK I'M GROWING, TOO. BUT NOT SO FAST!
YOU'D BETTER JUMP IN THIS PUDDLE, TOO SO'S YOU'LL CATCH UP WITH ME, JERRY!

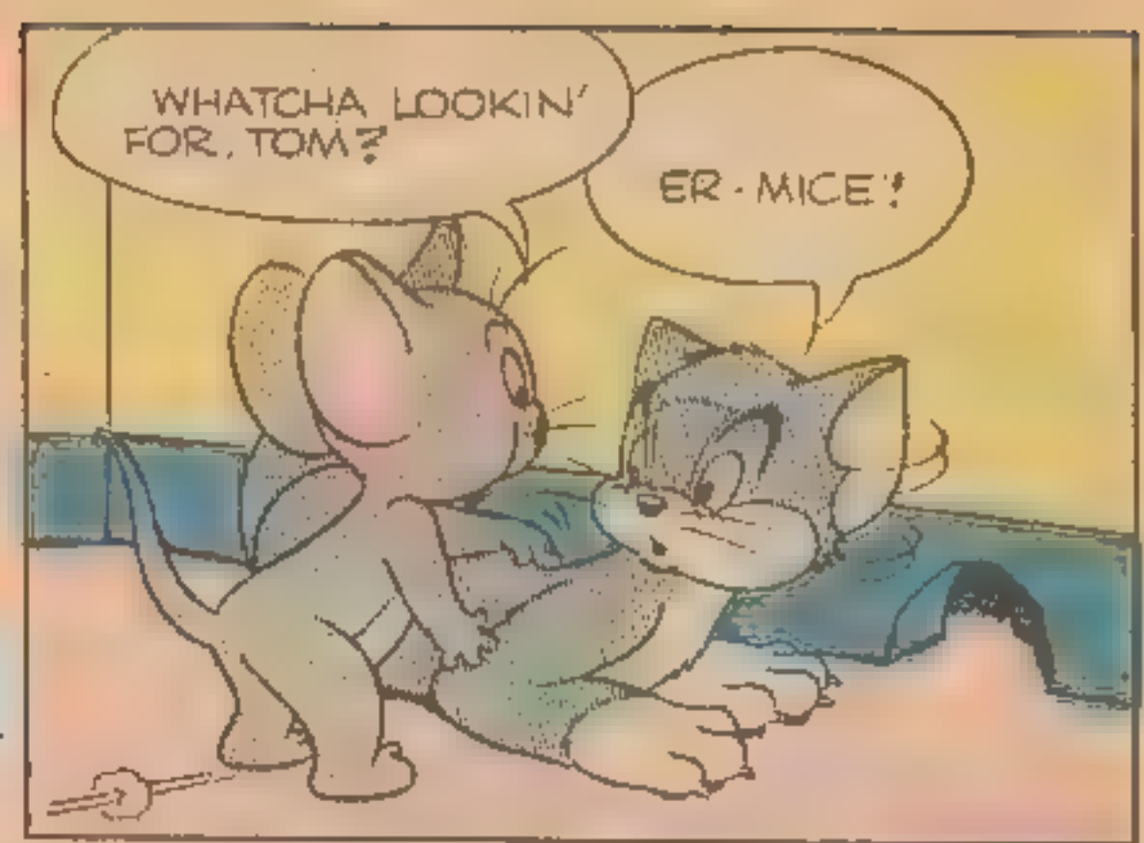

SPLASH!

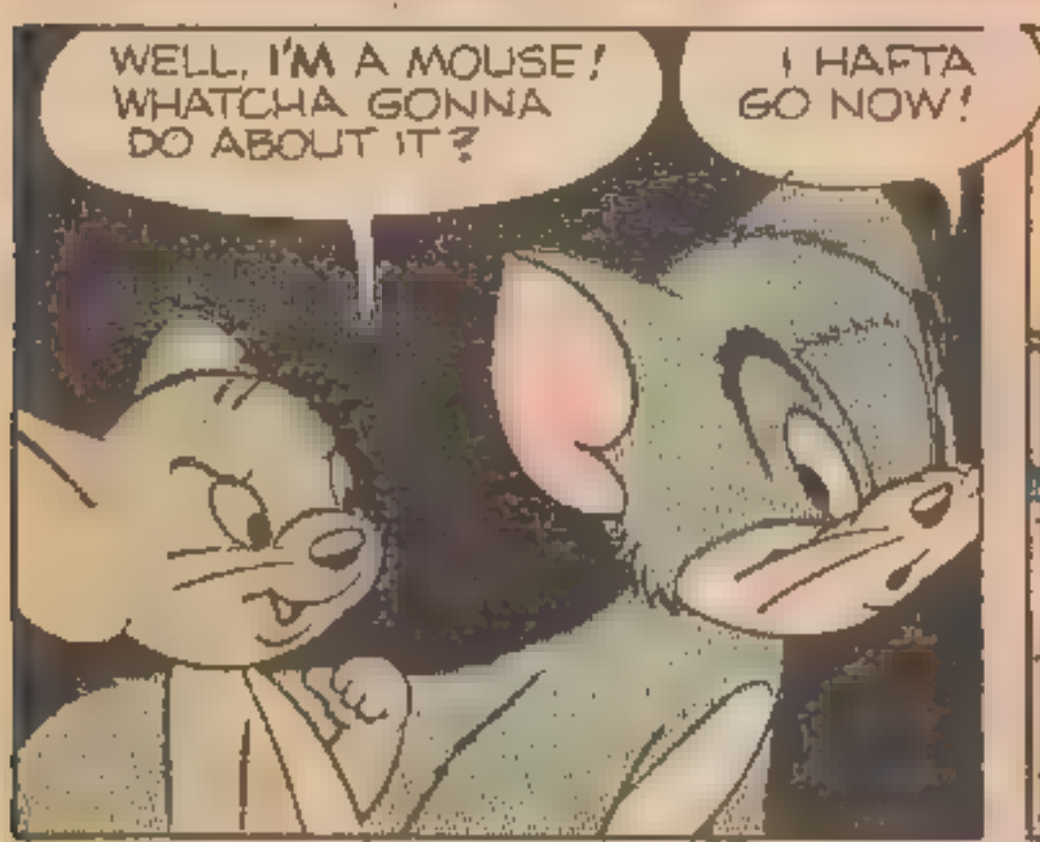

THERE! NOW WE'RE THE SAME SIZE!
- AND WE'RE STILL GROWING!

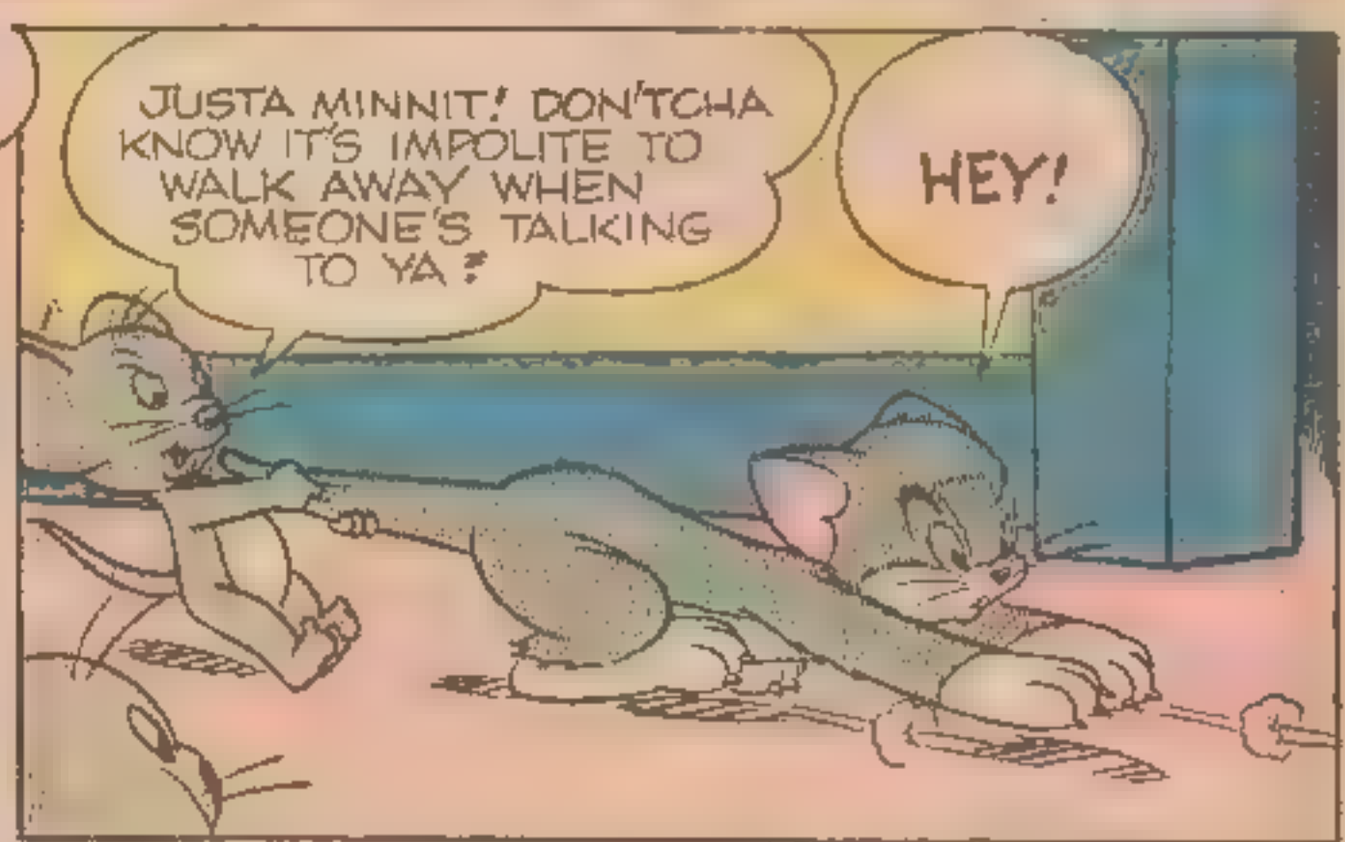

LOOK! WE'RE AS TALL AS THIS GARBAGE PAIL!

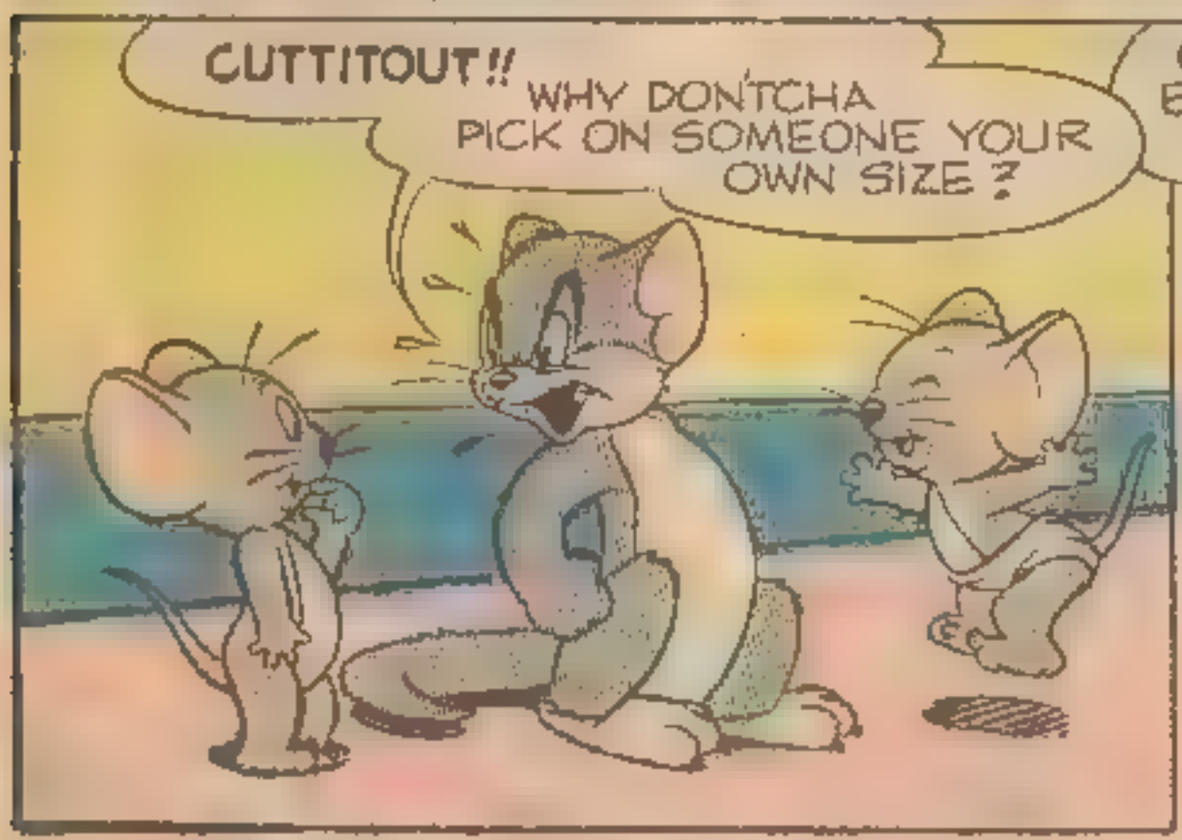

HOW MUCH LONGER ARE WE GONNA STAY OUT HERE, JERRY?
WE'LL GROW ANOTHER COUPLE OF INCHES, THEN WE'LL GO INSIDE AN' LOOK UP OL' TOM!
OKAY! LET'S GO, TUFFY!
I WANNA GET THE FIRST SOCK AT HIM, JERRY!
?
?
HEY! WE DON'T FIT UNDER THE DOOR ANYMORE!
WHY DON'T WE RING THE DOORBELL?
RRRRRING!
JUST LIKE THE BIG FOLKS!
WHO DAT?
ONE SIDE PLEASE!
WE LIVE HERE!
YOW!
EXCITABLE, ISN'T SHE?
AFRAID OF VEGETABLES NO DOUBT!
TOM SHOULD BE AROUN' THE PANTRY SOMEWHERE!
YEH! GUARDING IT FROM MICE!

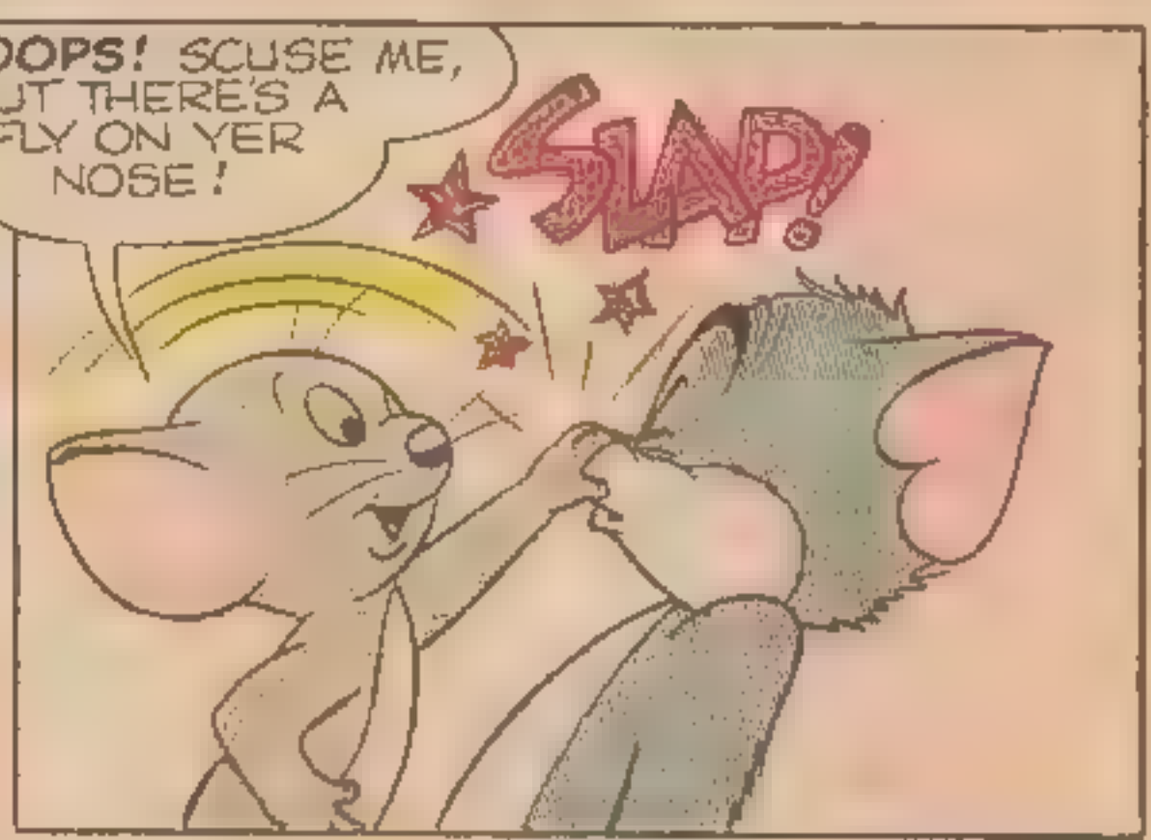


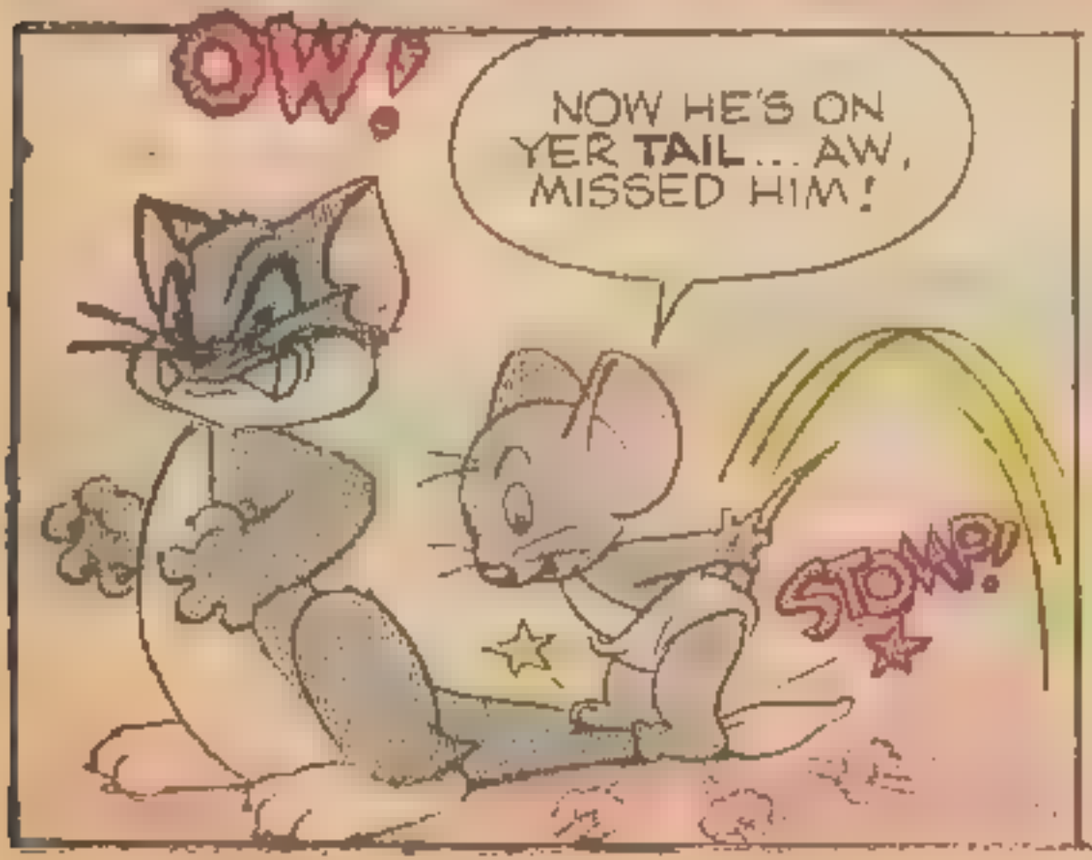

WHATCHA LOOKIN' FOR, TOM?
ER - MICE!

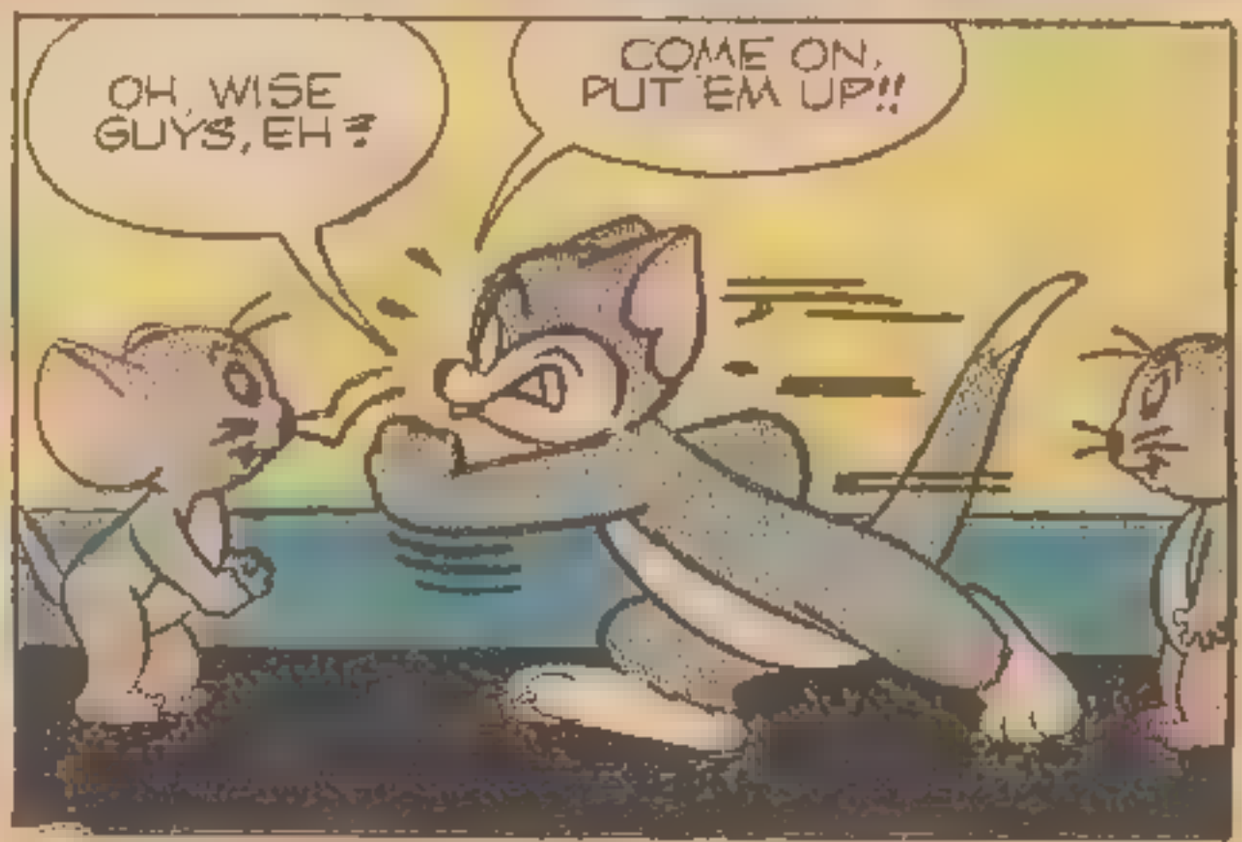

WELL, I'M A MOUSE! WHATCHA GONNA DO ABOUT IT?
I HAFTA GO NOW!

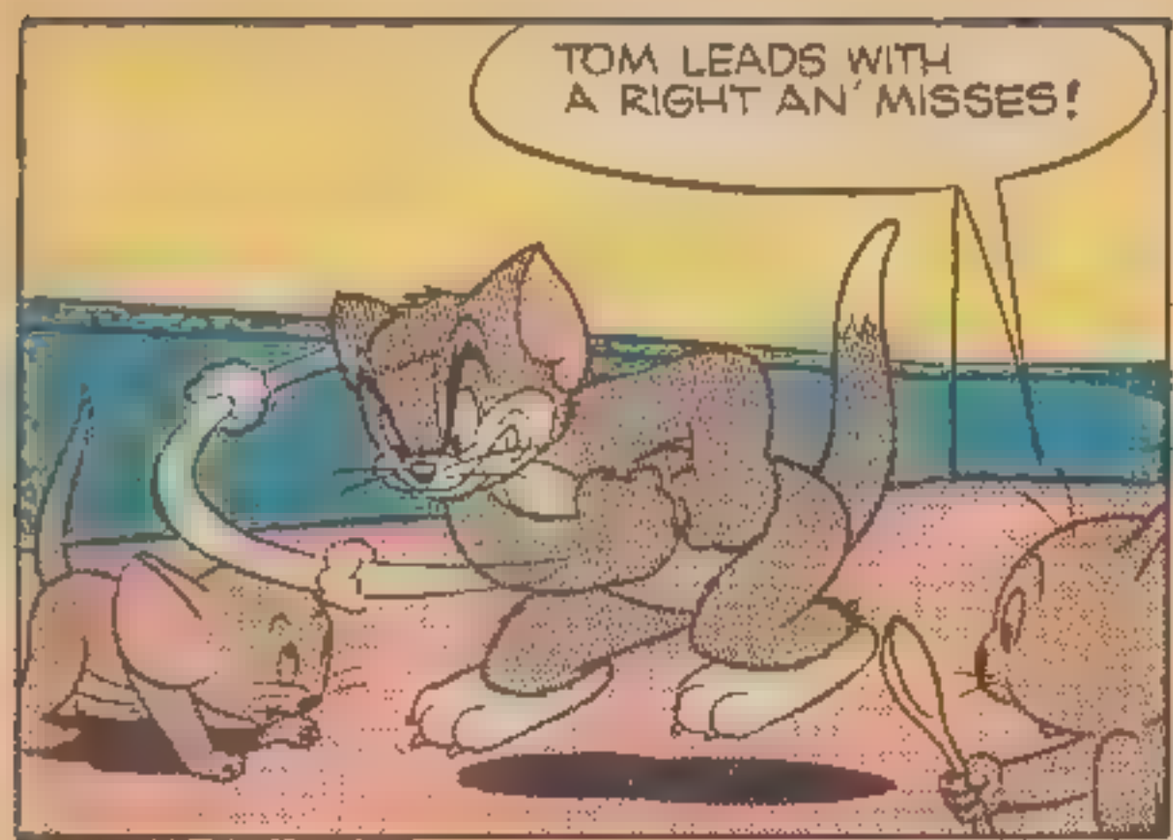

JUSTA MINNIT! DON'TCHA KNOW IT'S IMPOLITE TO WALK AWAY WHEN SOMEONE'S TALKING TO YA?
HEY!

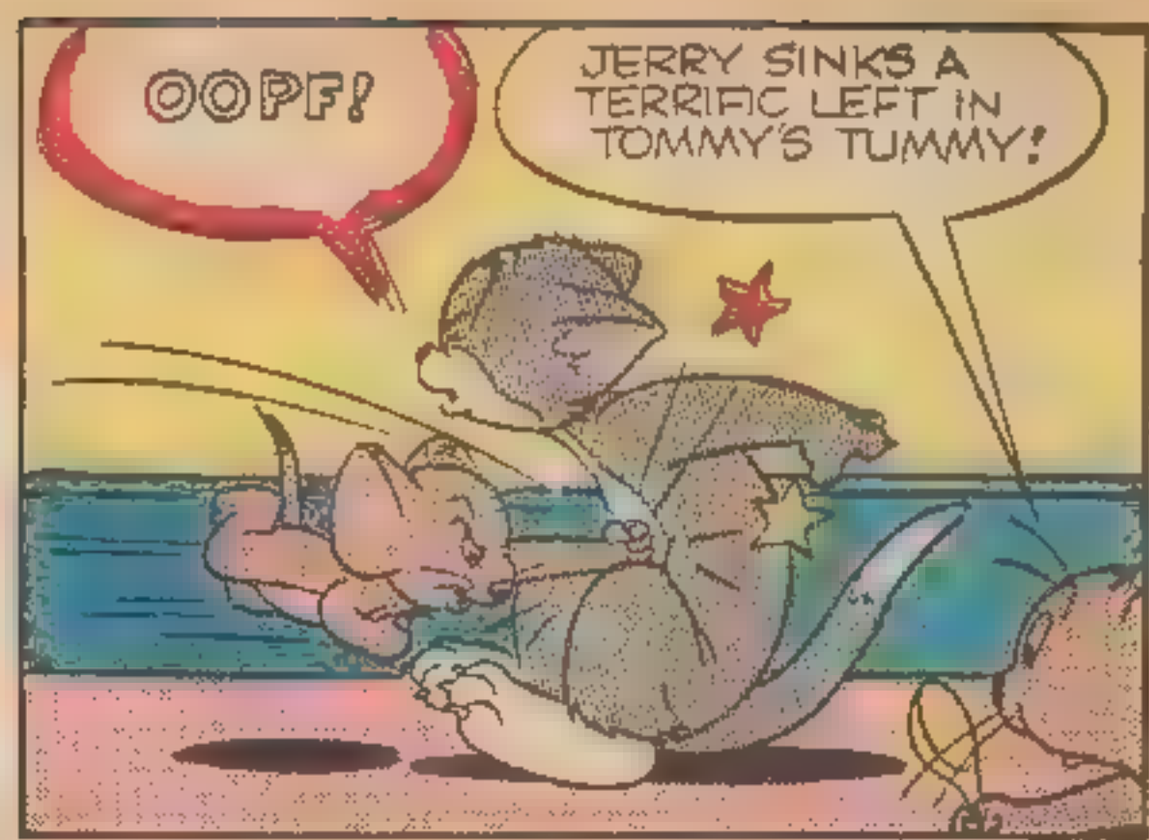

CUTTITOUT!!
WHY DON'TCHA PICK ON SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE?

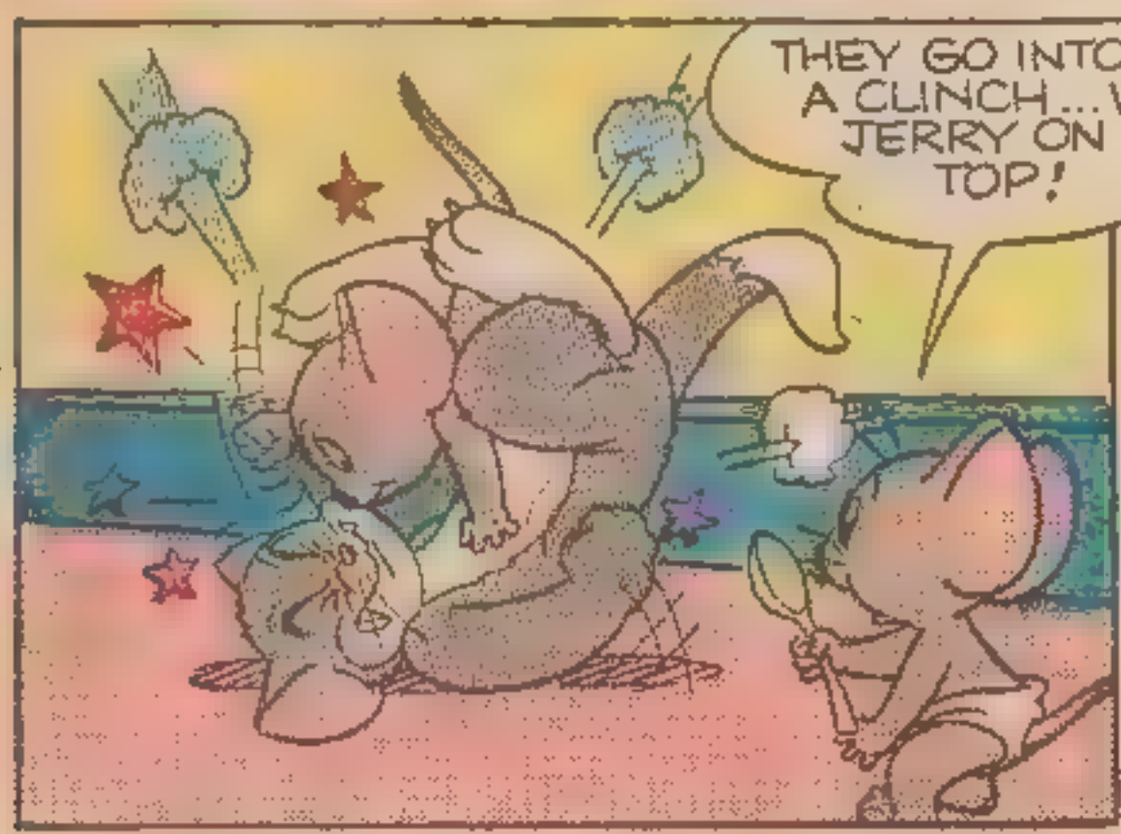

OOPS! SCUSE ME, BUT THERE'S A FLY ON YER NOSE!
SLAP!

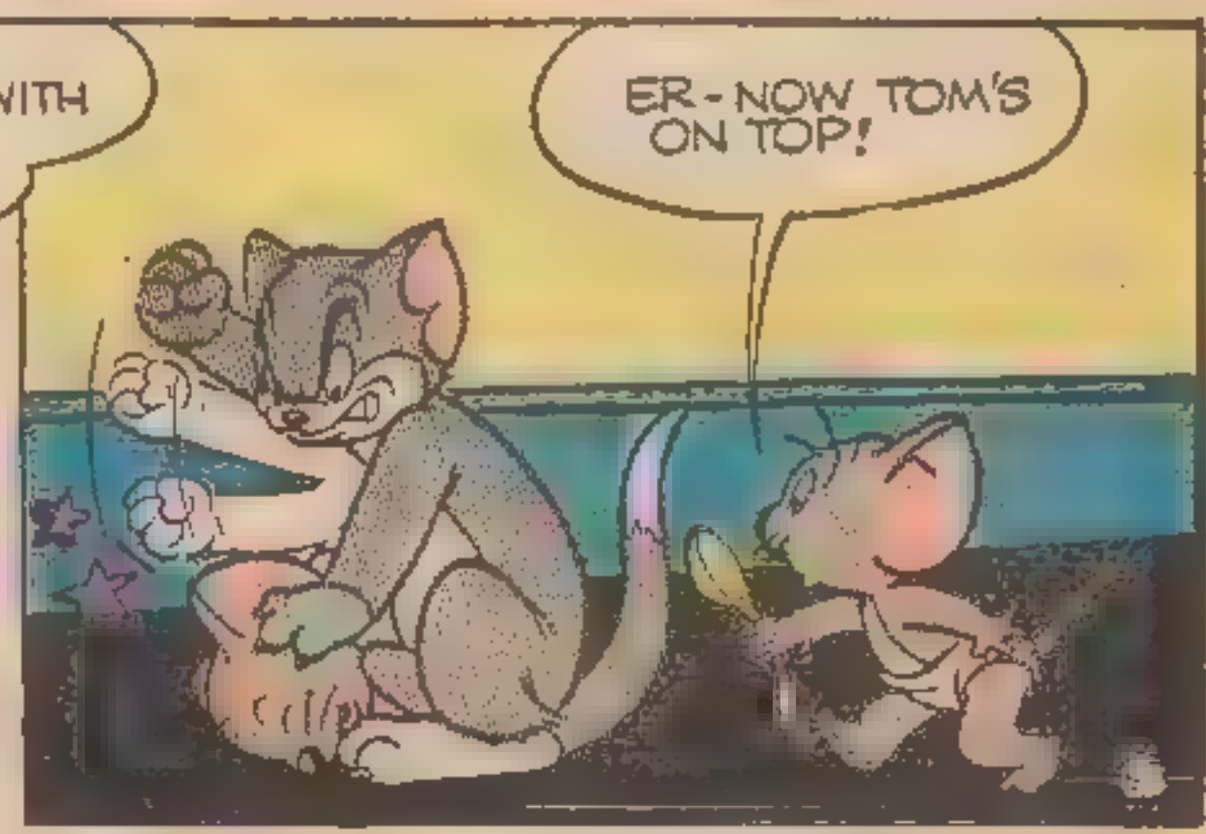

OW!
NOW HE'S ON YER TAIL... AW, MISSED HIM!
STOW!

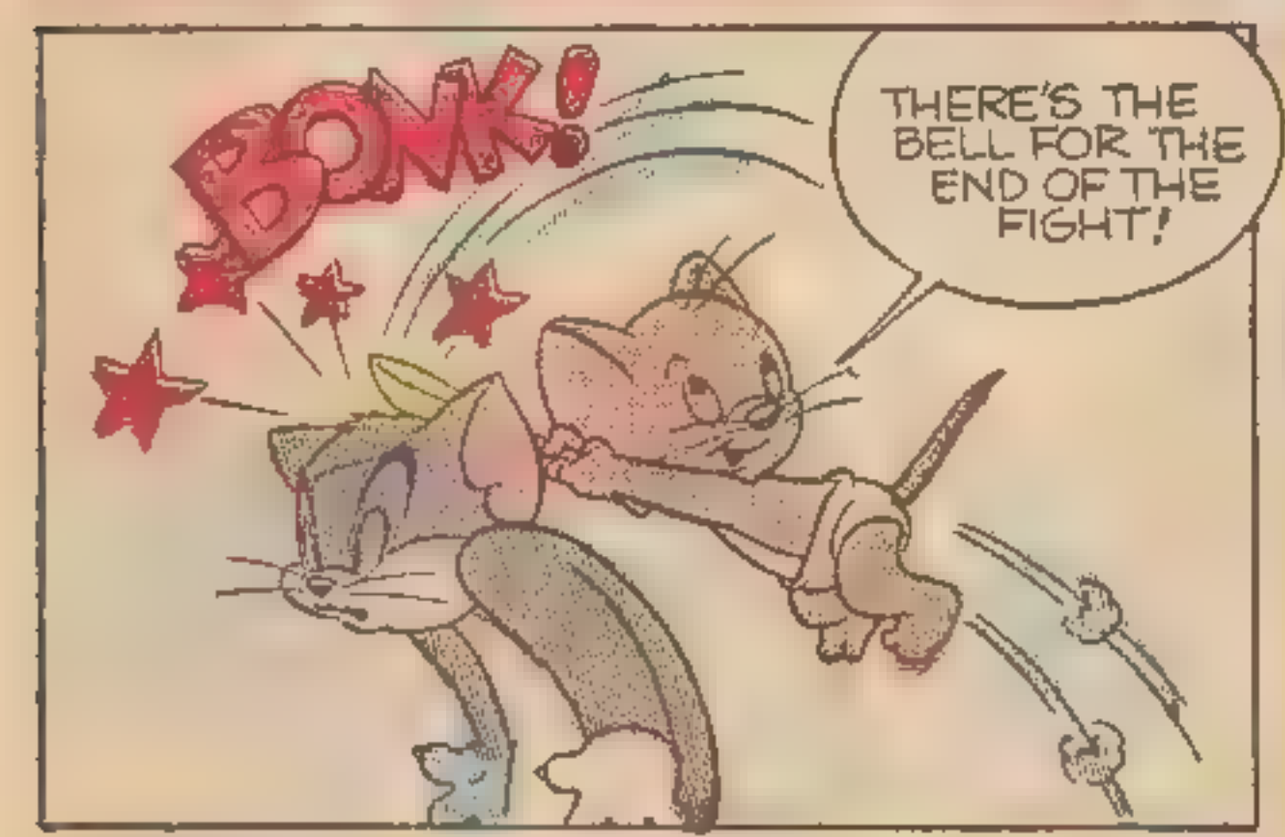

OH, WISE GUYS, EH?
COME ON, PUT 'EM UP!!

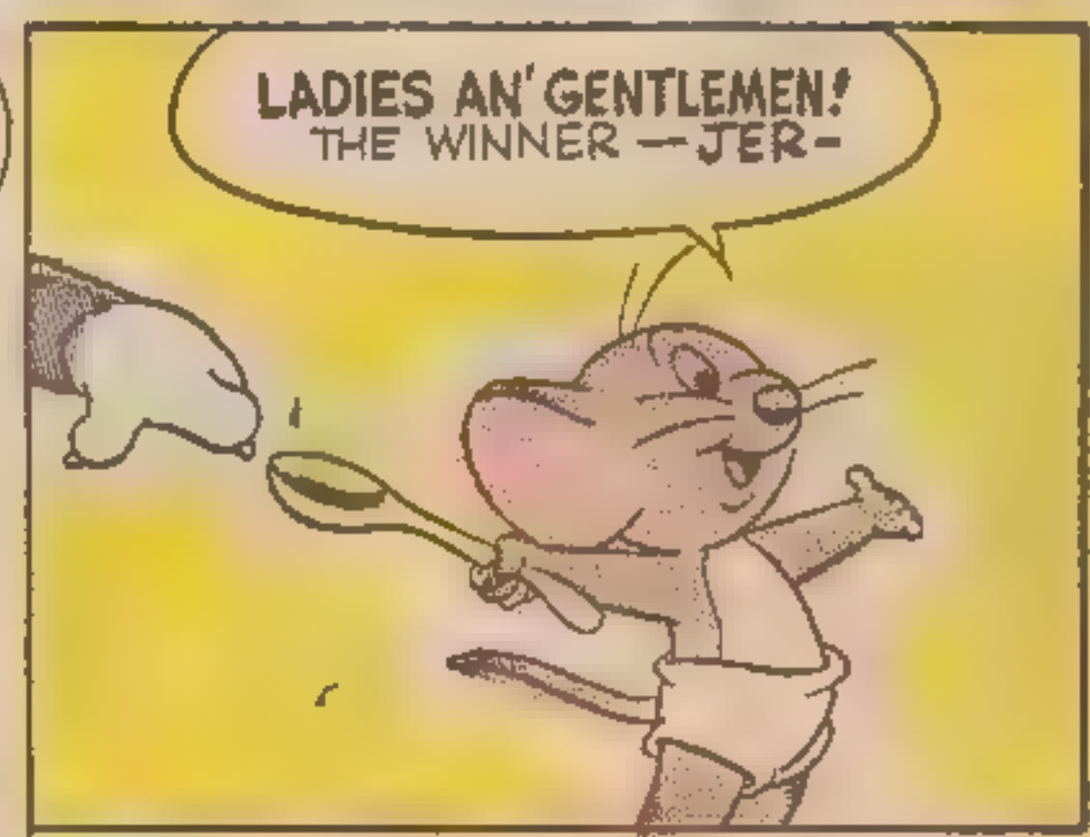

TOM LEADS WITH A RIGHT AN' MISSES!

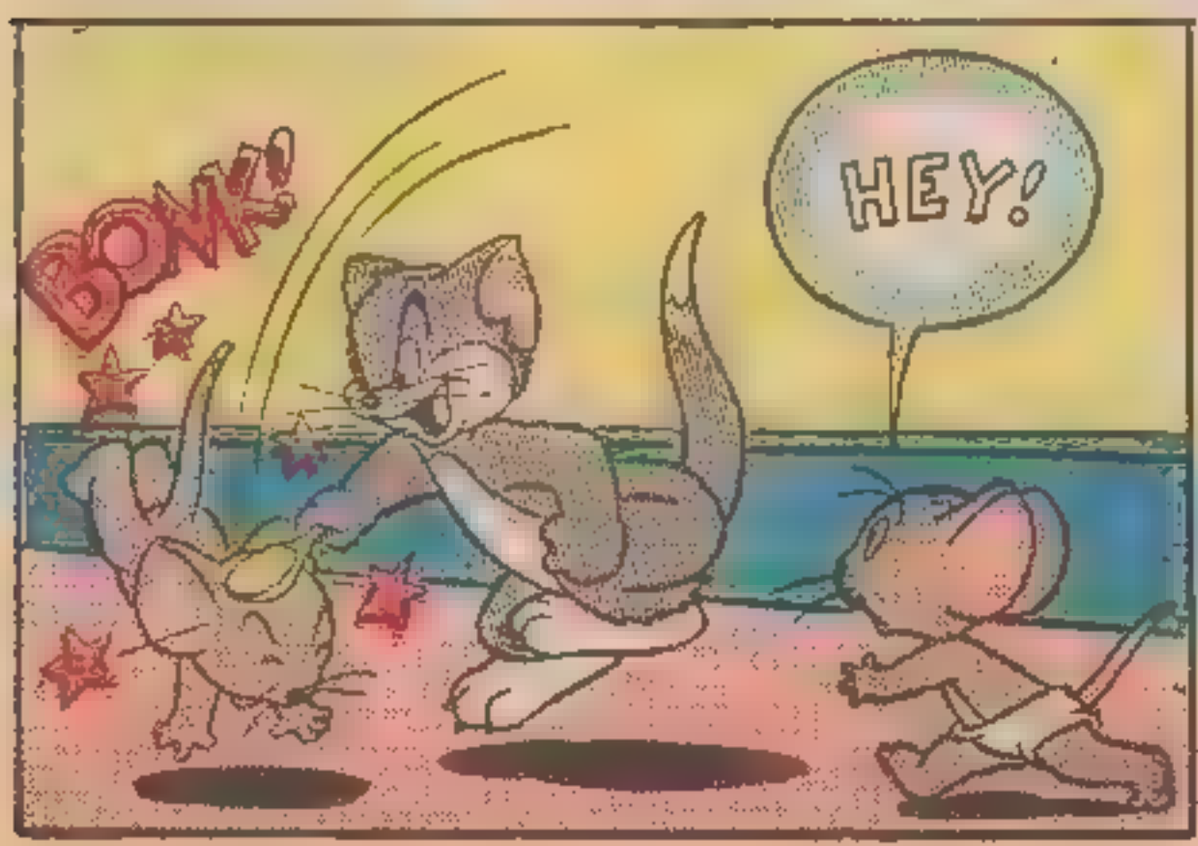

OOPF!
JERRY SINKS A TERRIFIC LEFT IN TOMMY'S TUMMY!

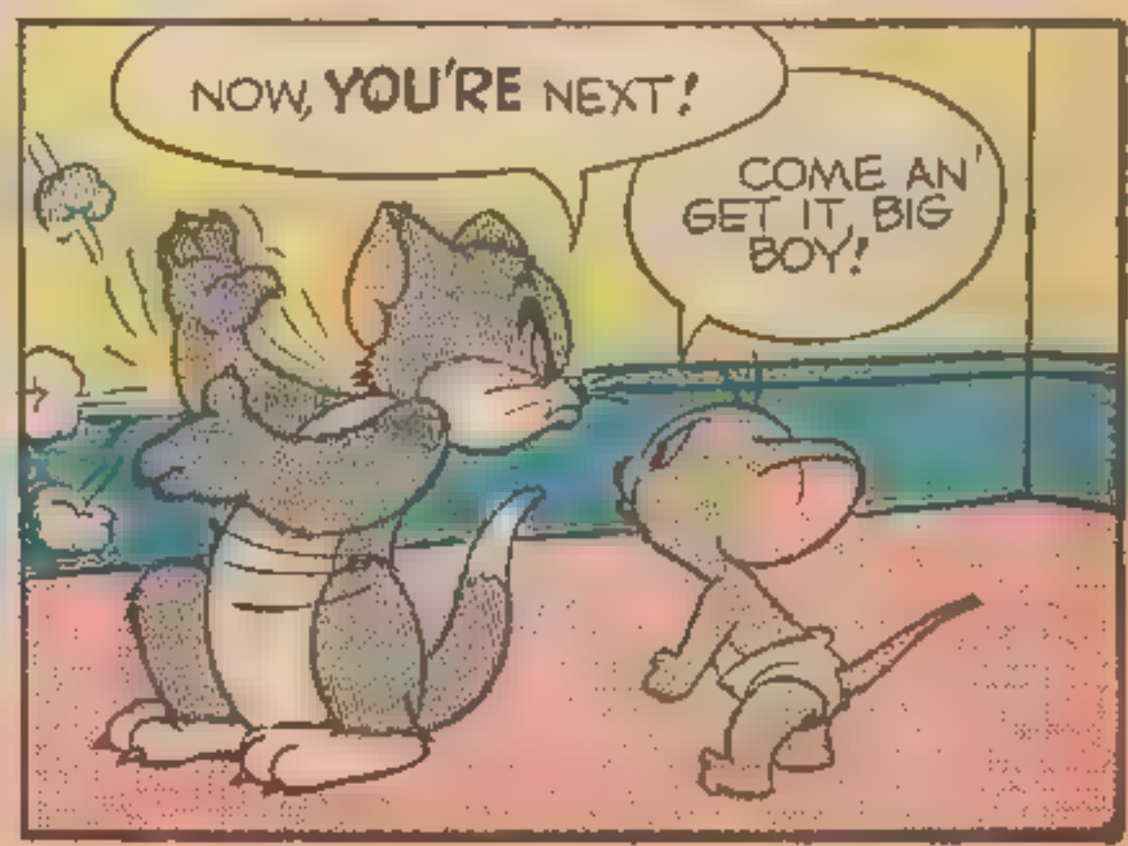

THEY GO INTO A CLINCH... WITH JERRY ON TOP!

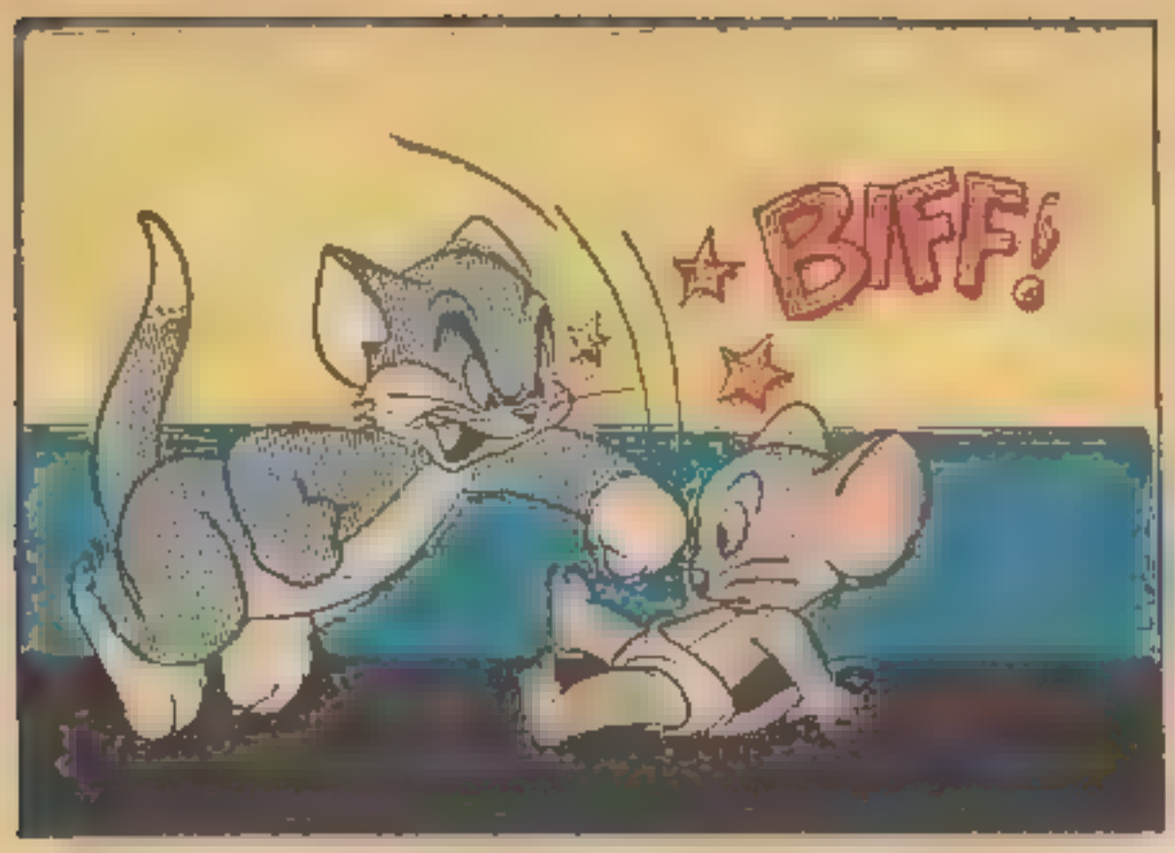

ER - NOW TOM'S ON TOP!

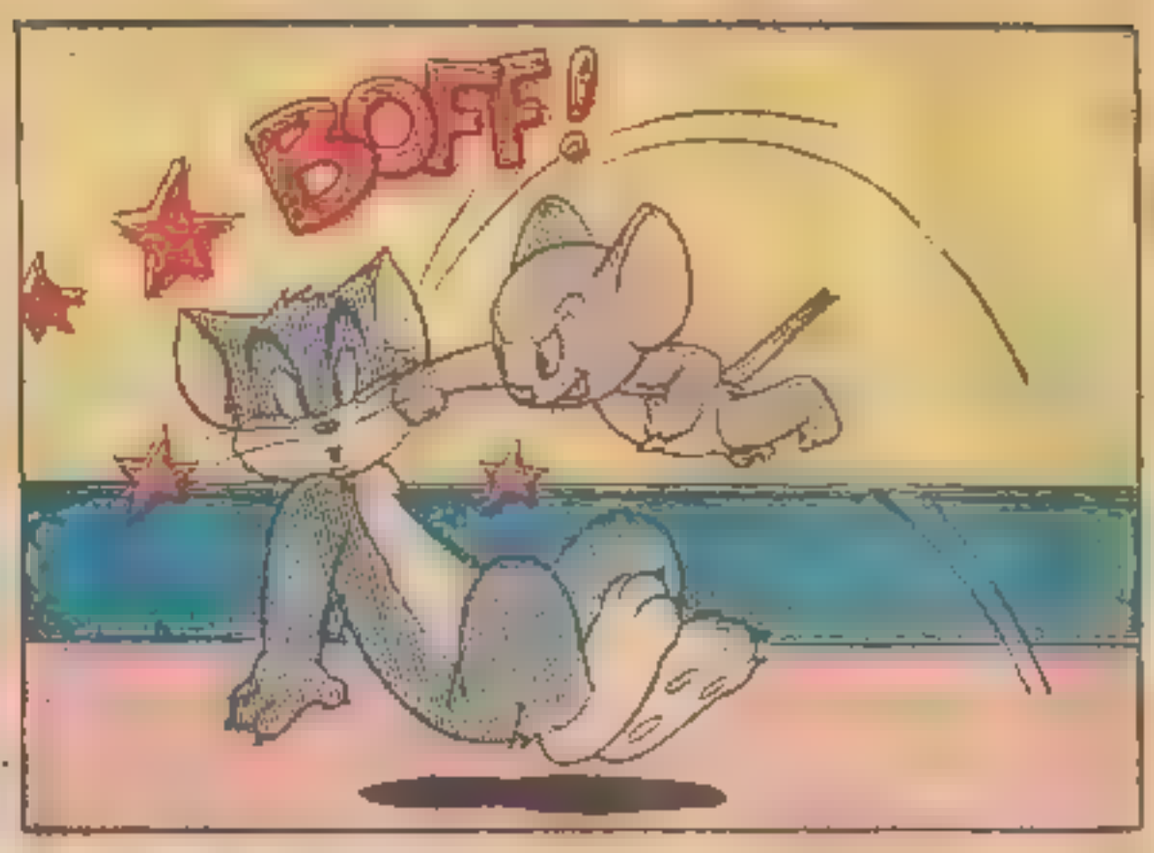

BONK!
THERE'S THE BELL FOR THE END OF THE FIGHT!

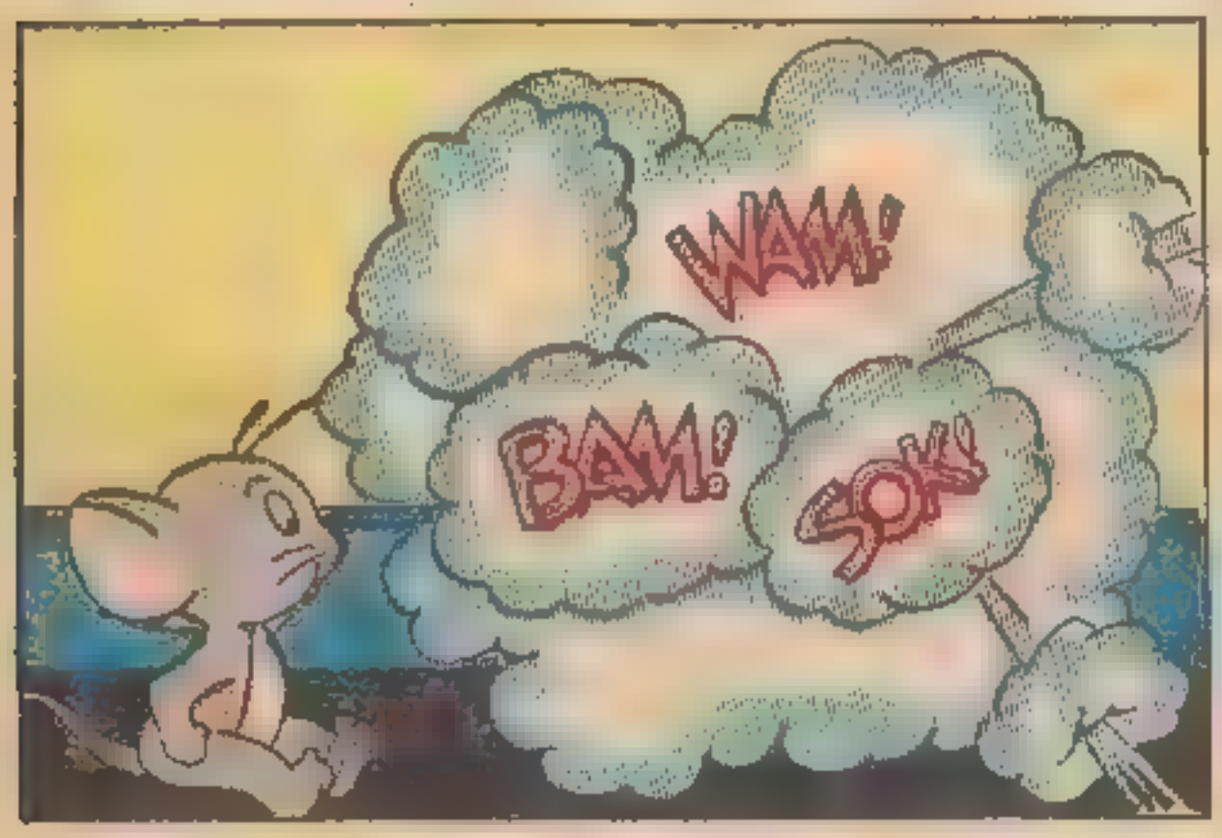

LADIES AN' GENTLEMEN! THE WINNER — JER-

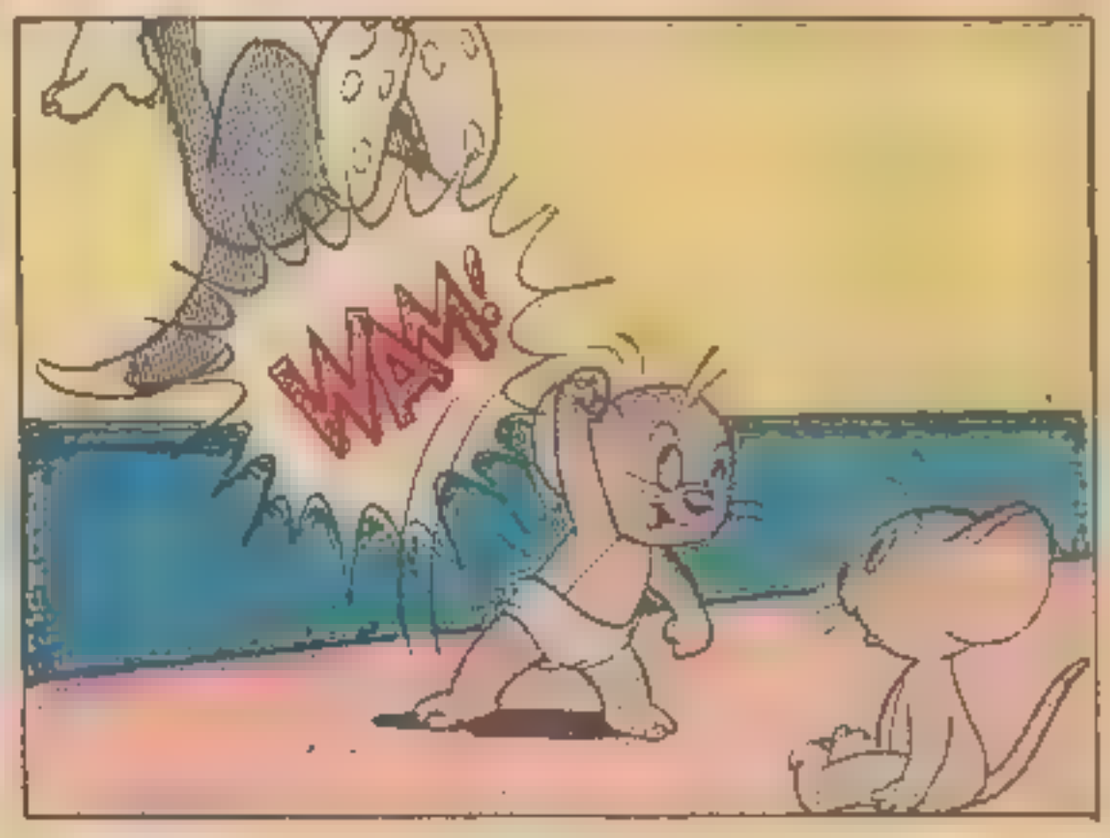

BONK!
HEY!

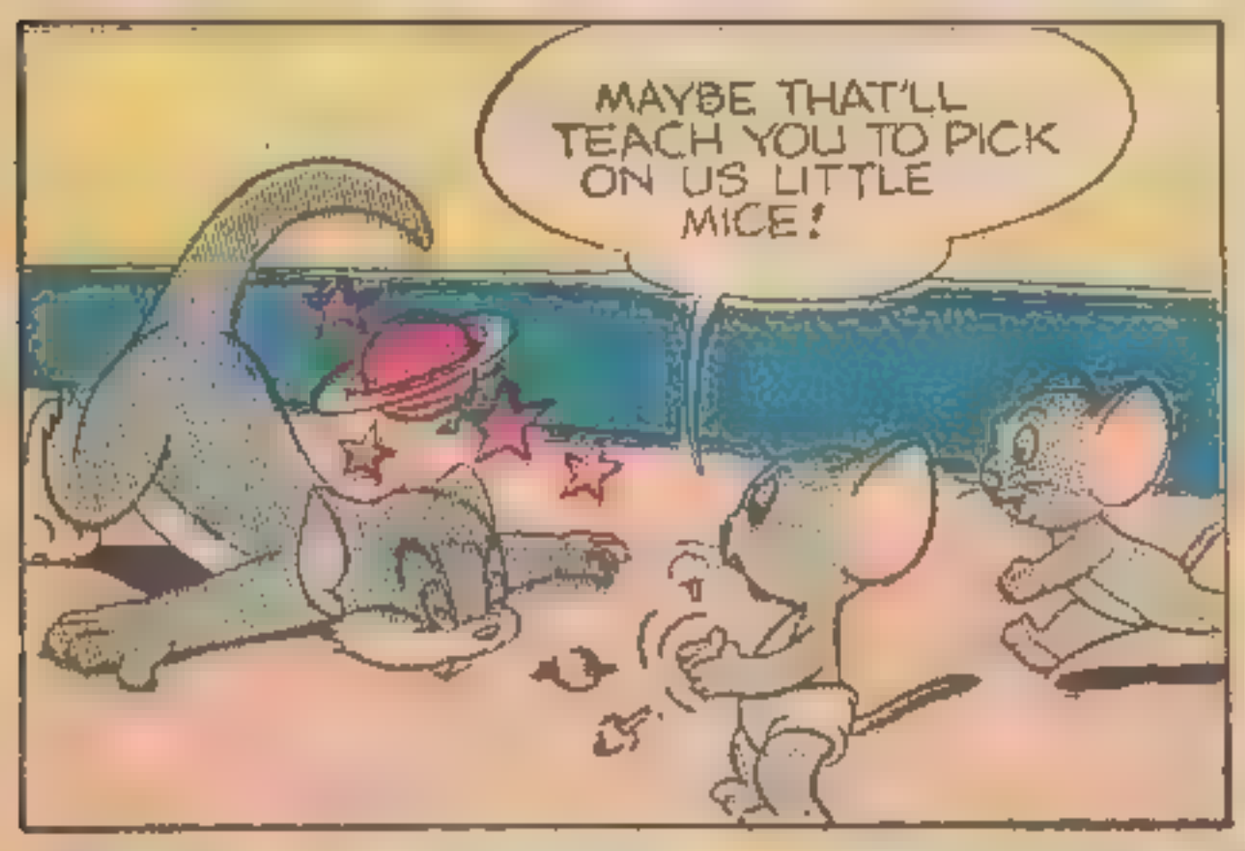

NOW, YOU'RE NEXT!
COME AN' GET IT, BIG BOY!

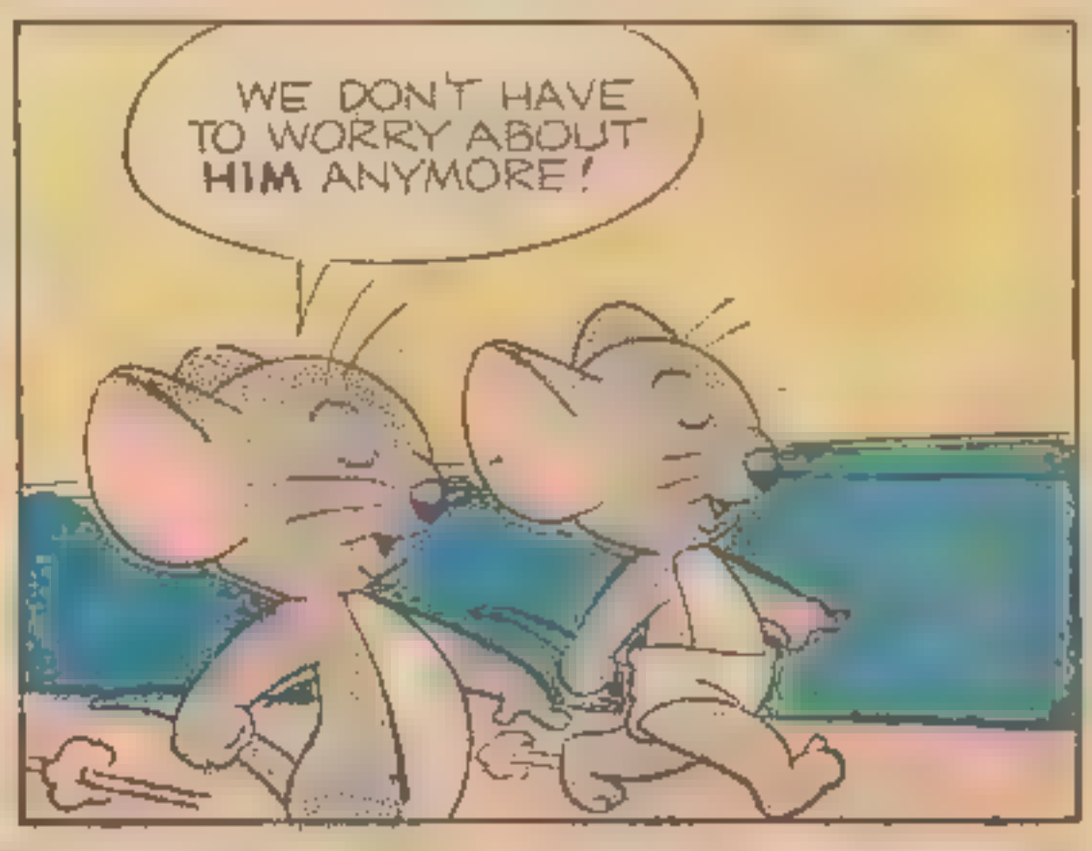

BIFF!

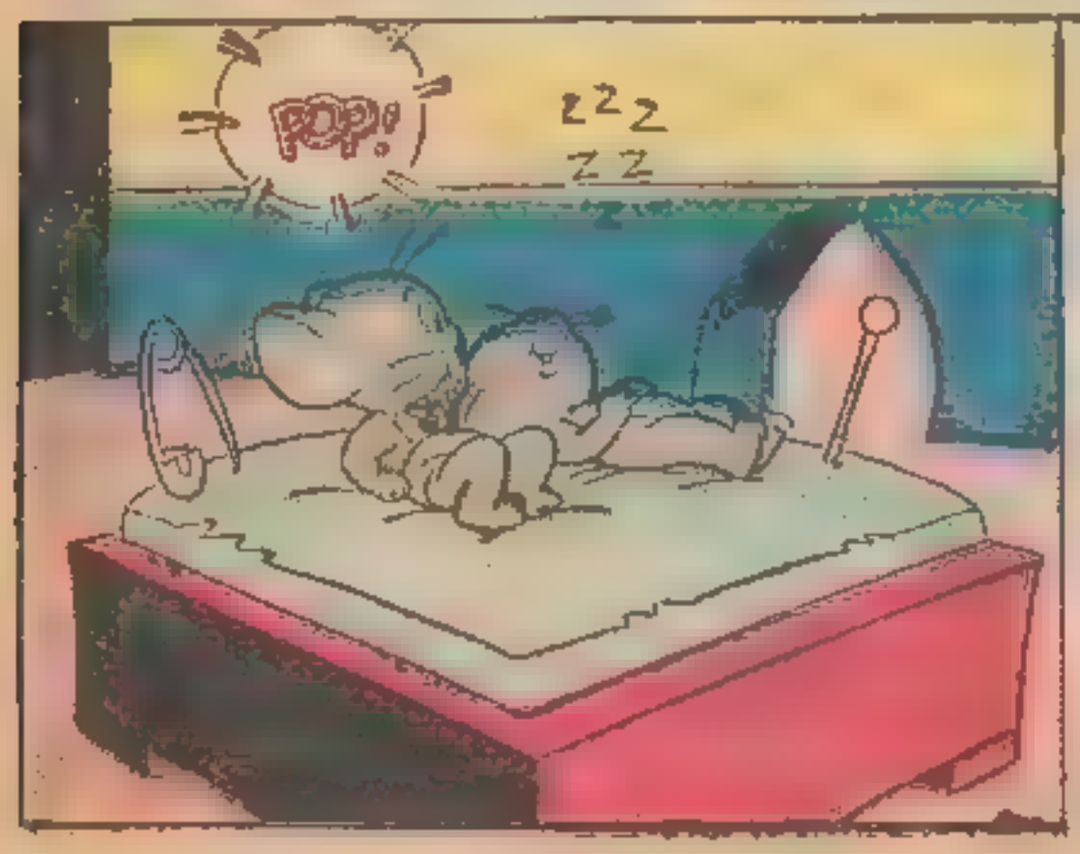

BOFF!

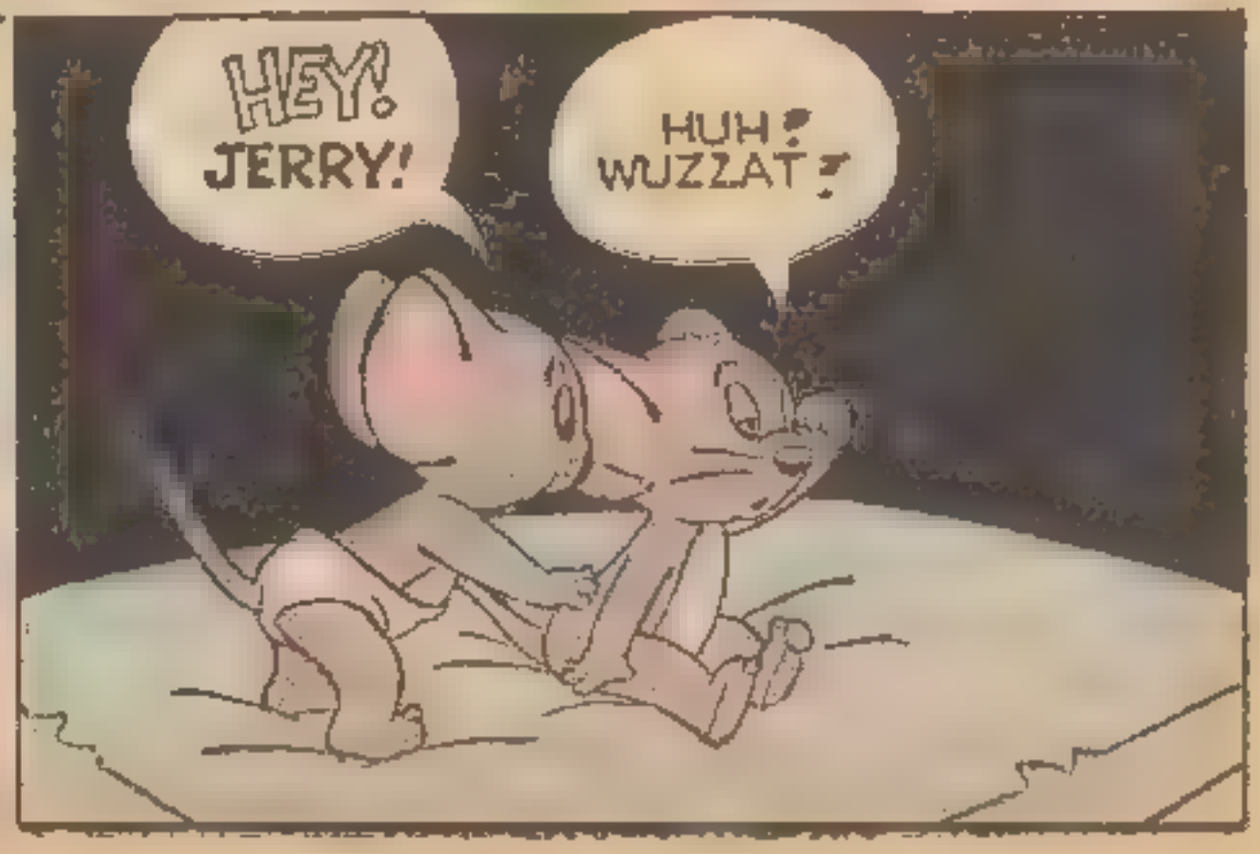

WAM!
BAM!
SOK!

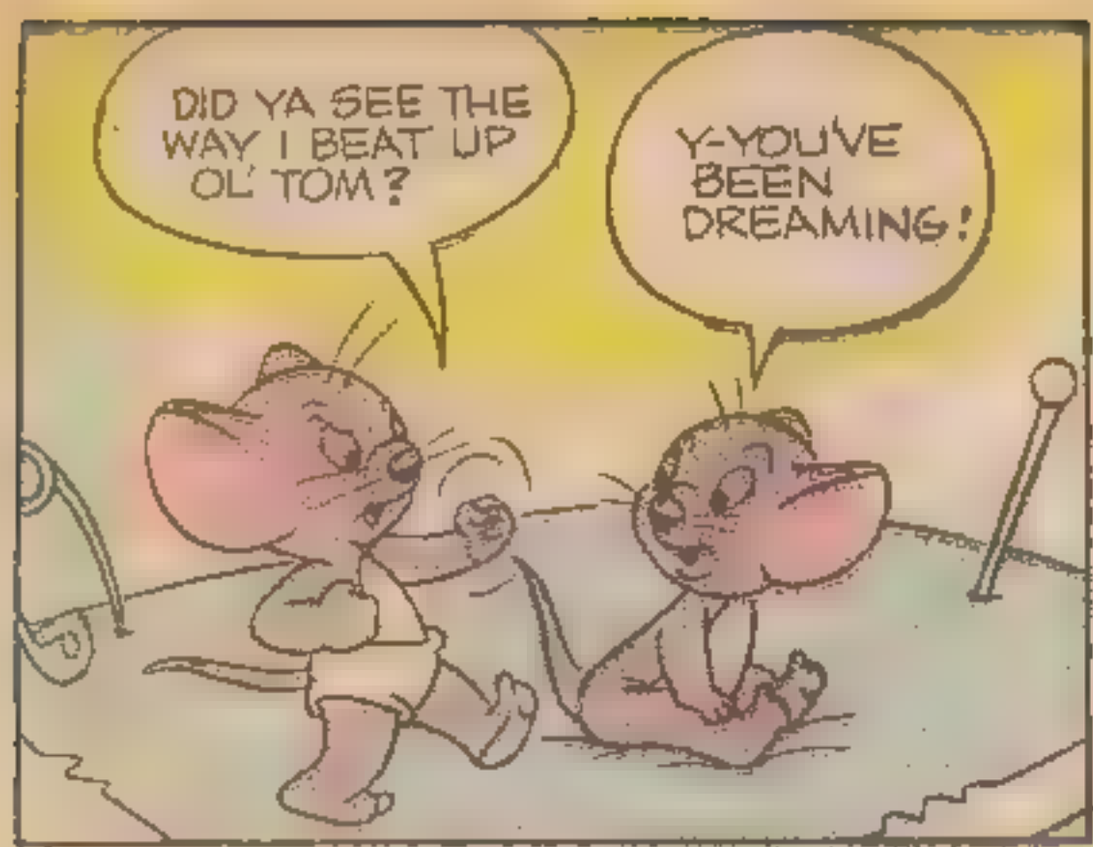

WAM!

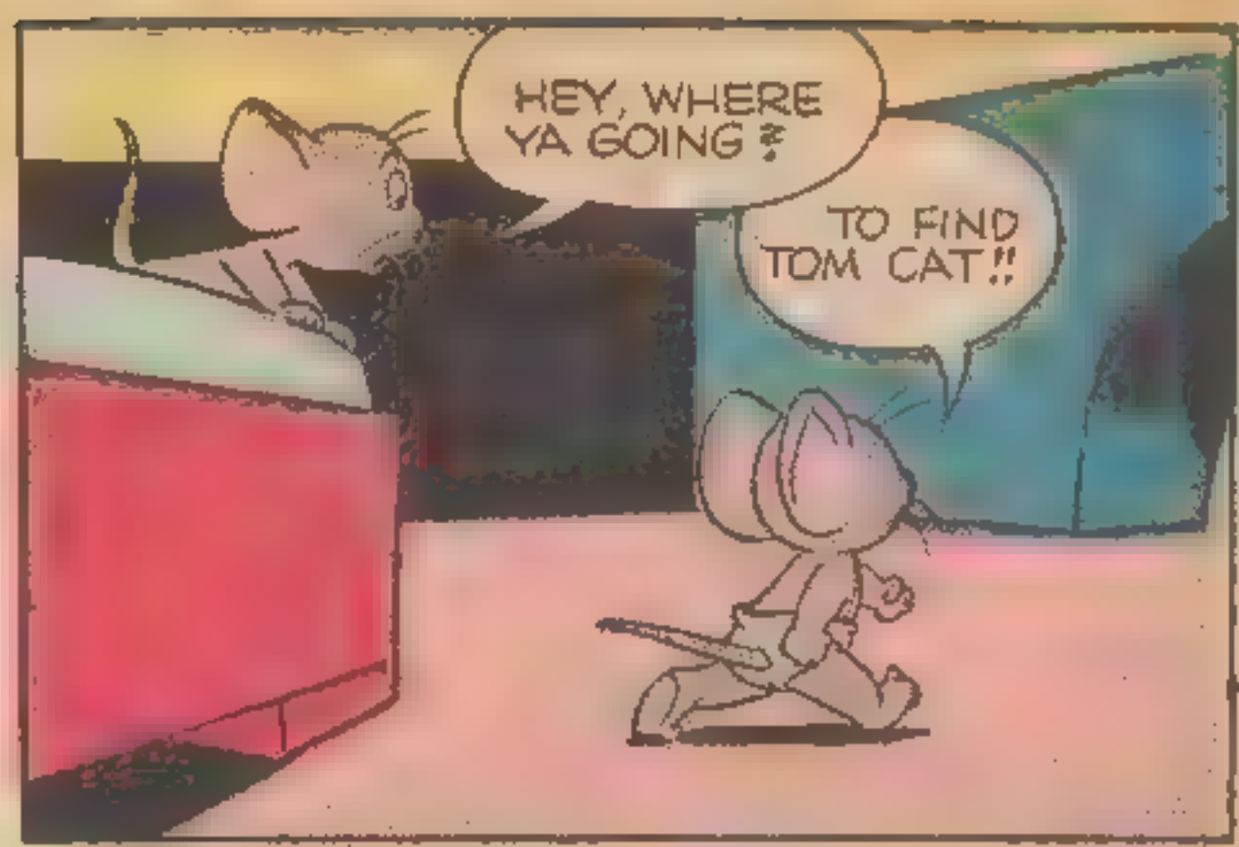

MAYBE THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO PICK ON US LITTLE MICE!

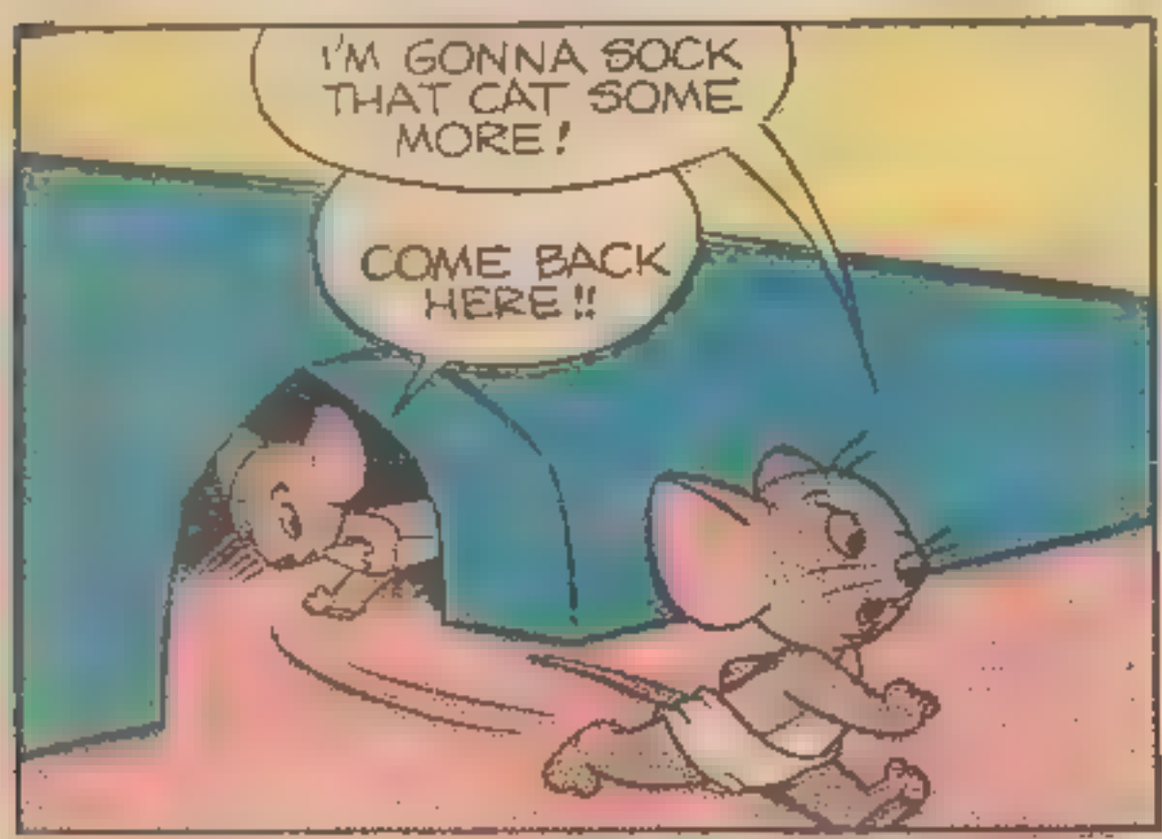

WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT HIM ANYMORE!

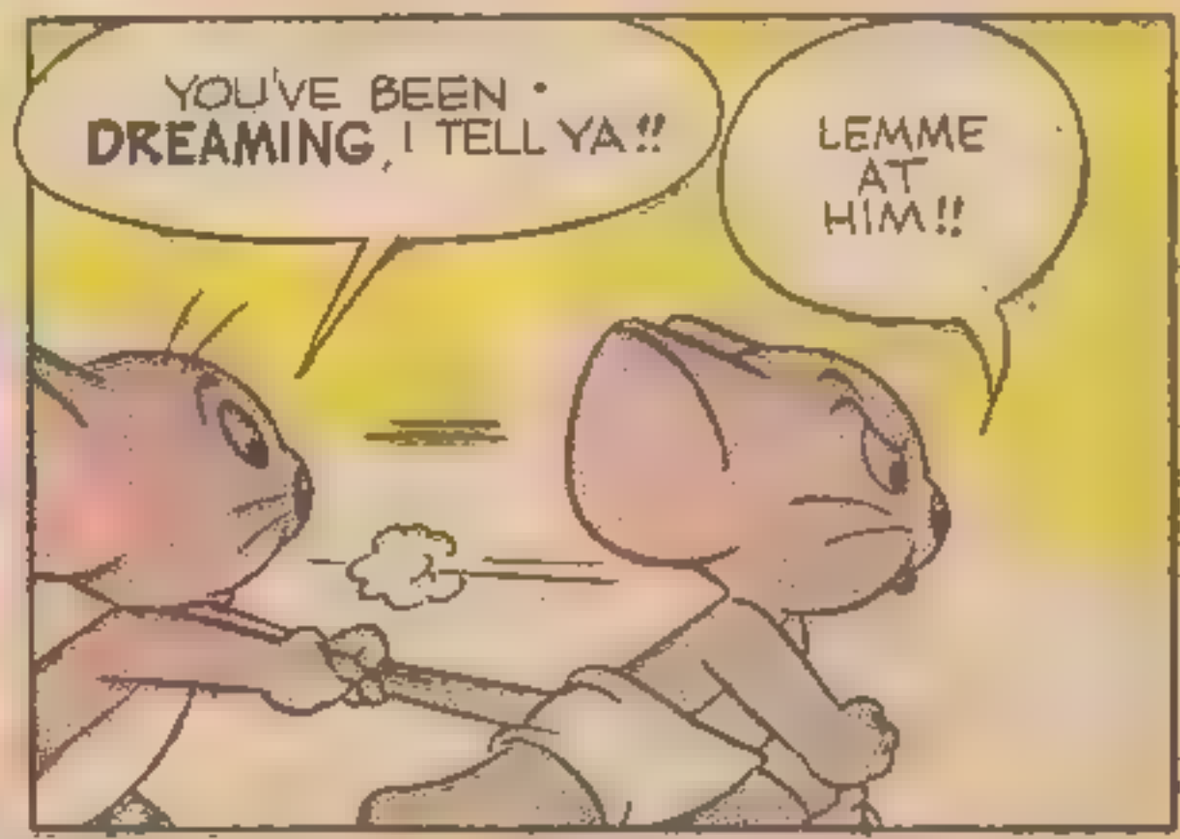

POP!
ZZZ
ZZ

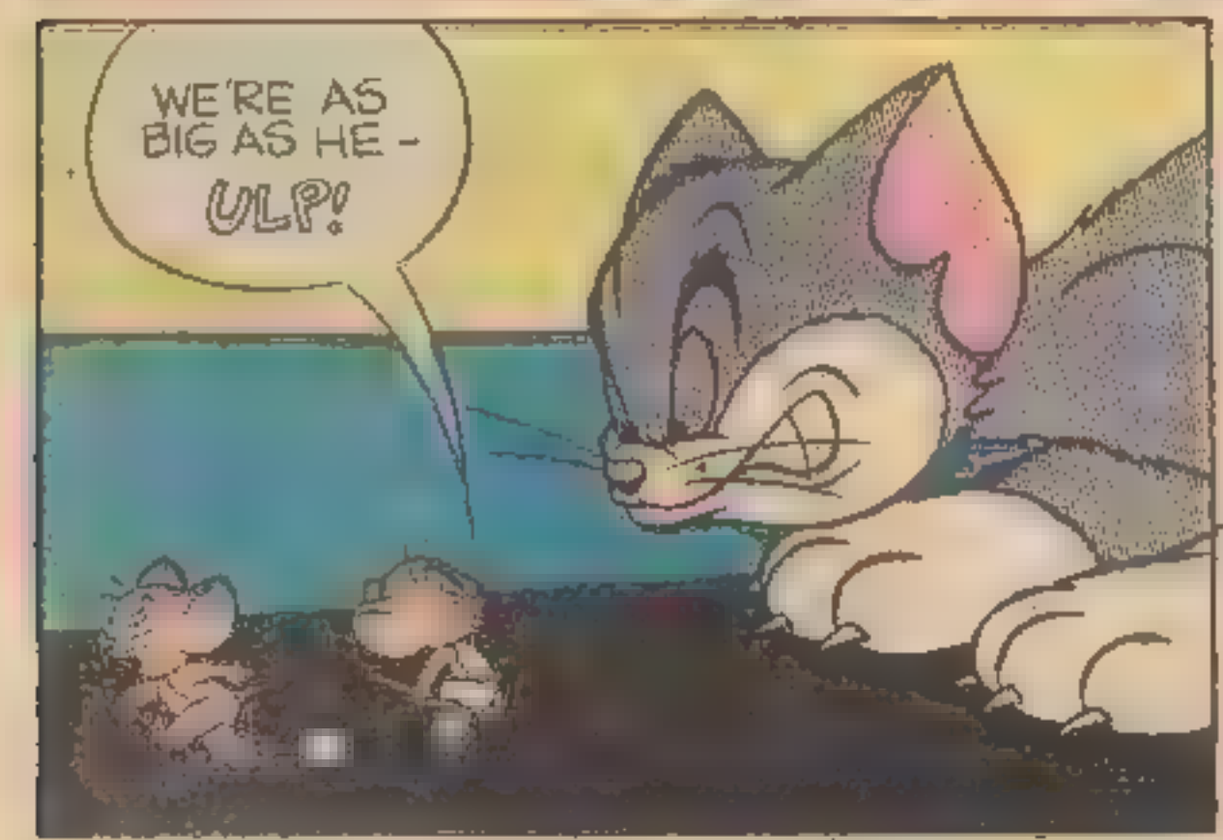

HEY! JERRY!
HUH? WUZZAT?

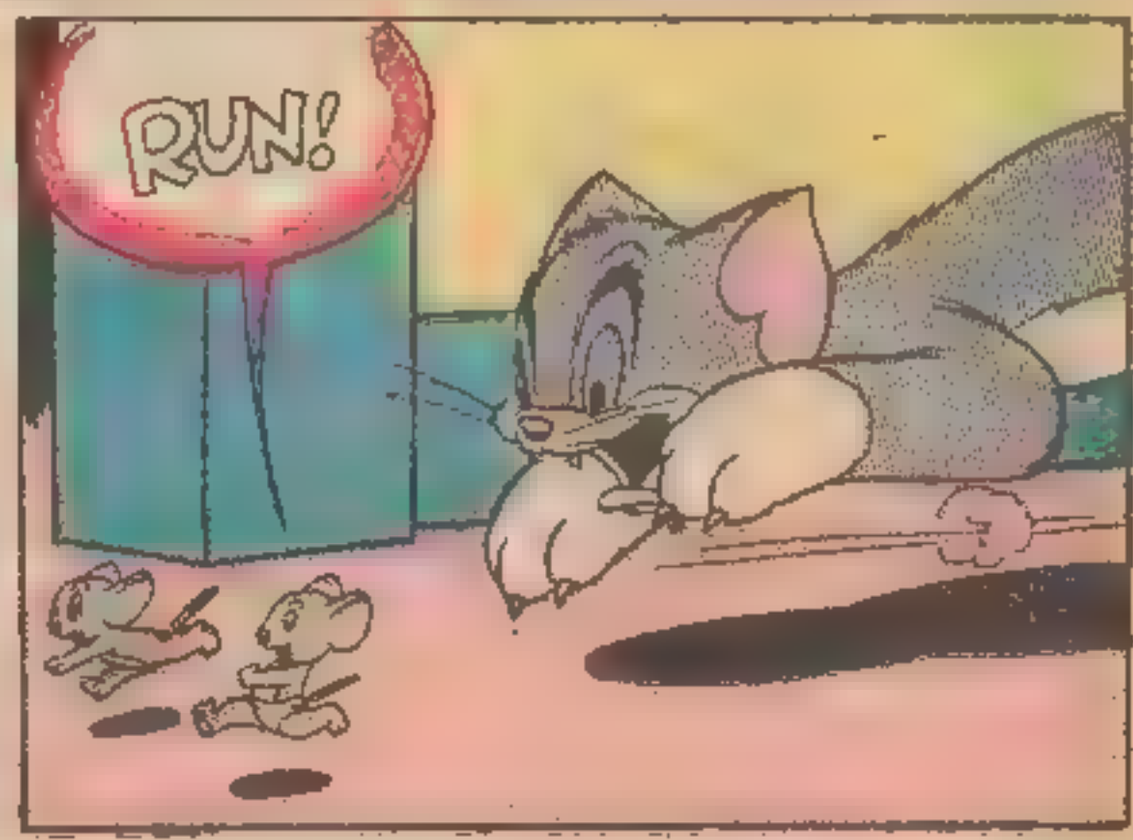


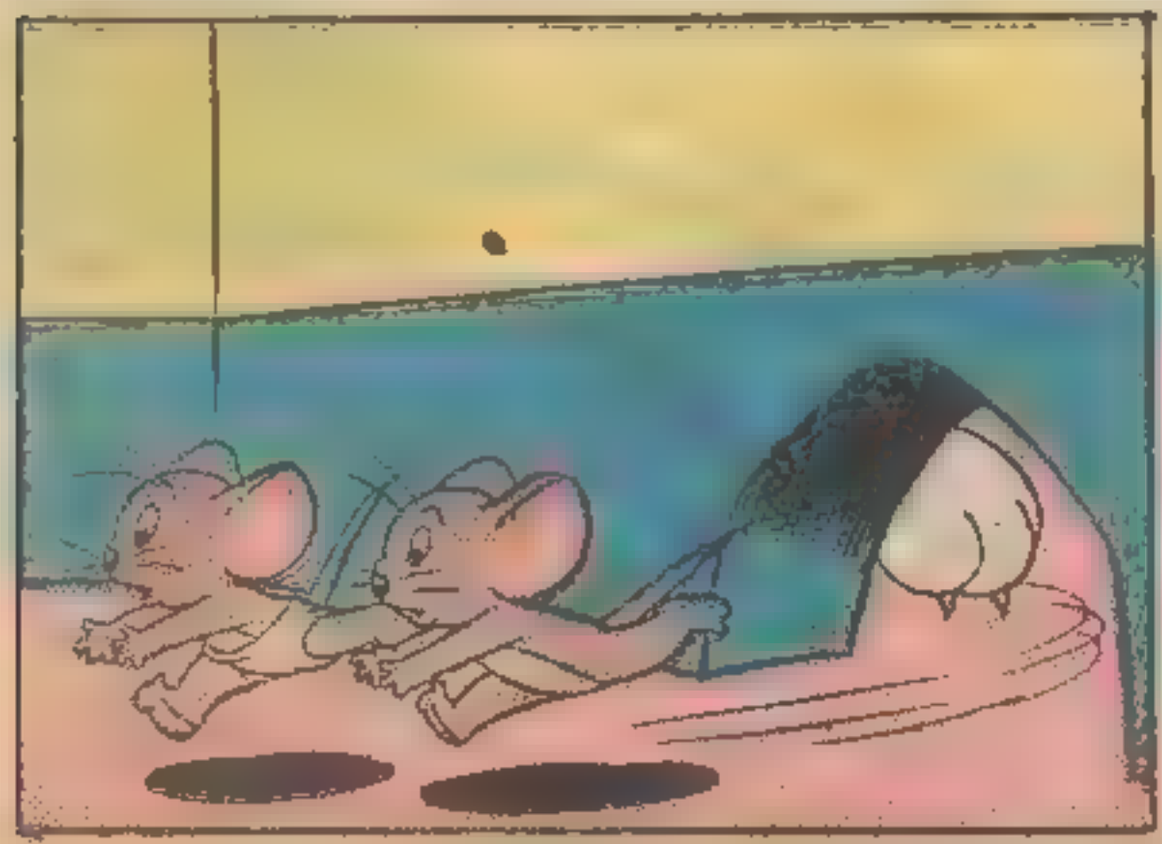



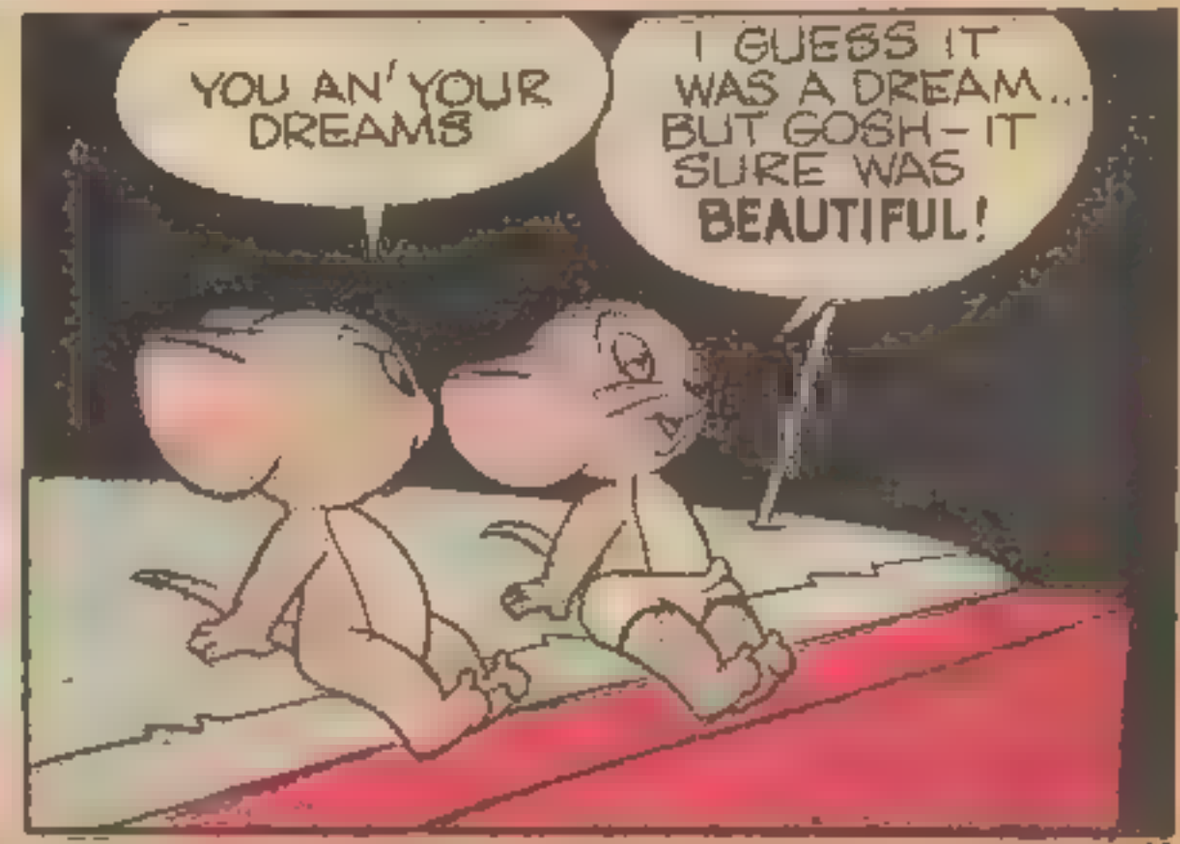






M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

# FLIP and DIP

THOSE KIDS SURE ARE QUIET TODAY!

I'M KEEPING AN EYE ON THEM JUST THE SAME.

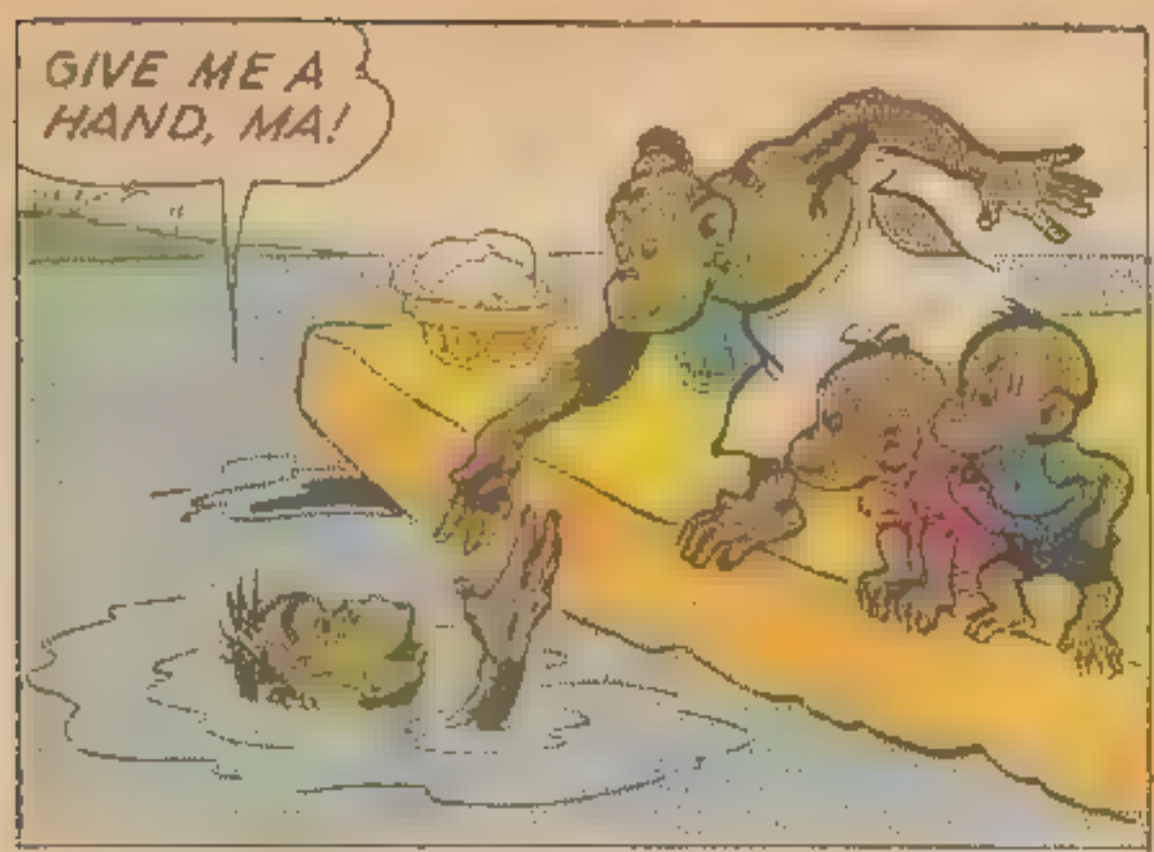
Copr. 1944 by OSKAR LEBECK

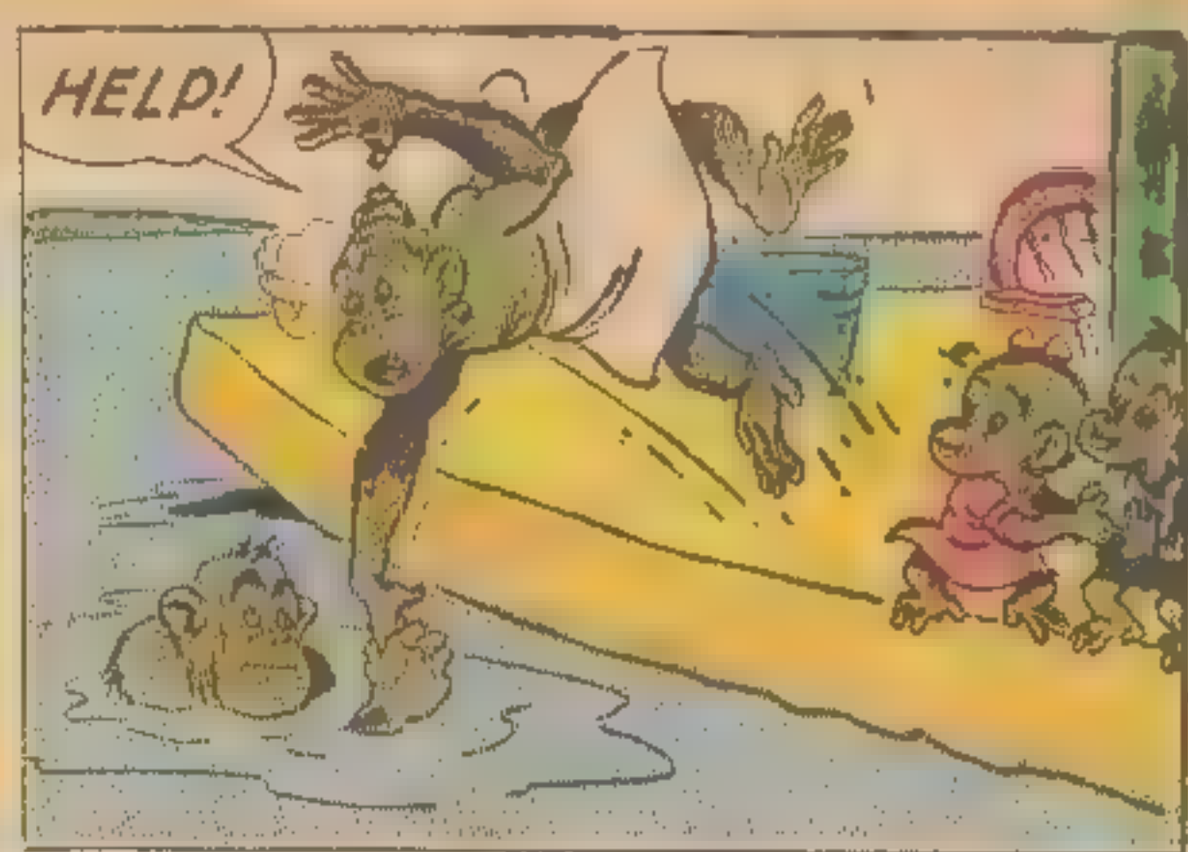
GIVE ME A HAND PUTTING THIS SHEET THROUGH THE WRINGER, PA.

YOU'RE DRAGGING IT ON THE FLOOR! NOW I'LL HAVE TO WASH IT AGAIN.

NOW I'LL WIND IT BACK INTO THE TUB. YOU'RE WORSE THAN FLIP AND DIP!

OOPS! THOSE KIDS TRIPPED ME!


GIVE ME A HAND, MA!

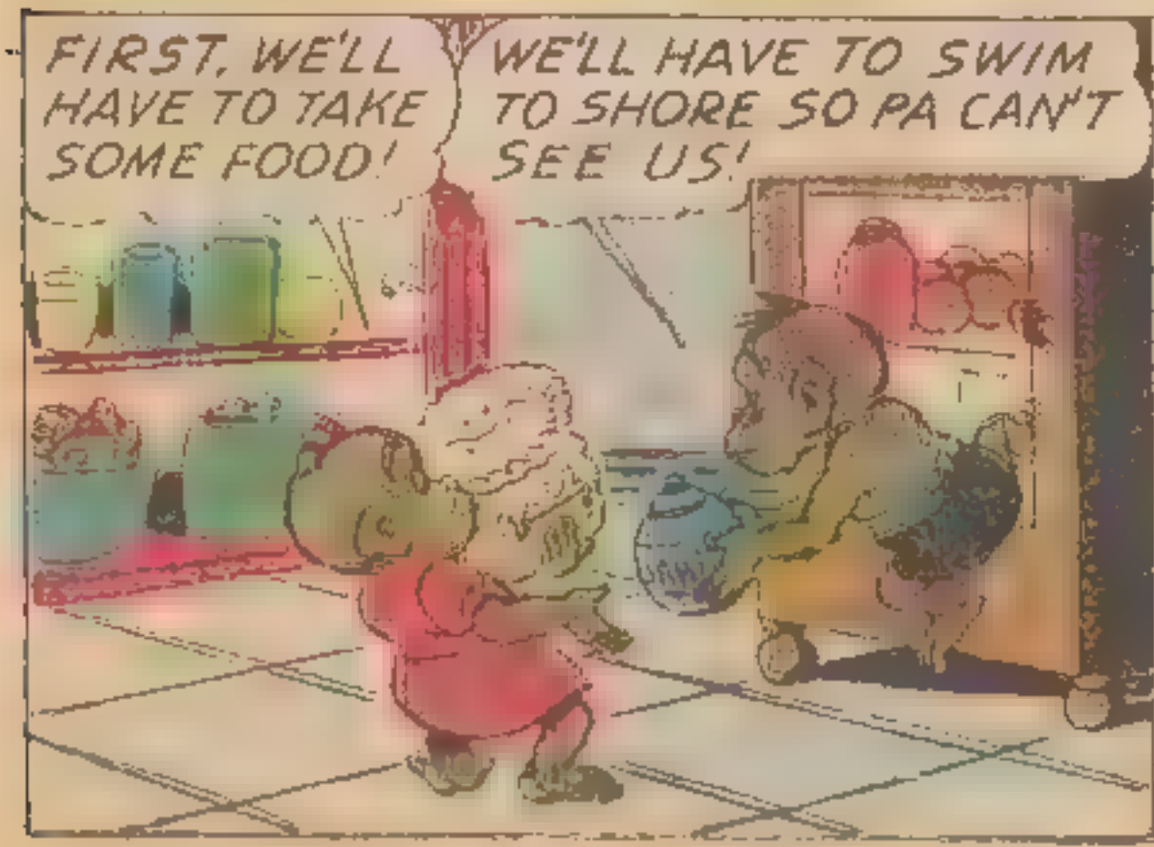

HELP!

I STILL DON'T SEE HOW THEY COULD HAVE DONE IT!
WHY, THEY TRIPPED ME, OF COURSE, AND THEN THEY PUSHED YOU!

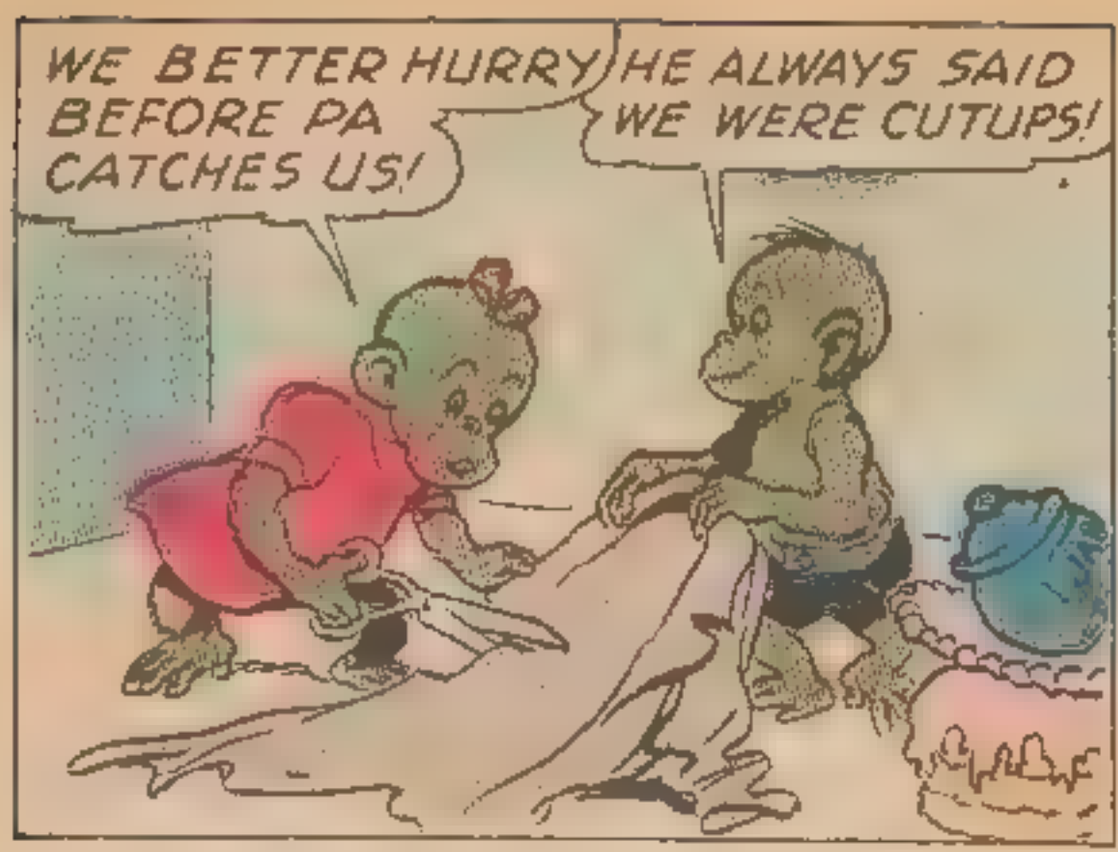
I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD SPANK THEM UNTIL WE'RE SURE!
SPANK FIRST AND ASK AFTER!

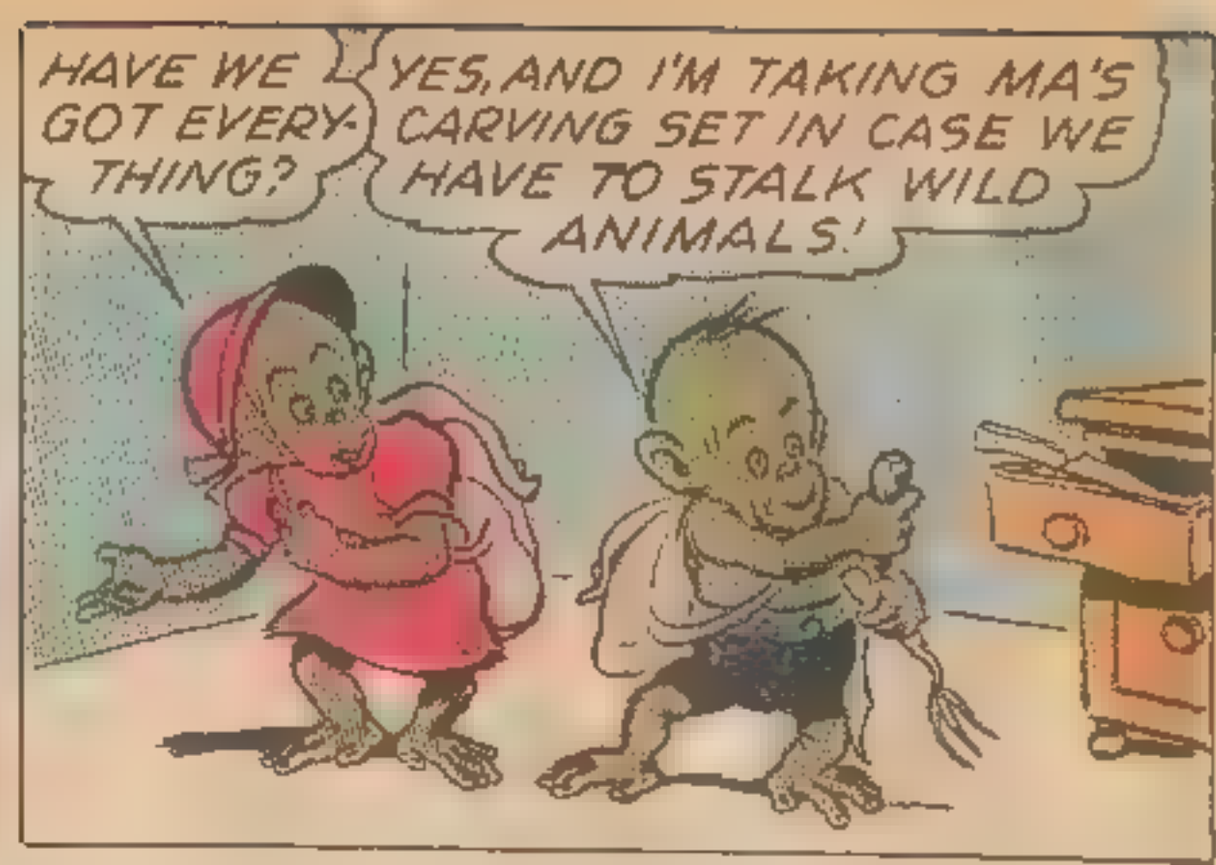
A LITTLE SPANKING NEVER HURT ANYONE!
HE'S NOT GETTING SPANKED!
YOU SAID IT!

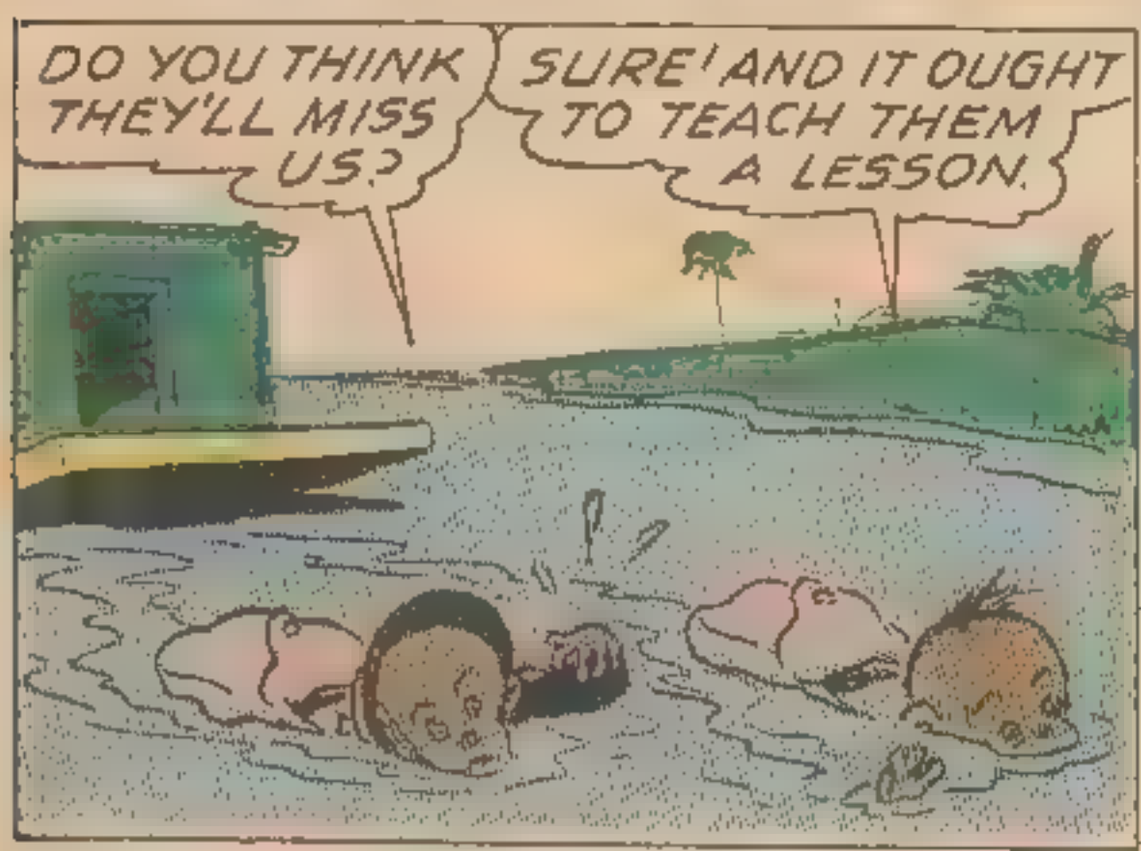
WE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!
LET'S RUN AWAY FROM HOME! THEY DON'T APPRECIATE US!

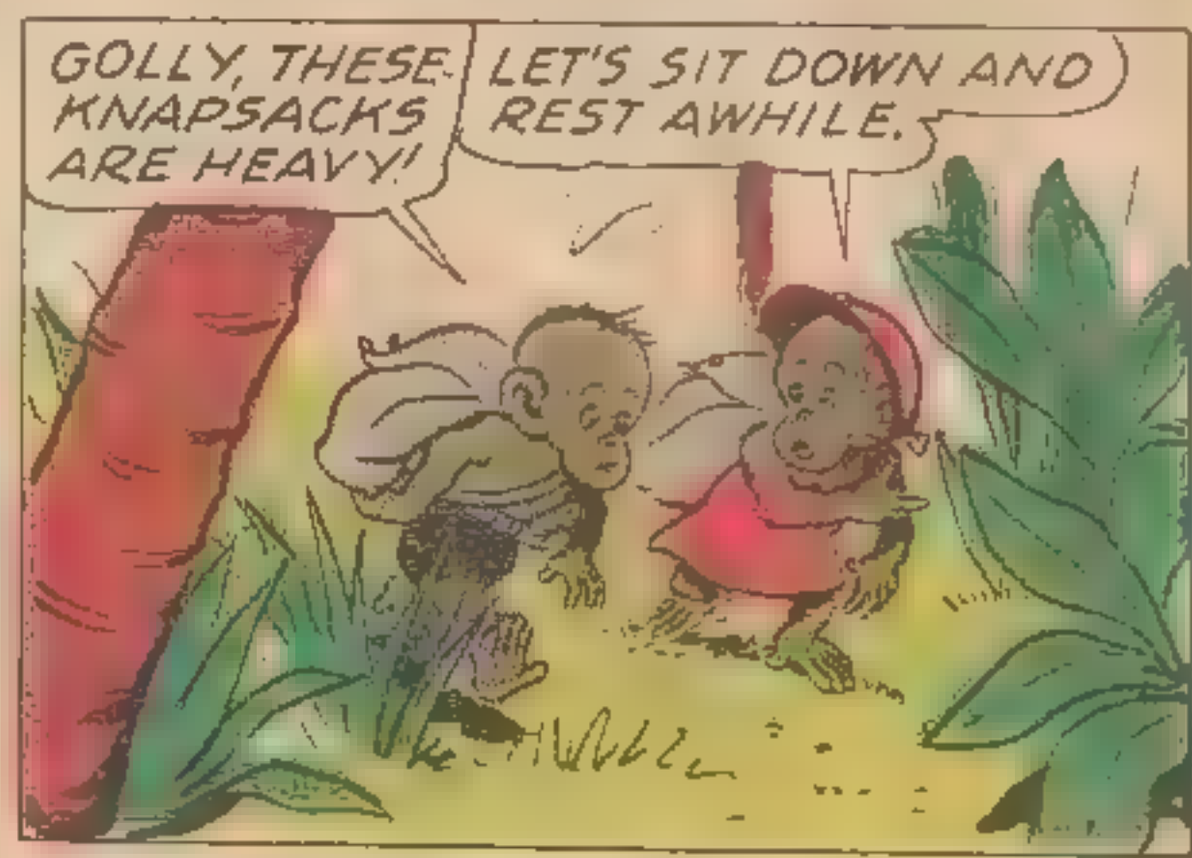

FIRST, WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE SOME FOOD!
WE'LL HAVE TO SWIM TO SHORE SO PA CAN'T SEE US!

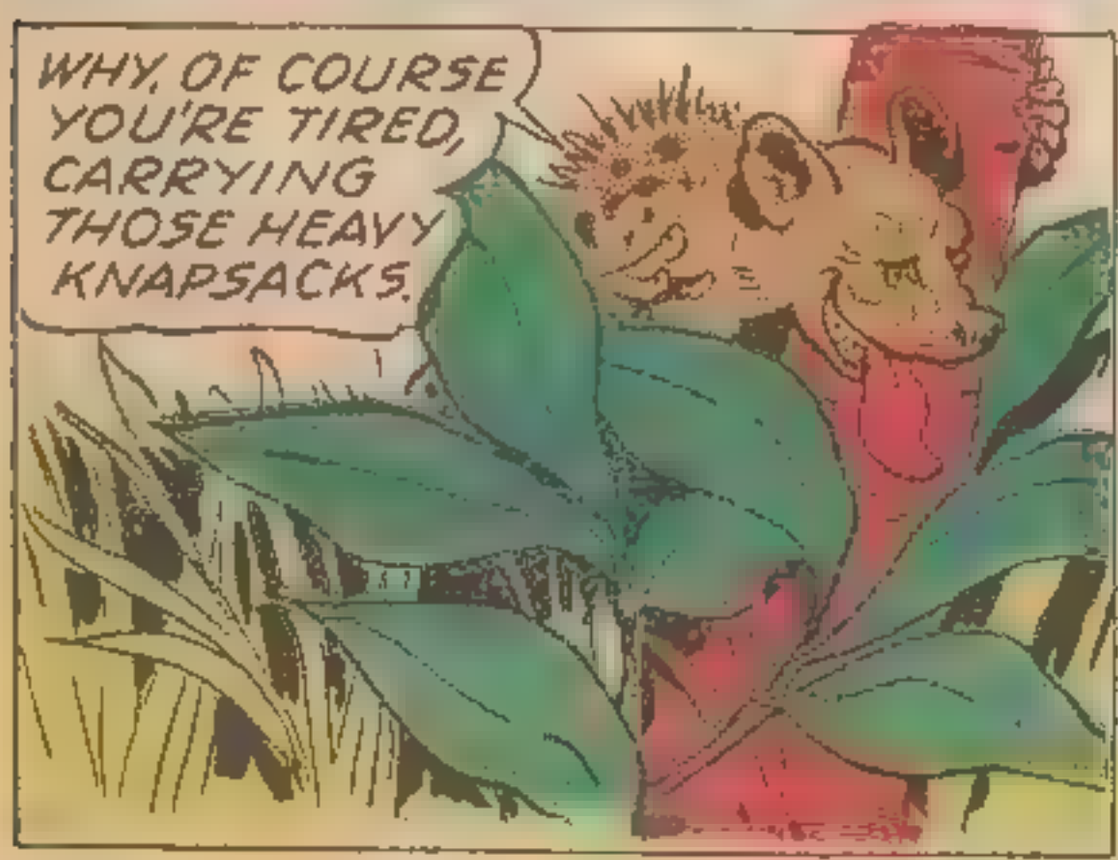
OUR FOOD WILL GET WET!
I KNOW! WE'LL CUT UP PA'S RUBBER RAINCOAT AND MAKE KNAPSACKS.

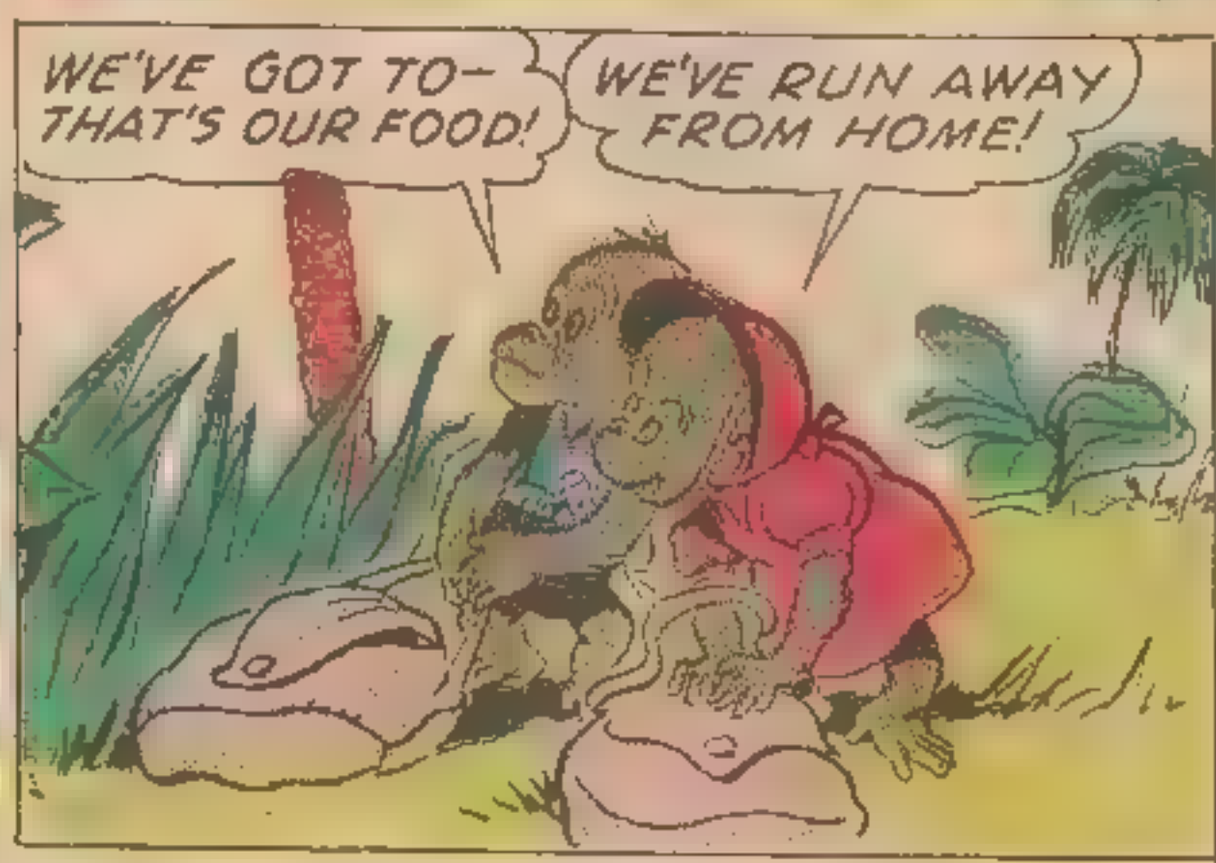

WE BETTER HURRY BEFORE PA CATCHES US!
HE ALWAYS SAID WE WERE CUTUPS!

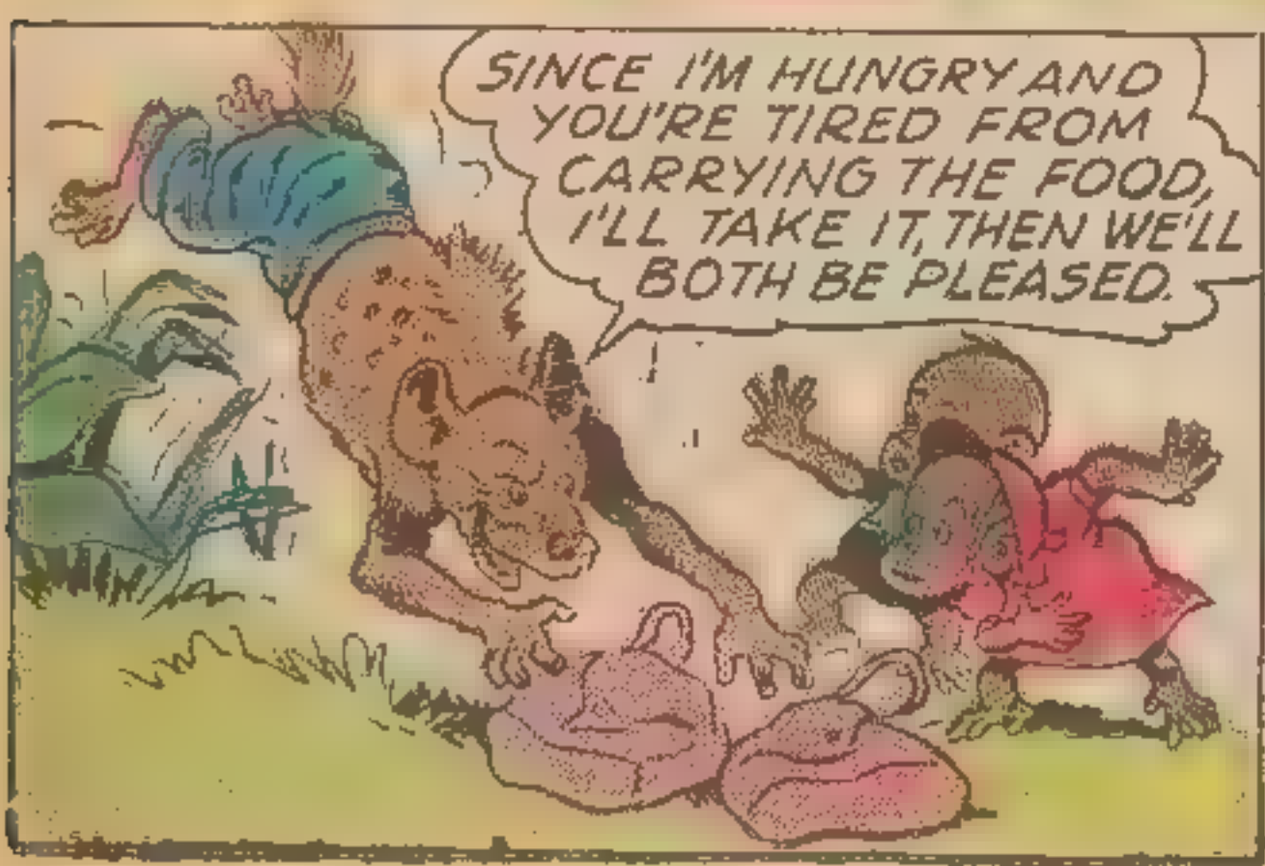

HAVE WE GOT EVERY-THING?
YES, AND I'M TAKING MA'S CARVING SET IN CASE WE HAVE TO STALK WILD ANIMALS!


DO YOU THINK THEY'LL MISS US?
SURE! AND IT OUGHT TO TEACH THEM A LESSON.

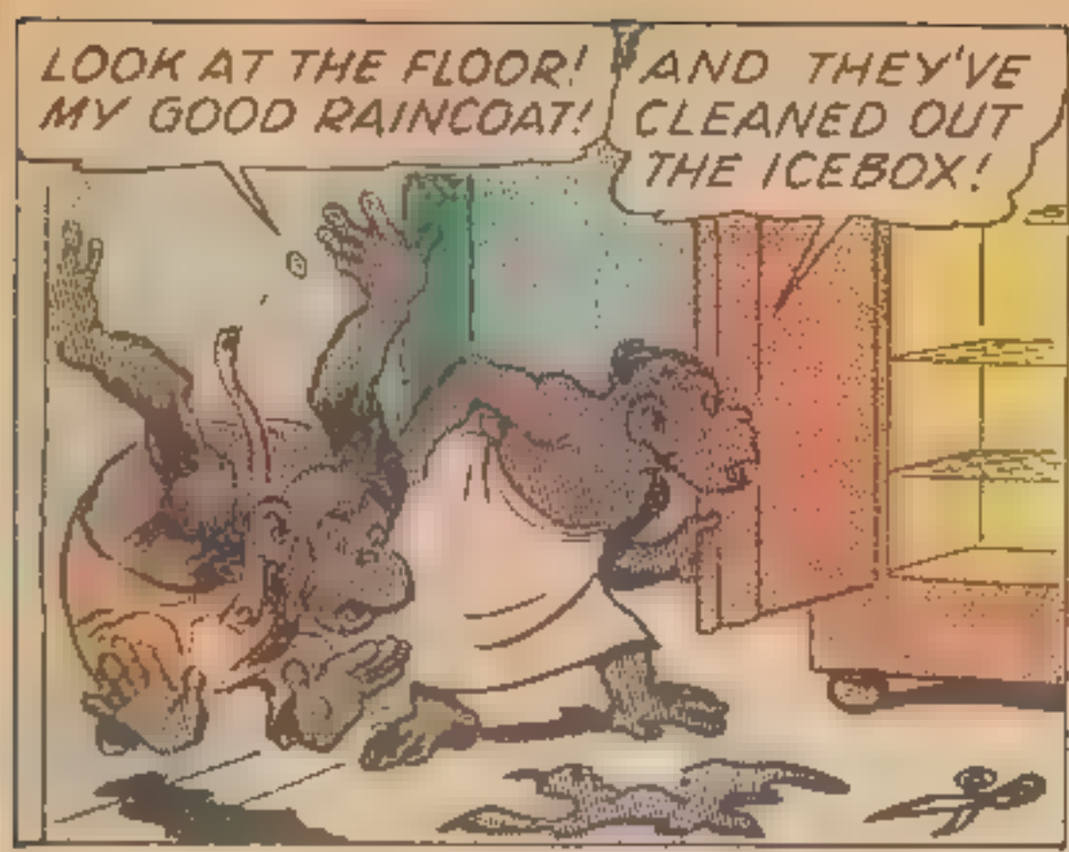

GOLLY, THESE KNAPSACKS ARE HEAVY!
LET'S SIT DOWN AND REST AWHILE.


WHY, OF COURSE YOU'RE TIRED, CARRYING THOSE HEAVY KNAPSACKS.


WE'VE GOT TO— THAT'S OUR FOOD!
WE'VE RUN AWAY FROM HOME!

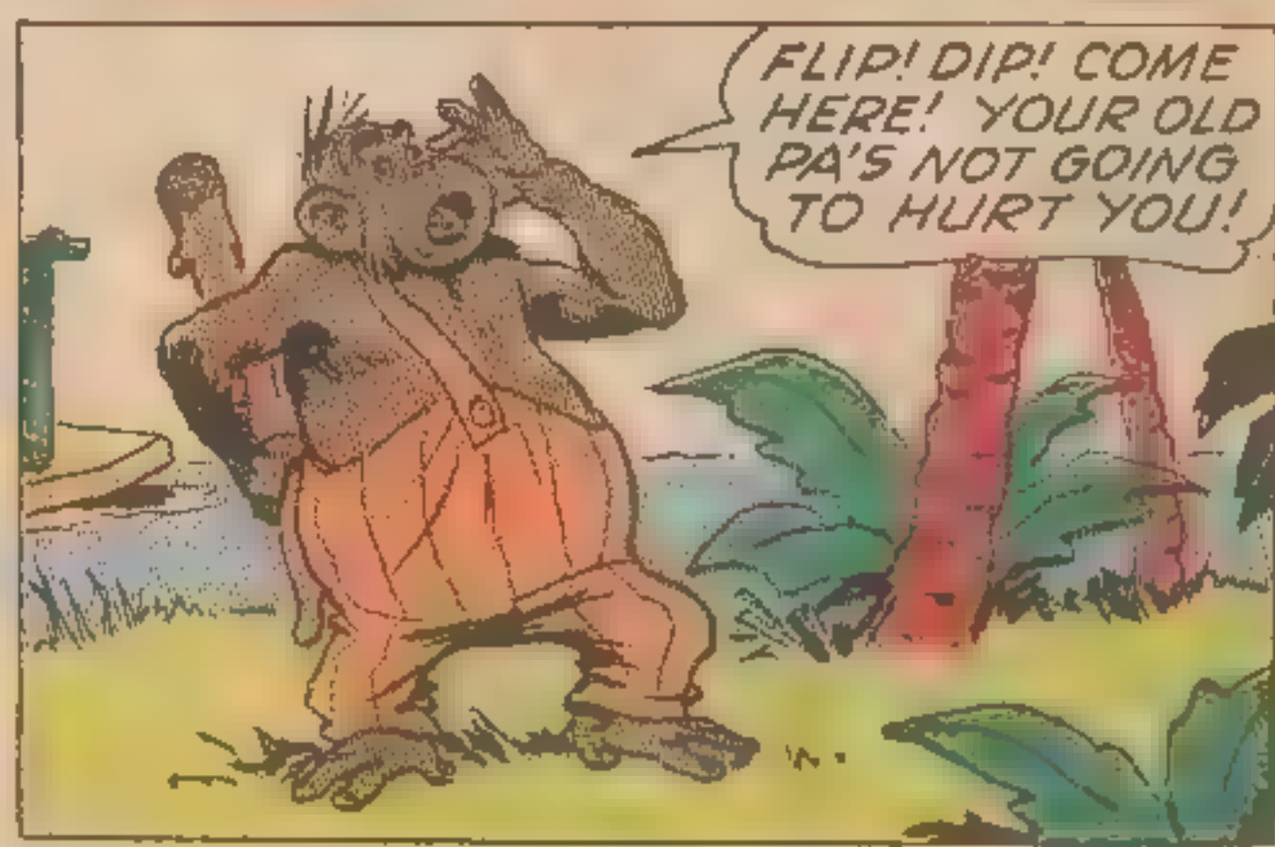

SINCE I'M HUNGRY AND YOU'RE TIRED FROM CARRYING THE FOOD, I'LL TAKE IT, THEN WE'LL BOTH BE PLEASED.

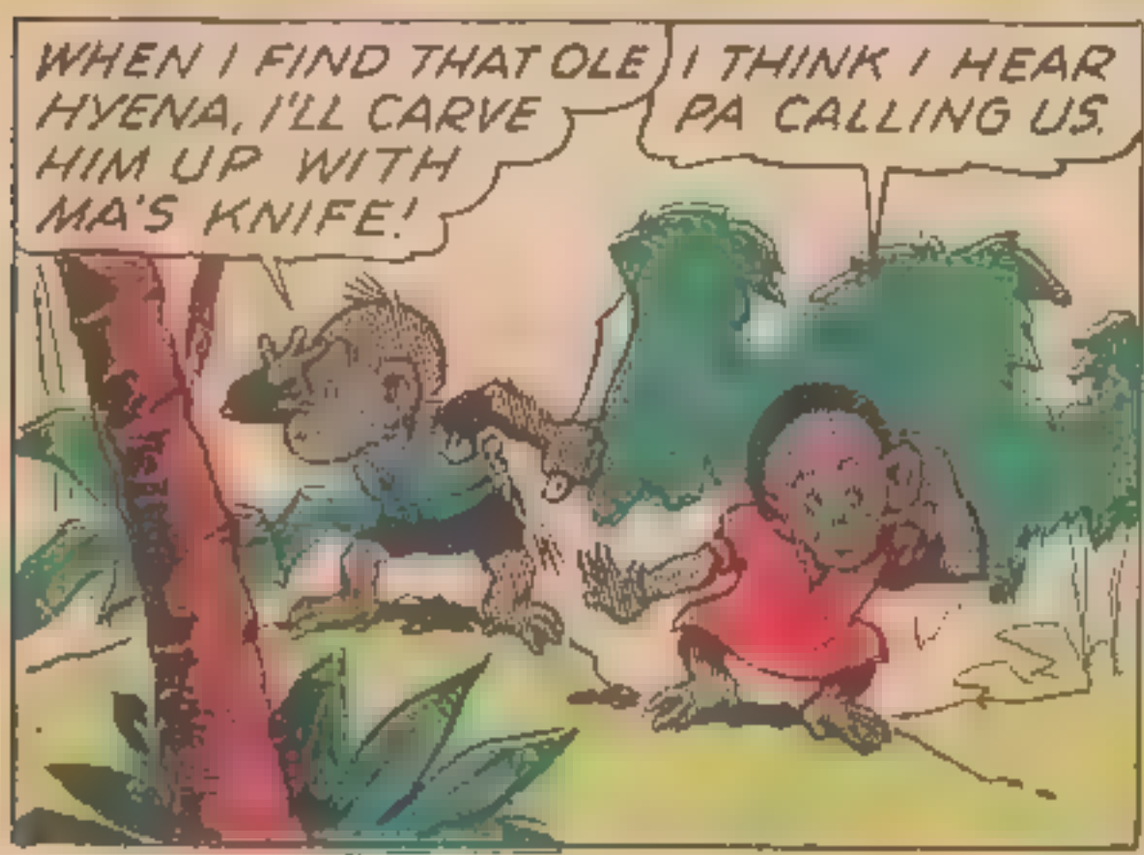
HO! HO!
HE STOLE OUR FOOD!
WAIT TILL WE CATCH HIM!

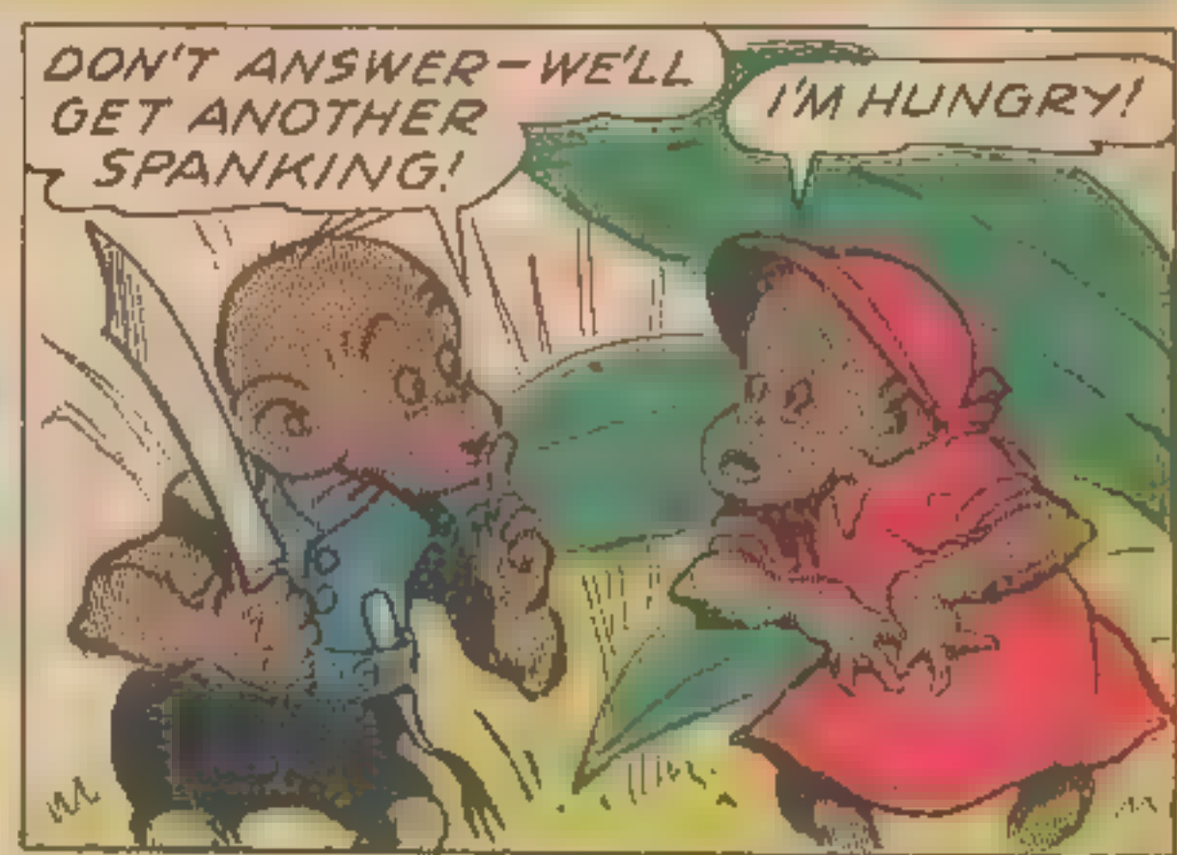

LOOK AT THE FLOOR! MY GOOD RAINCOAT!
AND THEY'VE CLEANED OUT THE ICEBOX!

I KNEW THEY'D DESERVE THAT LICKING SOONER OR LATER.
IT'S YOUR FAULT, PA! GO FIND THE POOR LITTLE THINGS!

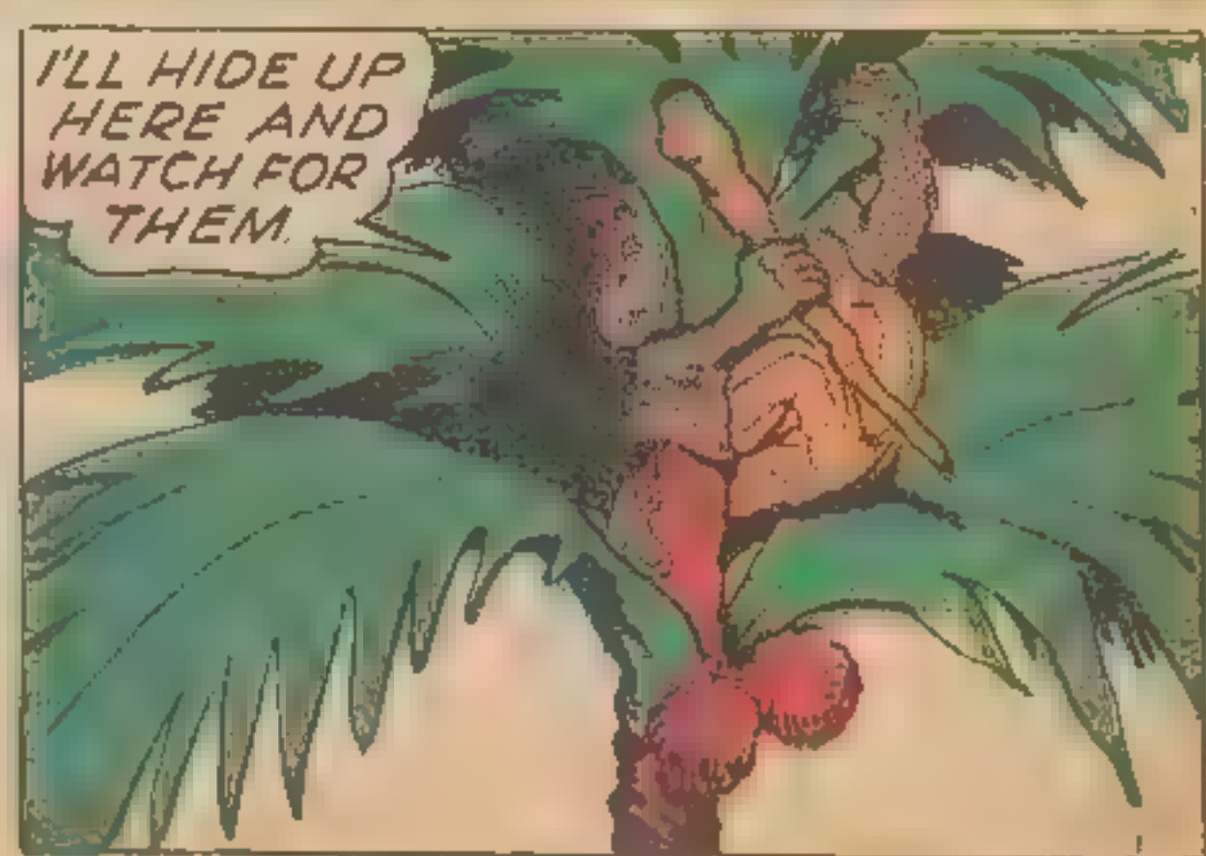
I'LL GO AFTER THEM, BUT IT WILL BE WITH A CLUB!


FLIP! DIP! COME HERE! YOUR OLD PA'S NOT GOING TO HURT YOU!


WHEN I FIND THAT OLE HYENA, I'LL CARVE HIM UP WITH MA'S KNIFE!
I THINK I HEAR PA CALLING US.

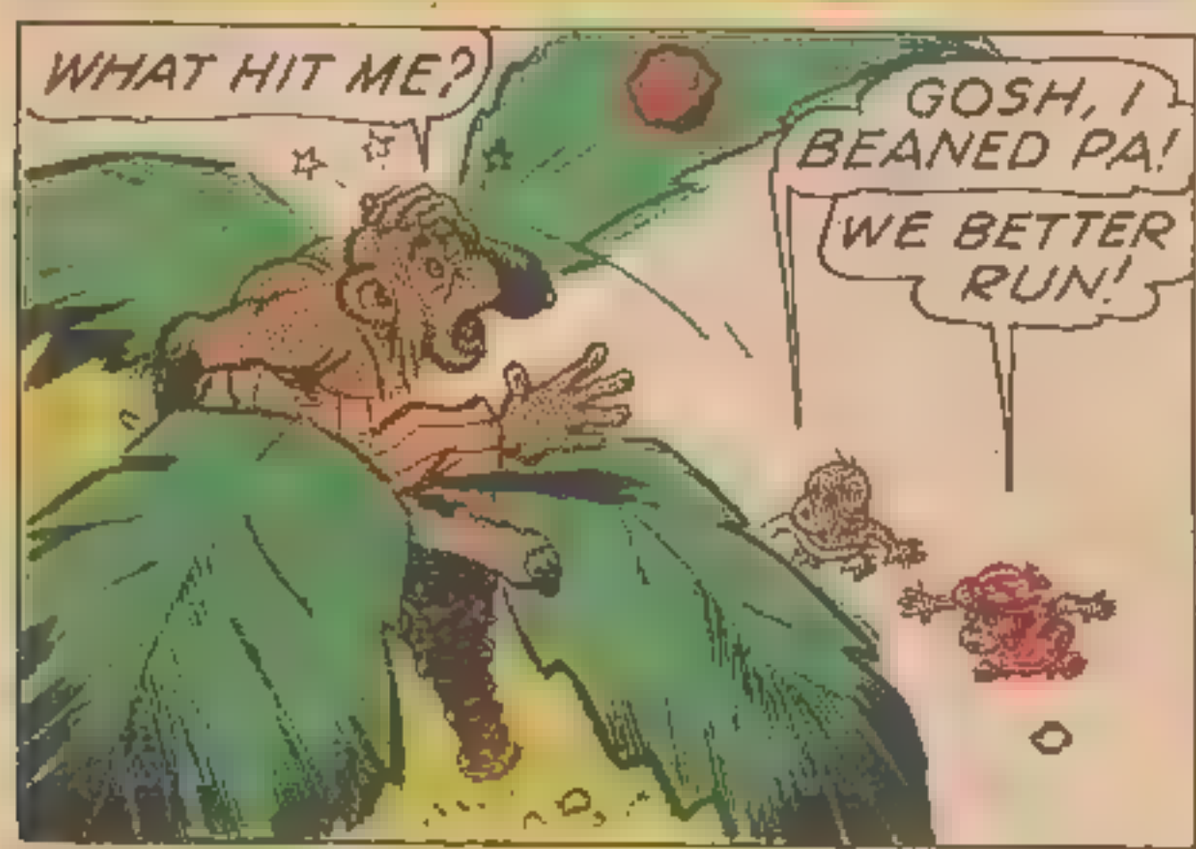

DON'T ANSWER—WE'LL GET ANOTHER SPANKING!
I'M HUNGRY!

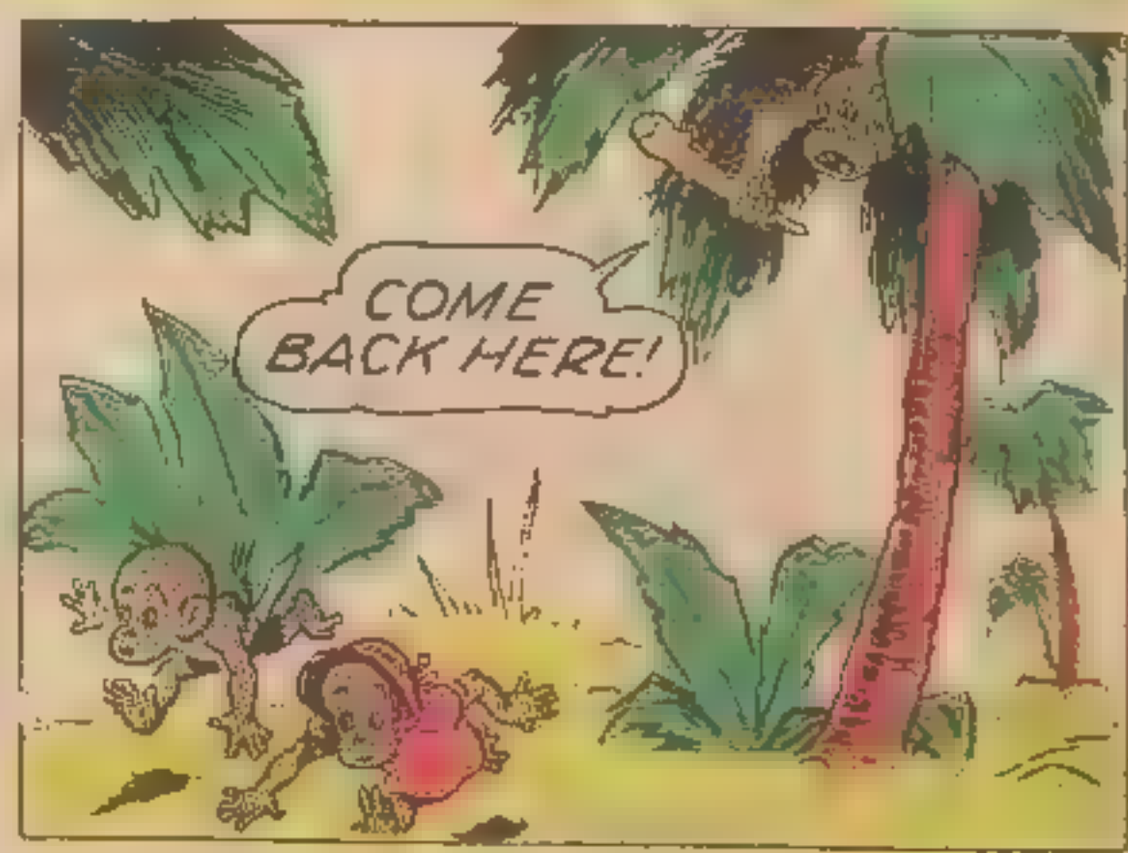
I'LL JUST CLIMB UP THIS PALM TREE AND HAVE A LOOK.

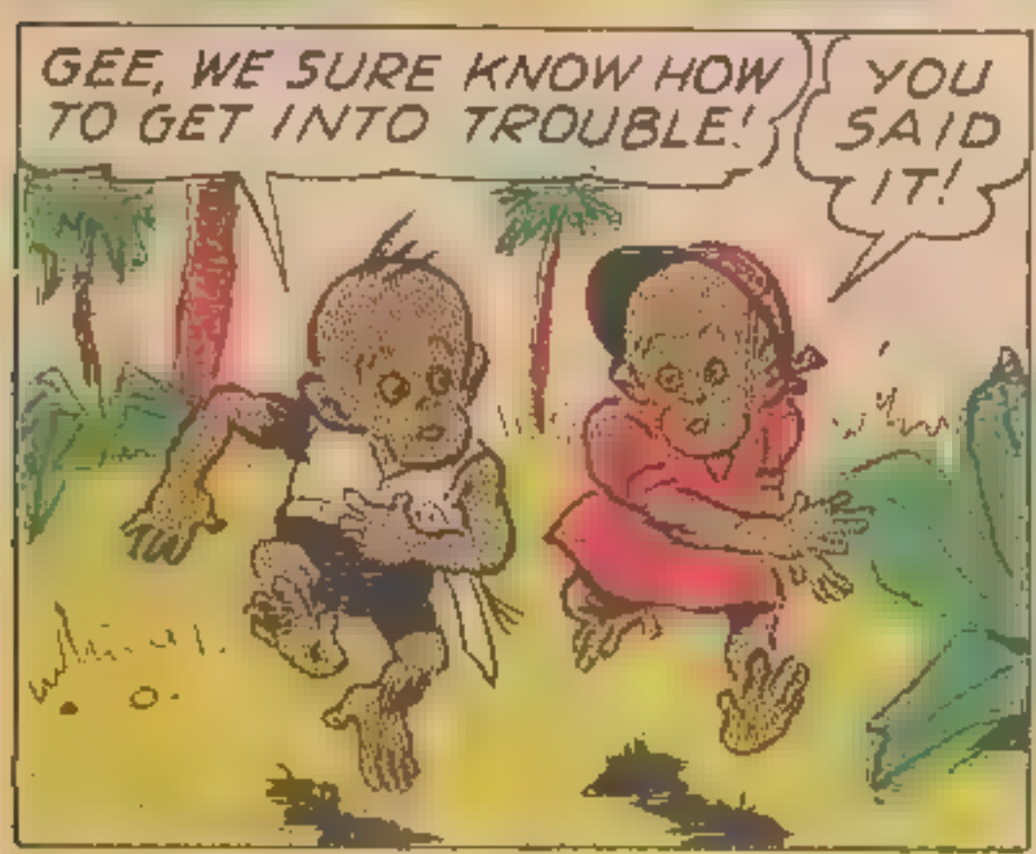

I'LL HIDE UP HERE AND WATCH FOR THEM.

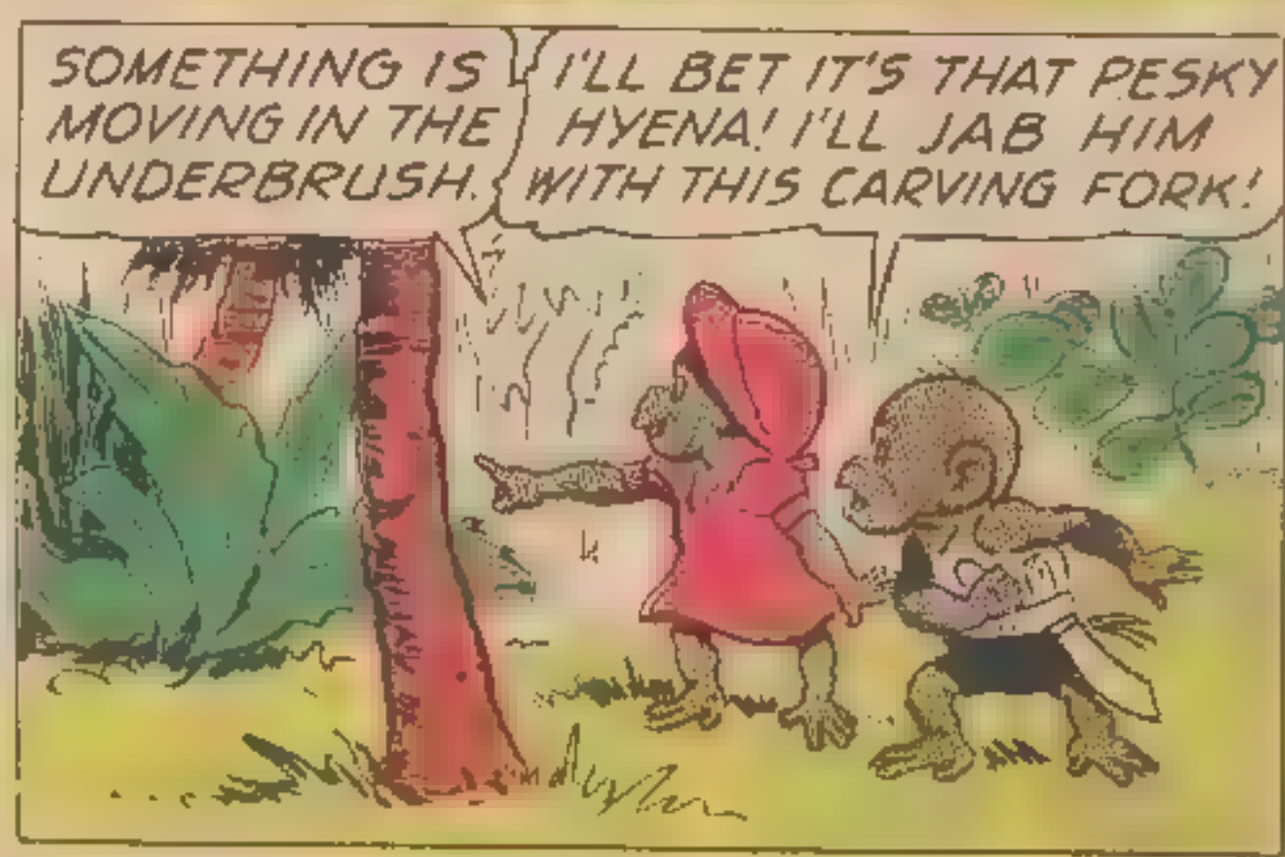
THERE'S A COCOANUT. I'LL HIT IT WITH A ROCK AND KNOCK IT DOWN.
GOODY! I LIKE COCOANUTS!

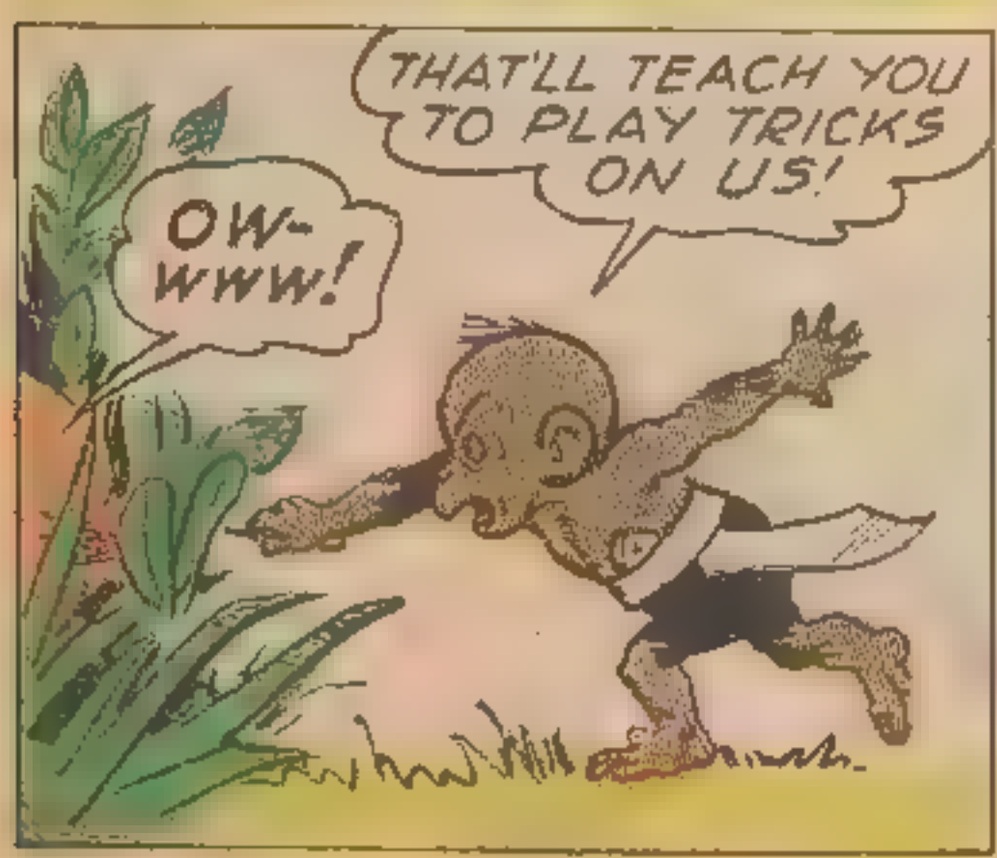
GET READY TO CATCH IT!

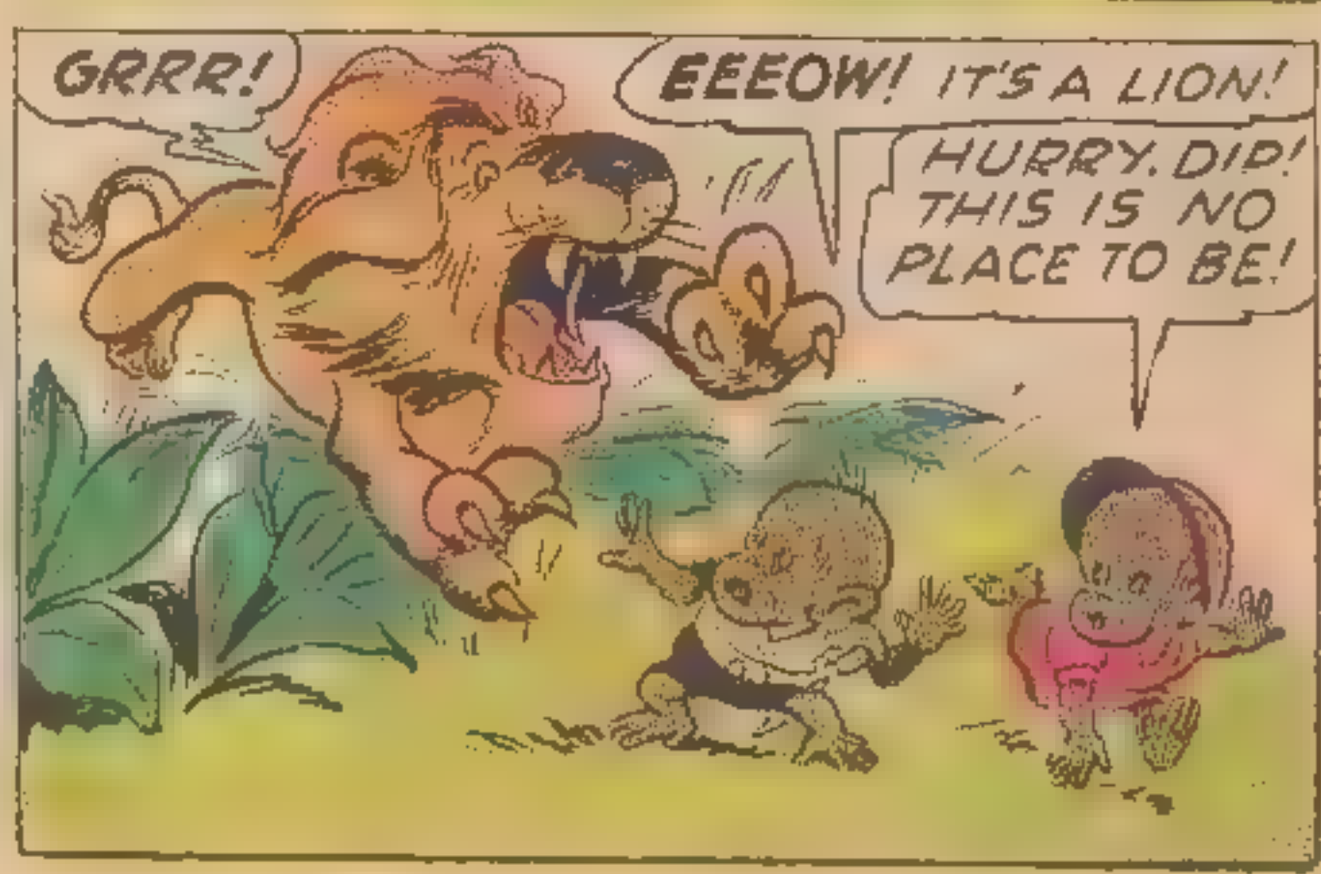

WHAT HIT ME?
GOSH, I BEANED PA!
WE BETTER RUN!

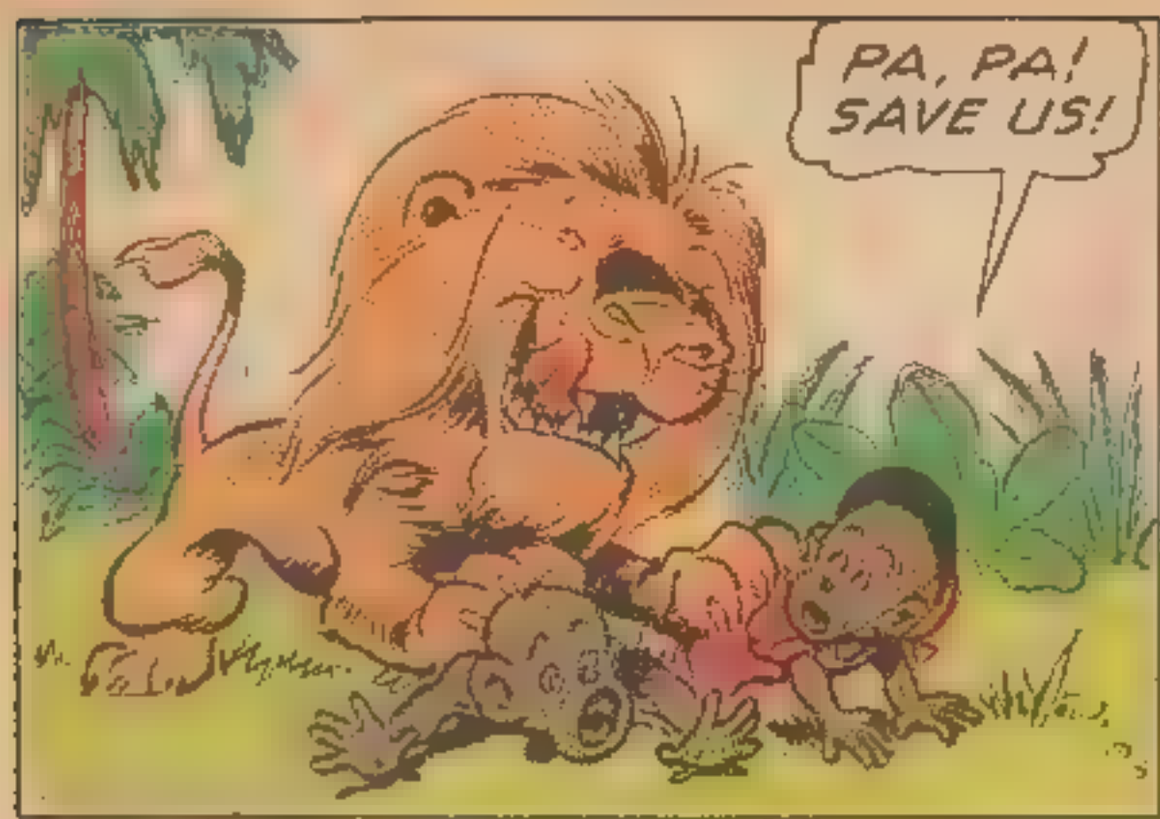

COME BACK HERE!


GEE, WE SURE KNOW HOW TO GET INTO TROUBLE!
YOU SAID IT!

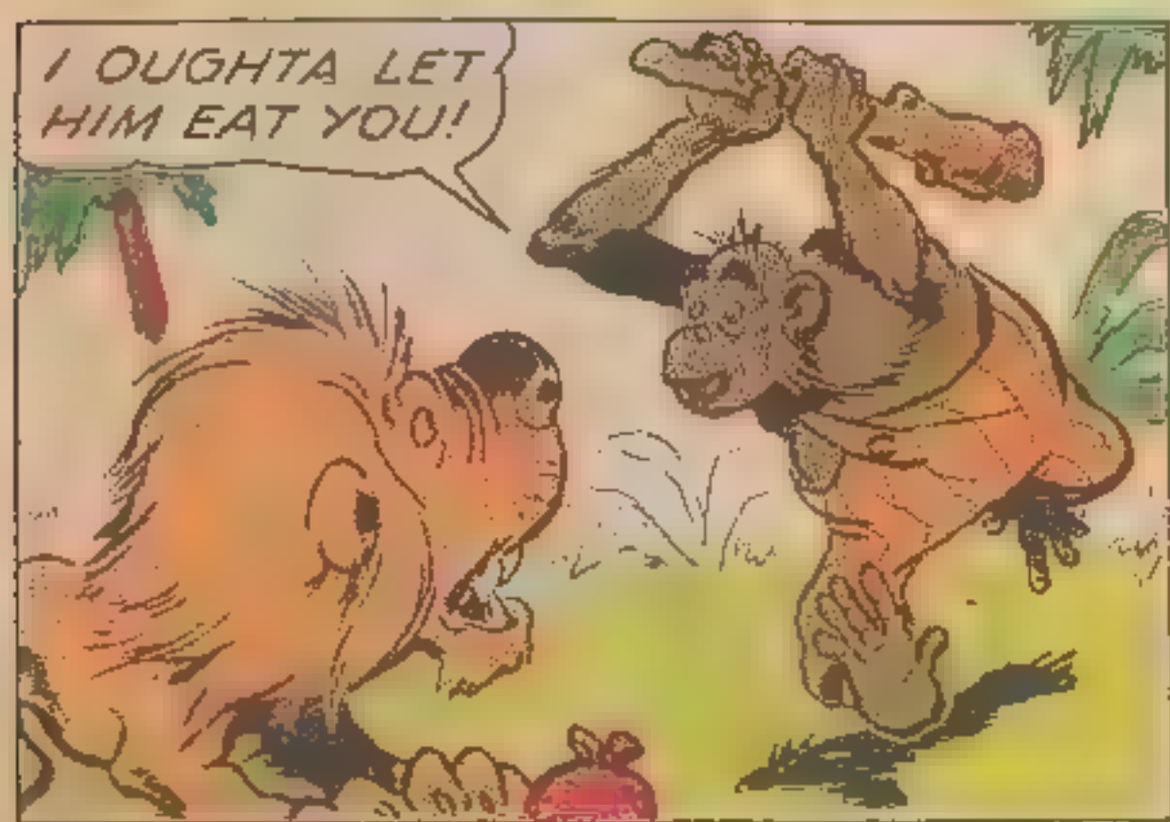

SOMETHING IS MOVING IN THE UNDERBRUSH.
I'LL BET IT'S THAT PESKY HYENA! I'LL JAB HIM WITH THIS CARVING FORK!

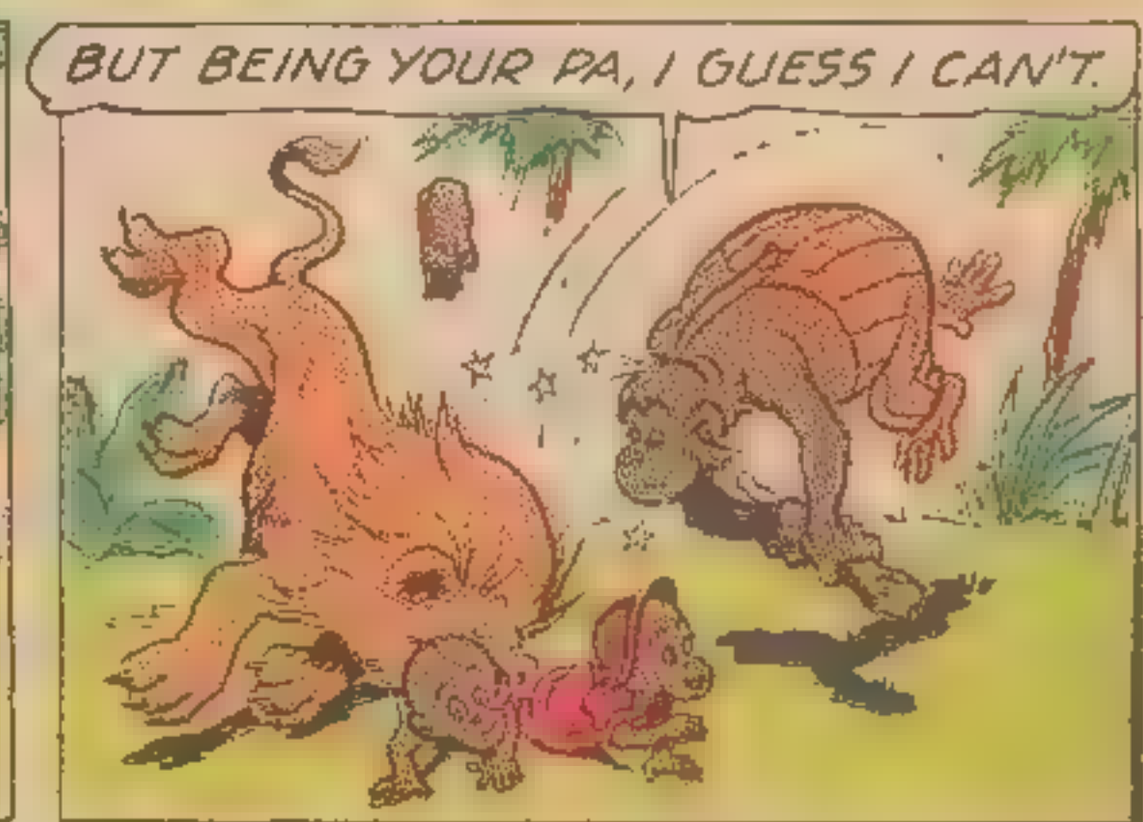

THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO PLAY TRICKS ON US!
OW-WWW!


GRRR!
EEEOW! IT'S A LION!
HURRY, DIP! THIS IS NO PLACE TO BE!


PA, PA! SAVE US!

I'M COMING!

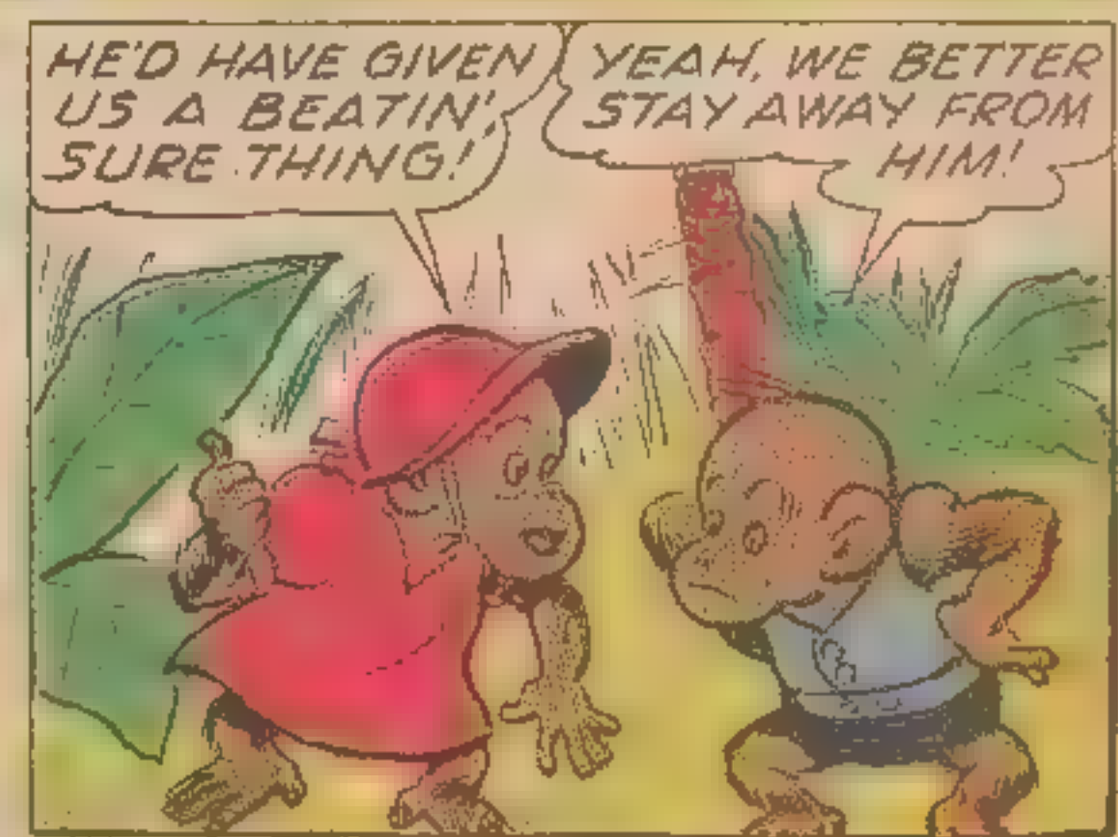

I OUGHTA LET HIM EAT YOU!

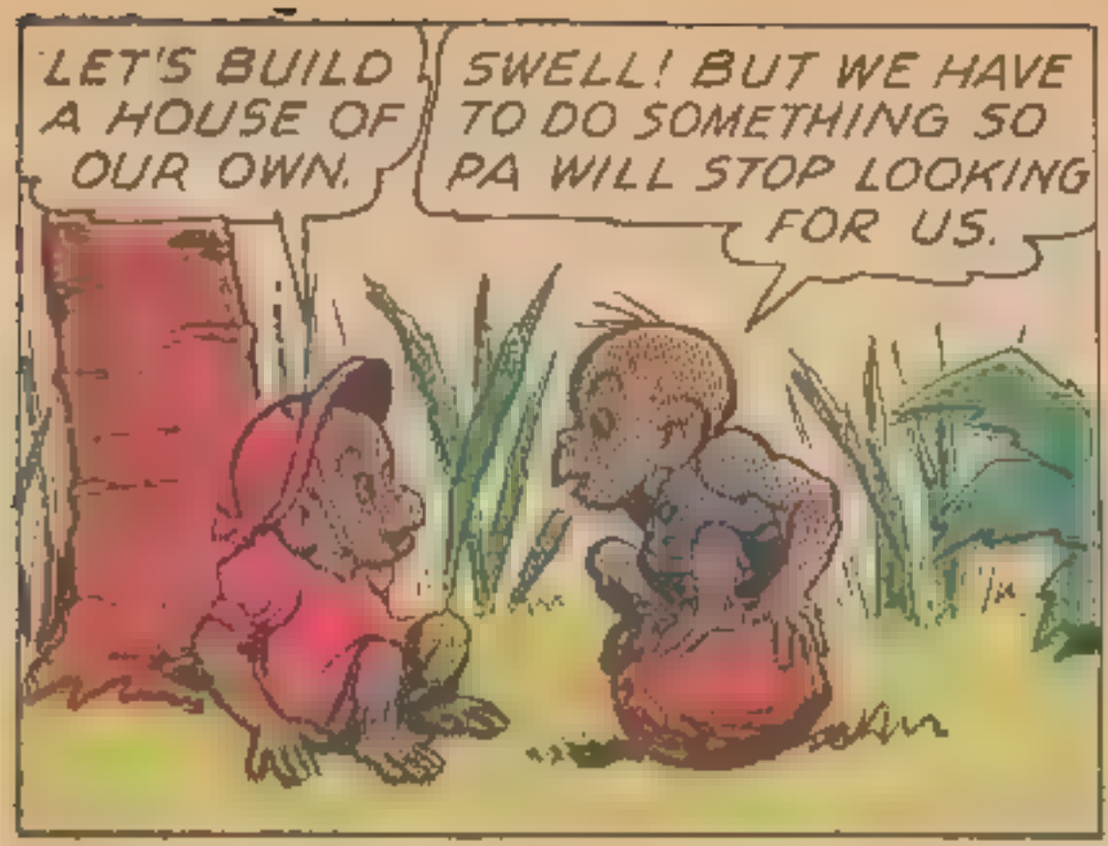

BUT BEING YOUR PA, I GUESS I CAN'T.

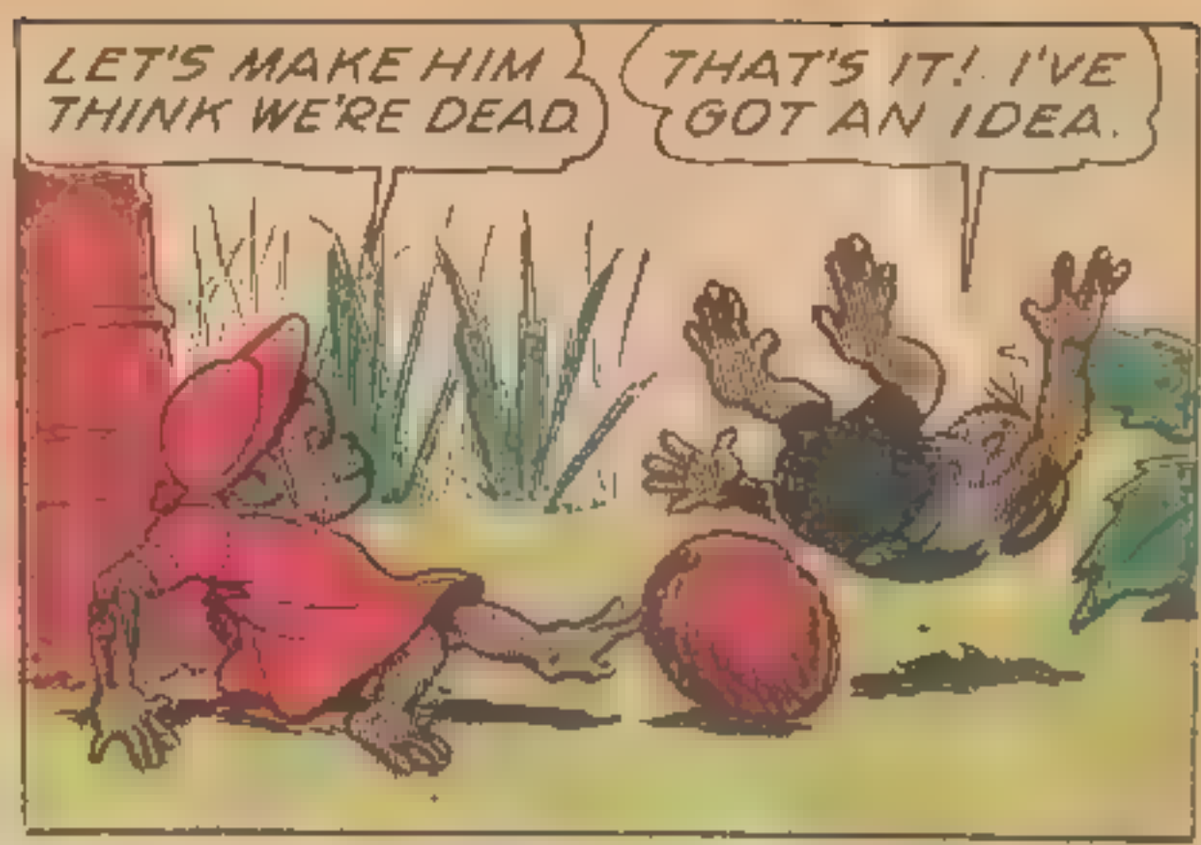
HE'S OUT COLD...LET'S GO.
GEE, PA, YOU'RE STRONG!

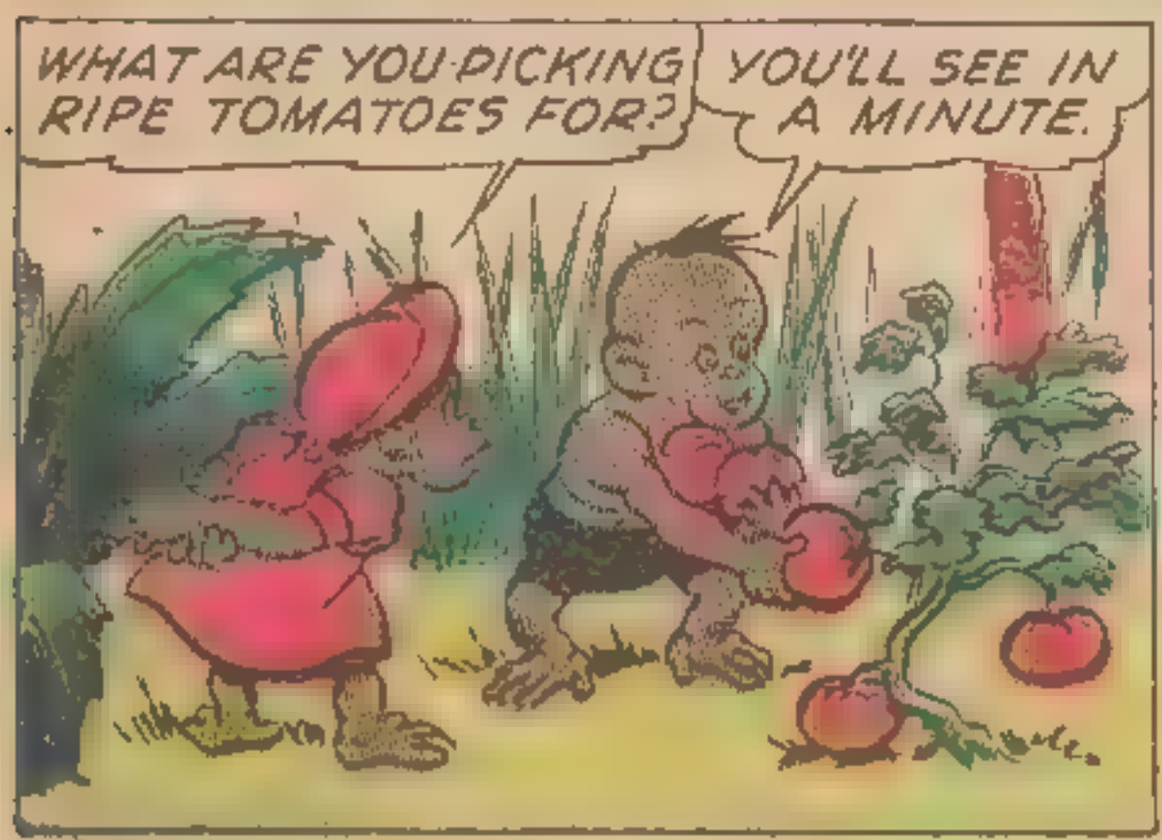
HEY! WHAT'S UP?

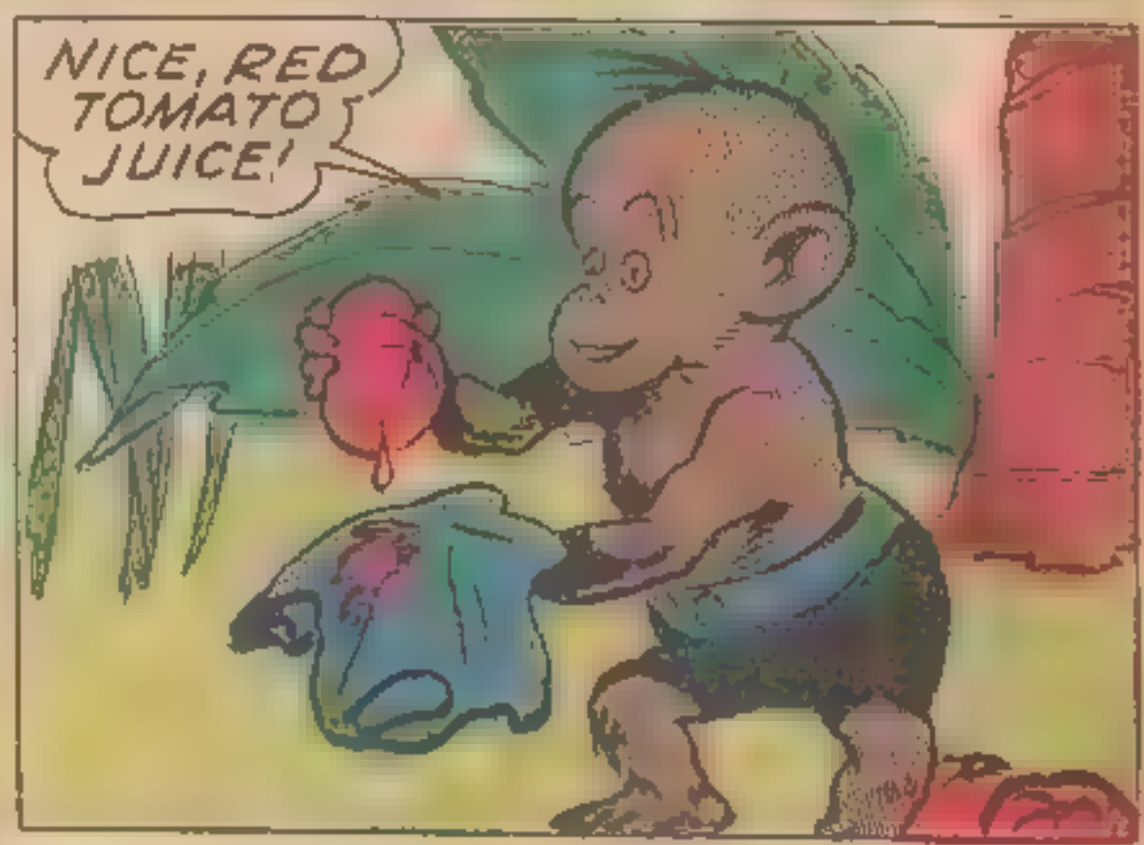
SEE YOU—
LATER, PA!

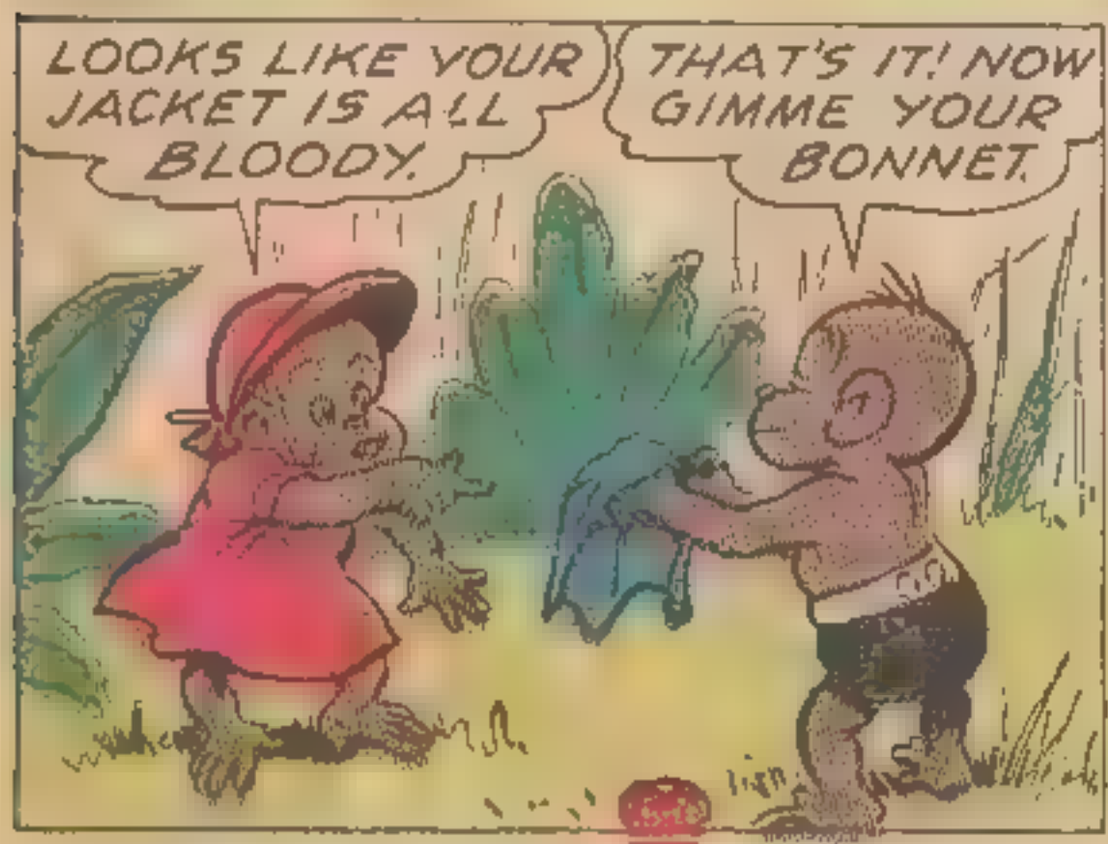

HE'D HAVE GIVEN US A BEATIN', SURE THING!
YEAH, WE BETTER STAY AWAY FROM HIM!

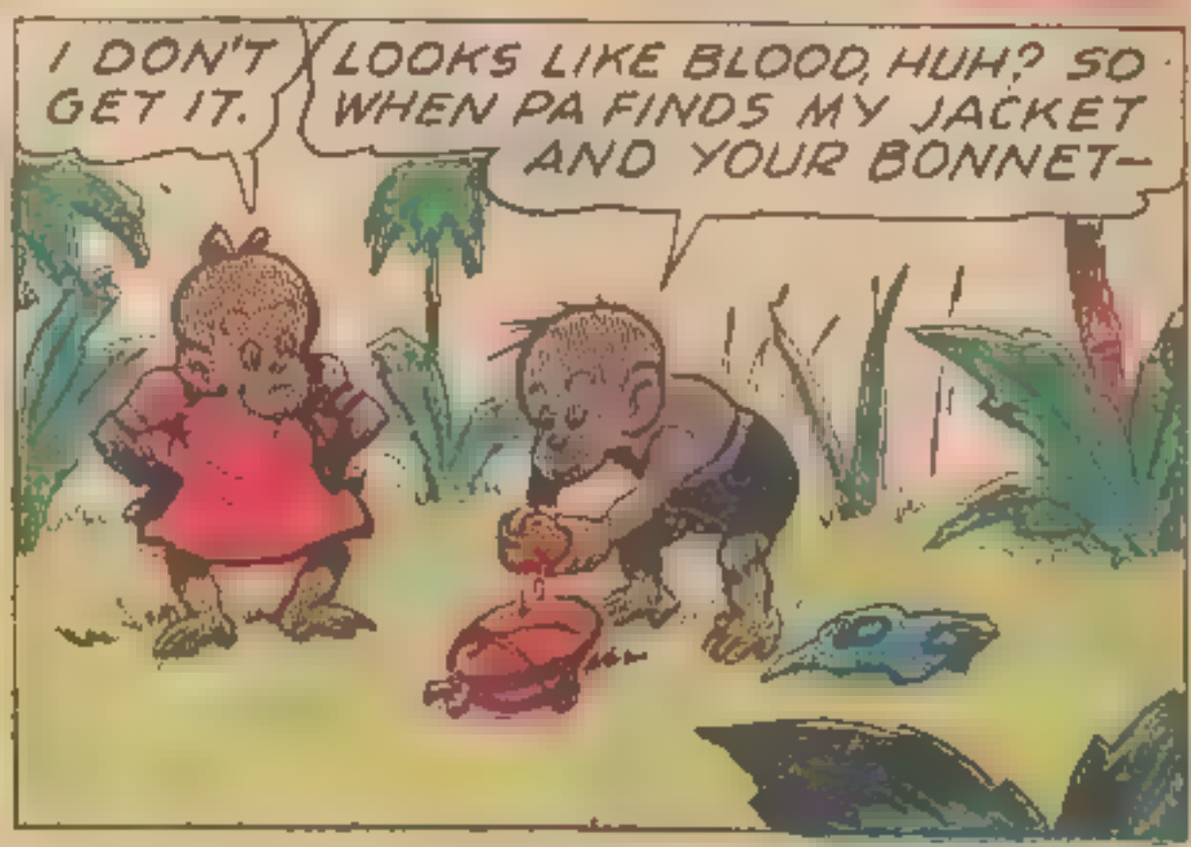

LET'S BUILD A HOUSE OF OUR OWN.
SWELL! BUT WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING SO PA WILL STOP LOOKING FOR US.

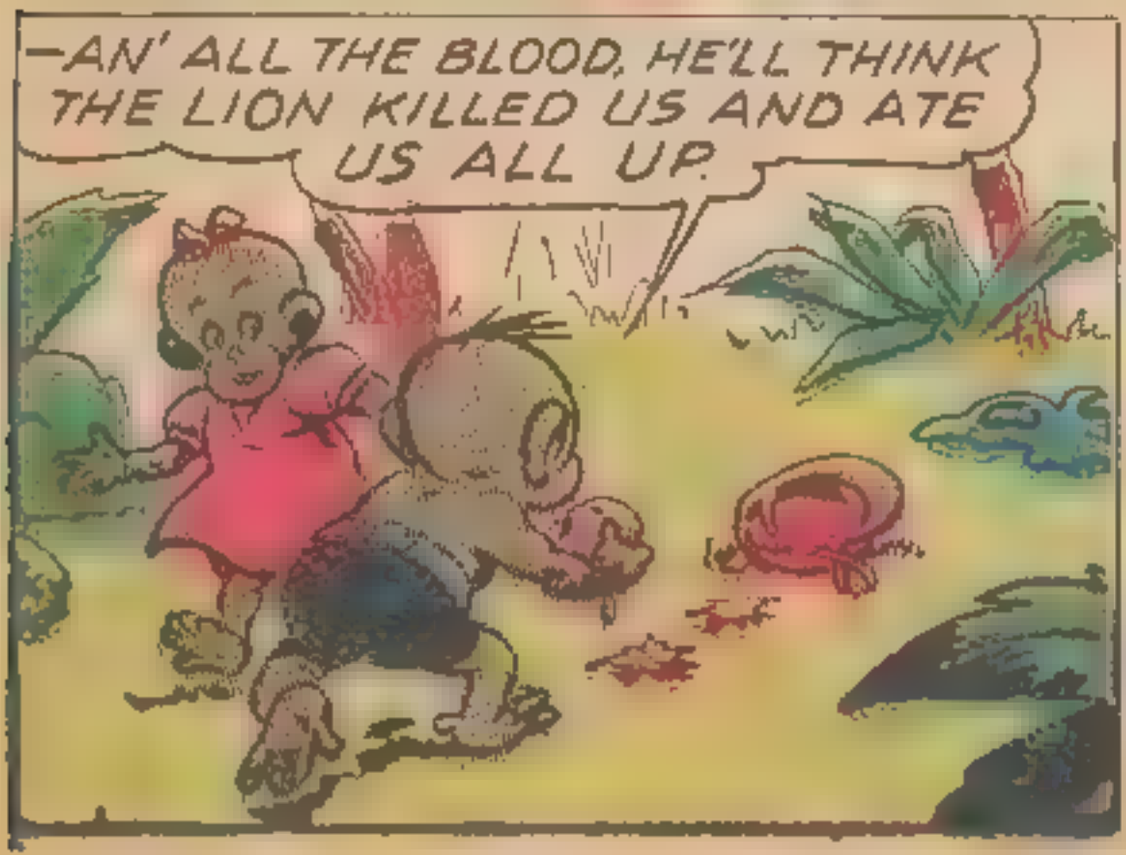

LET'S MAKE HIM THINK WE'RE DEAD.
THAT'S IT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA.

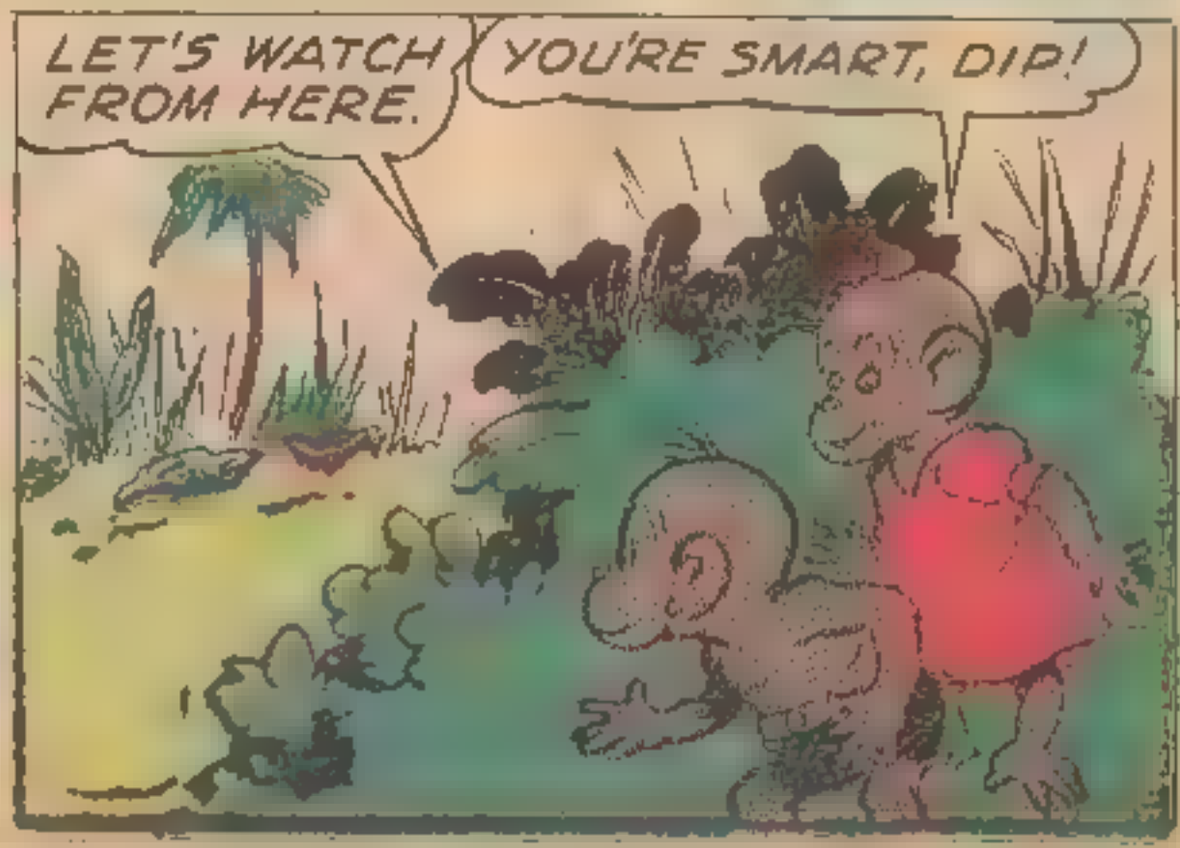

WHAT ARE YOU PICKING RIPE TOMATOES FOR?
YOU'LL SEE IN A MINUTE.

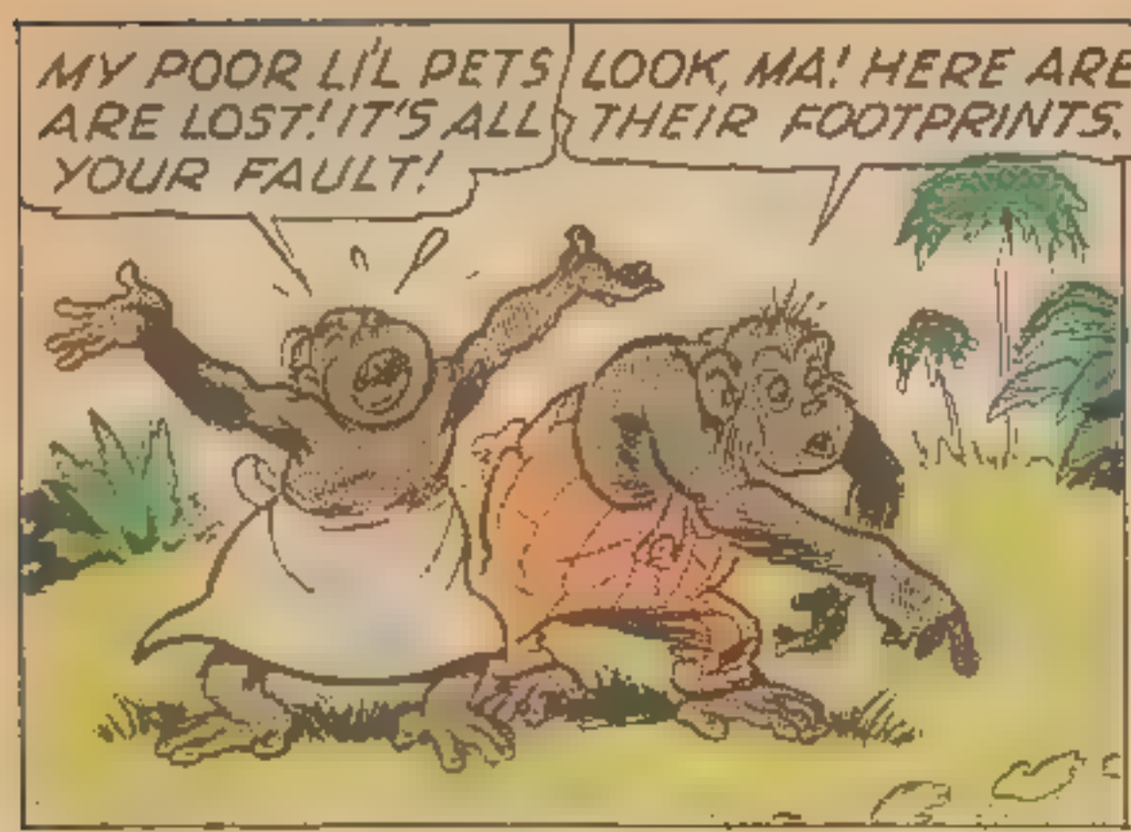

NICE, RED TOMATO JUICE!

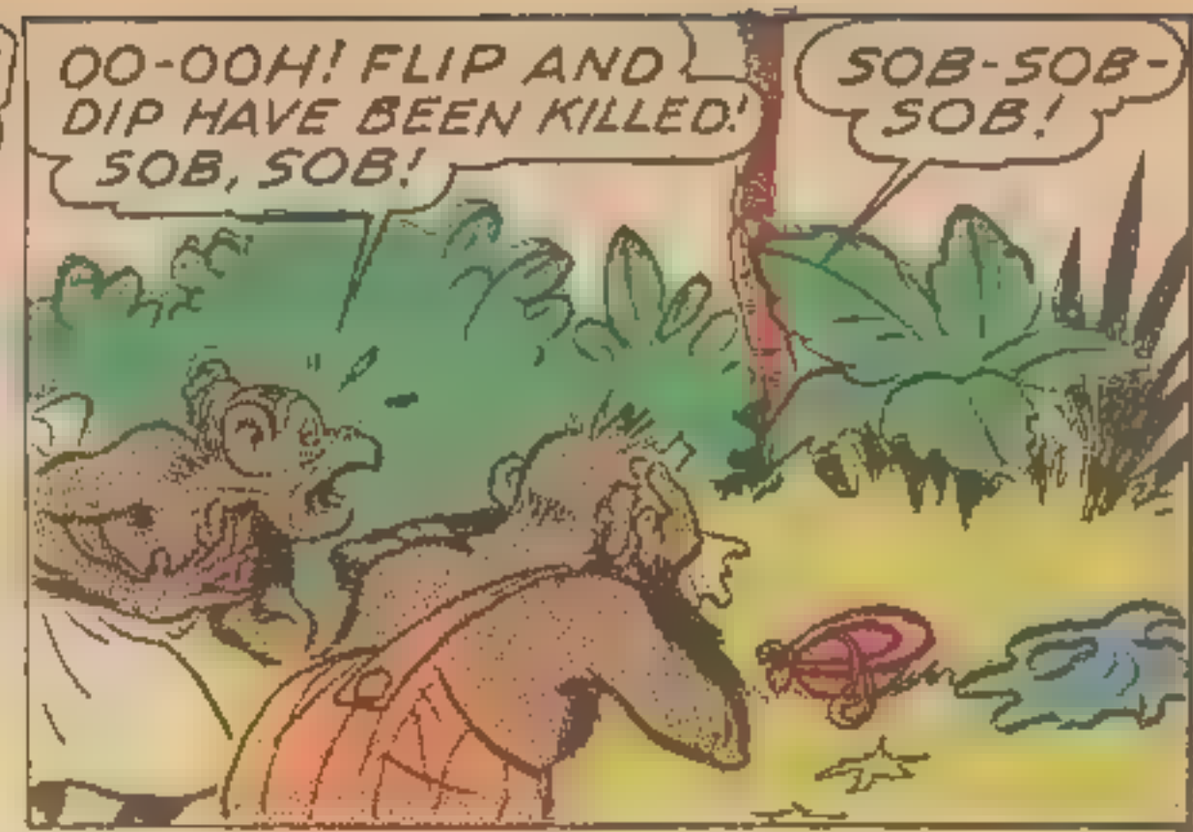

LOOKS LIKE YOUR JACKET IS ALL BLOODY.
THAT'S IT! NOW GIMME YOUR BONNET.

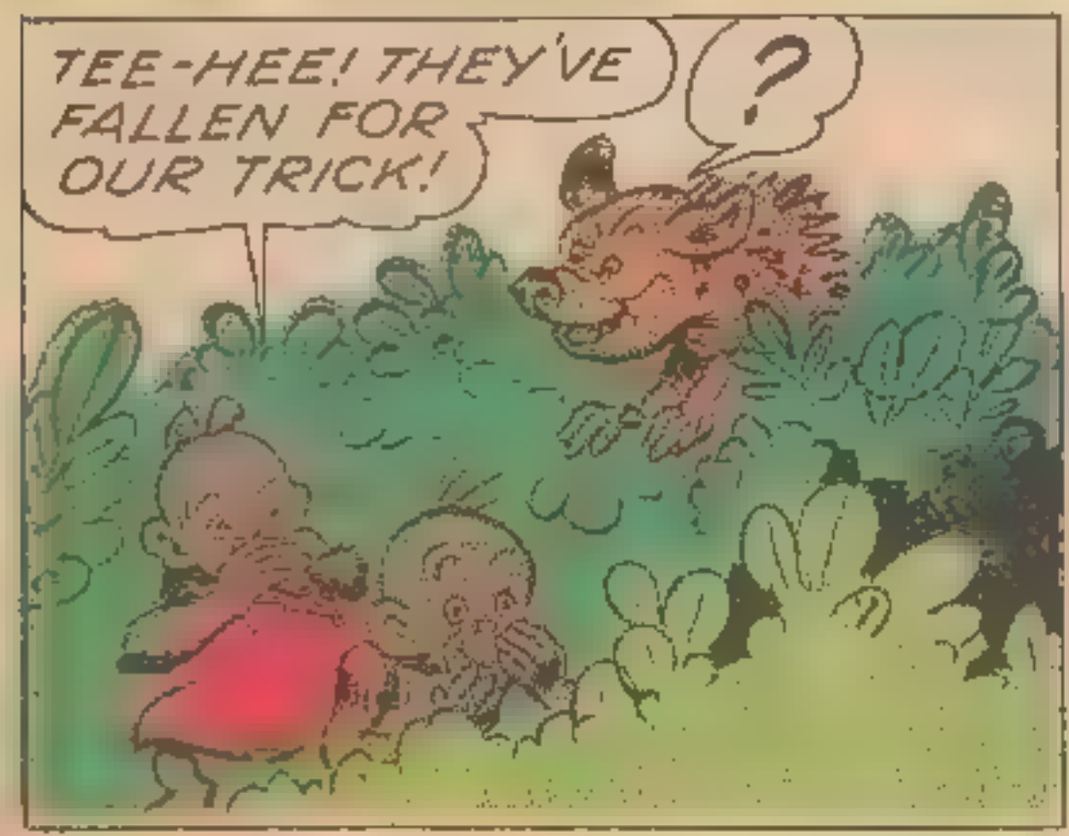

I DON'T GET IT.
LOOKS LIKE BLOOD, HUH? SO WHEN PA FINDS MY JACKET AND YOUR BONNET—

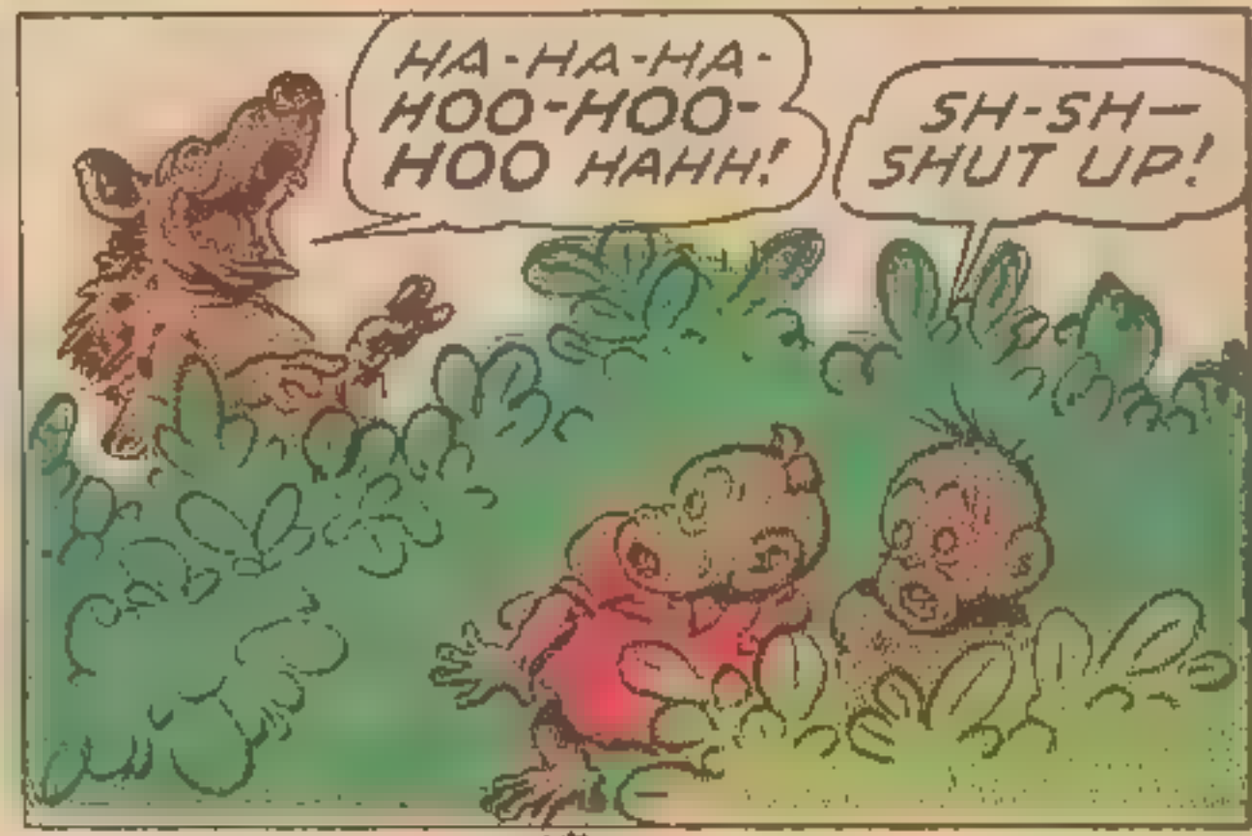

—AN' ALL THE BLOOD, HE'LL THINK THE LION KILLED US AND ATE US ALL UP.


LET'S WATCH FROM HERE.
YOU'RE SMART, DIP!

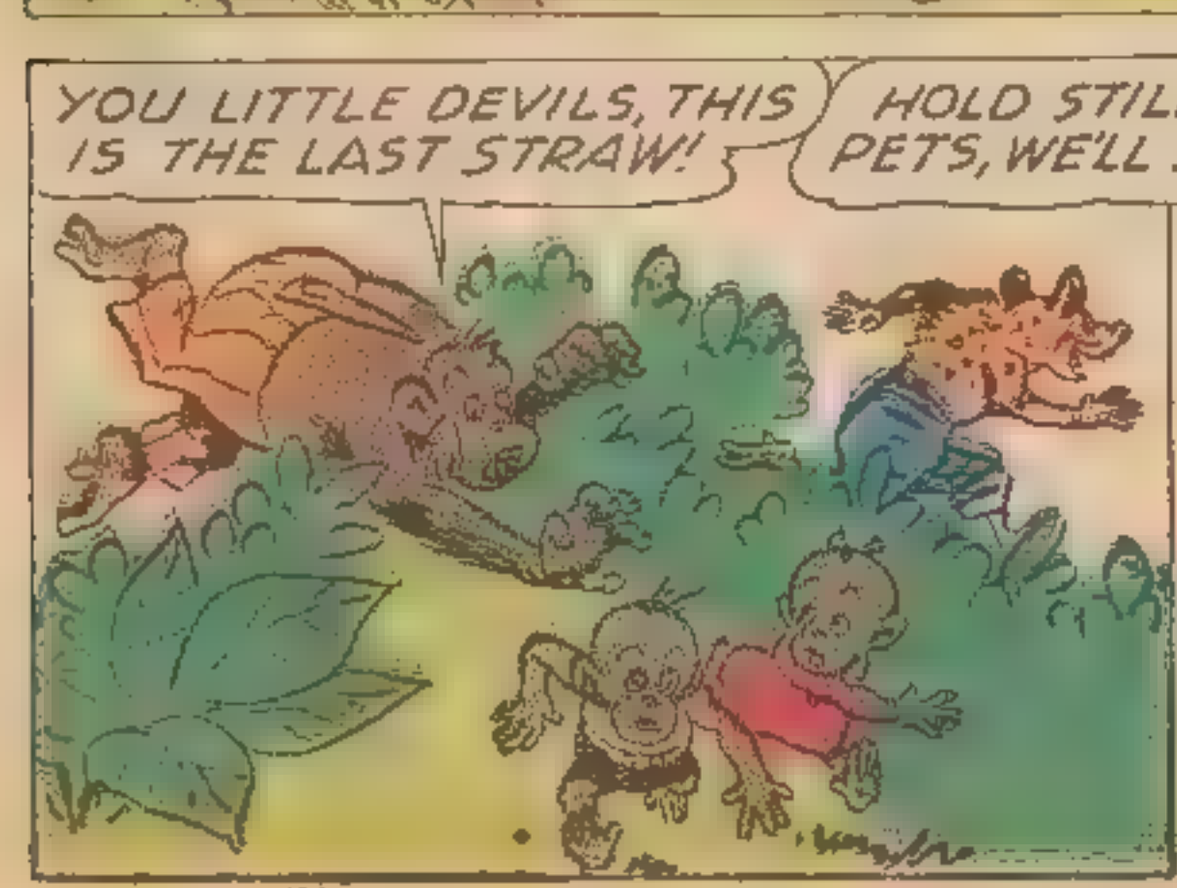

MY POOR LI'L PETS ARE LOST! IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!
LOOK, MA! HERE ARE THEIR FOOTPRINTS.

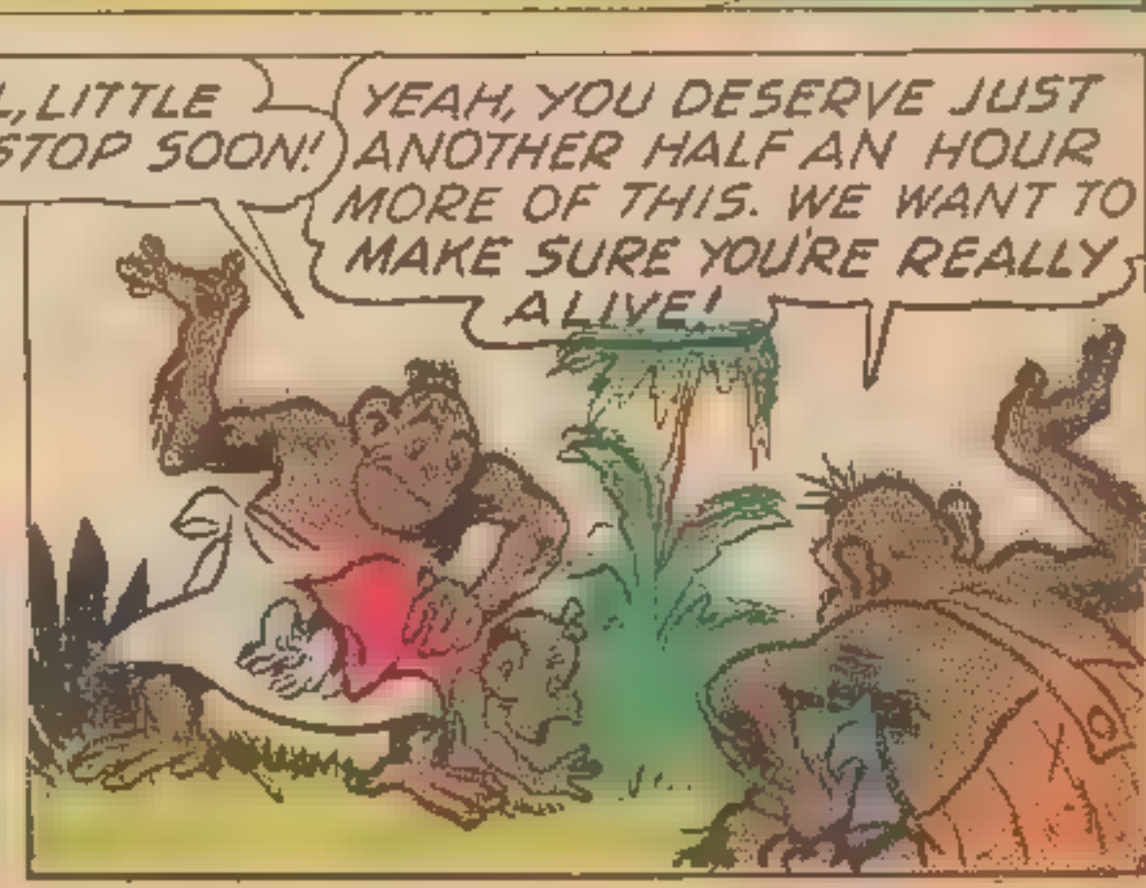

OO-OOH! FLIP AND DIP HAVE BEEN KILLED! SOB, SOB!
SOB-SOB-SOB!


TEE-HEE! THEY'VE FALLEN FOR OUR TRICK!
?


HA-HA-HA-HOO-HOO-HOO HAHH!
SH-SH— SHUT UP!

WHO DARES TO LAUGH AT US POOR, GRIEF-STRICKEN PARENTS?

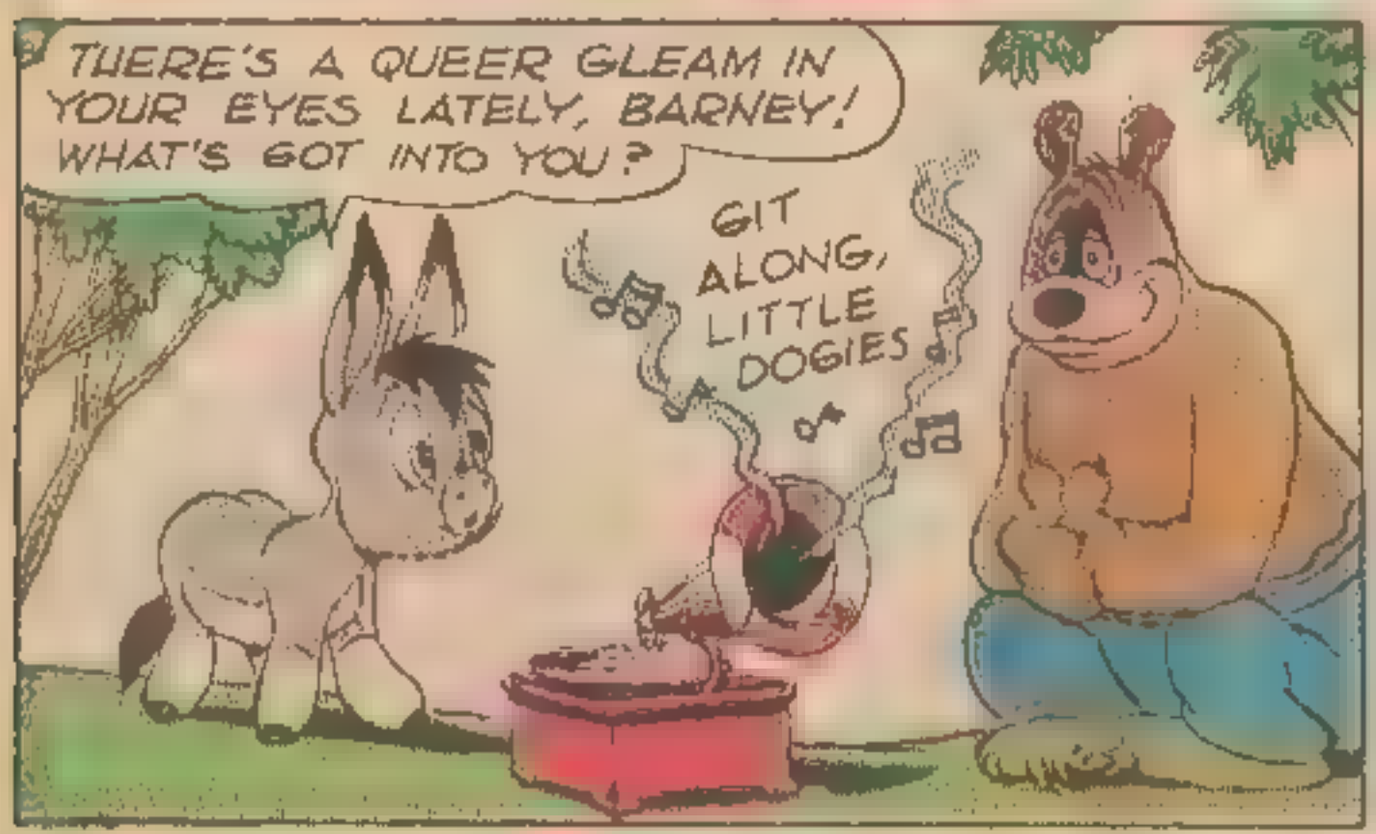

YOU LITTLE DEVILS, THIS IS THE LAST STRAW!
HOLD STILL, LITTLE PETS, WE'LL STOP SOON!

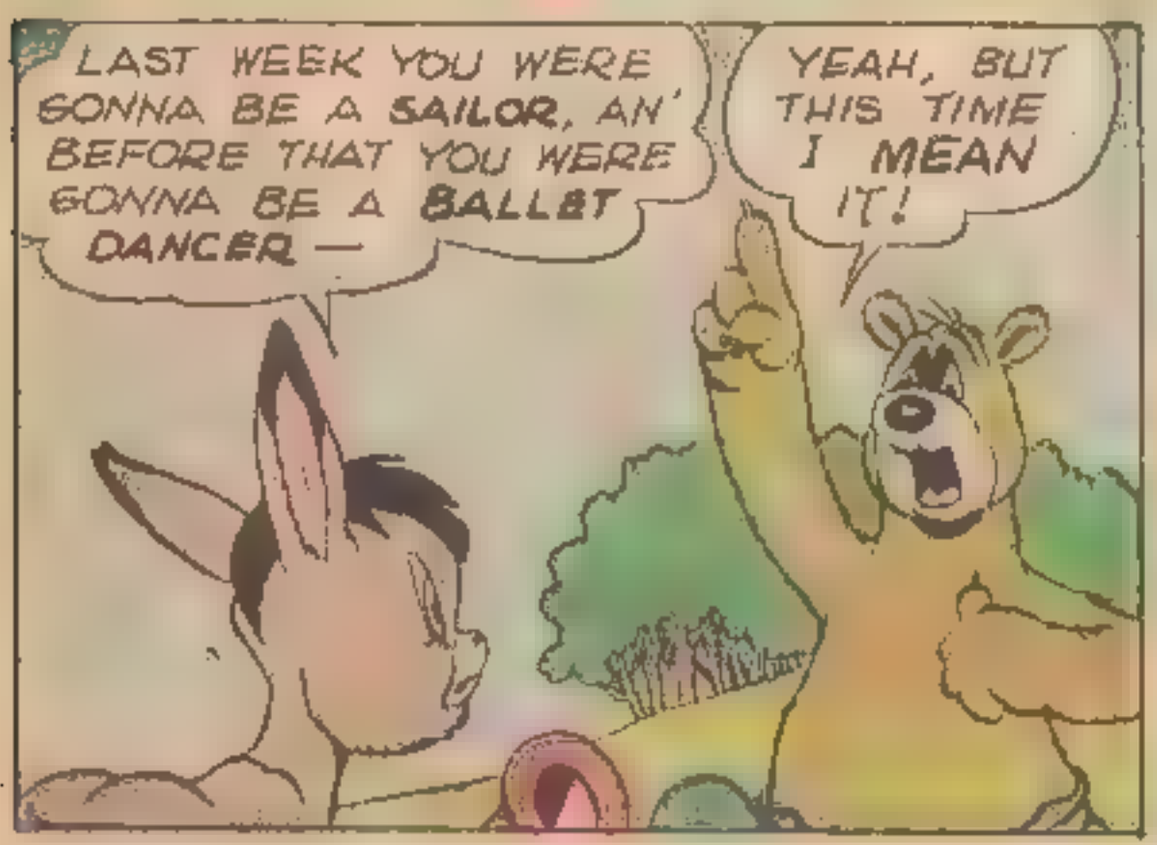

YEAH, YOU DESERVE JUST ANOTHER HALF AN HOUR MORE OF THIS. WE WANT TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE REALLY ALIVE!

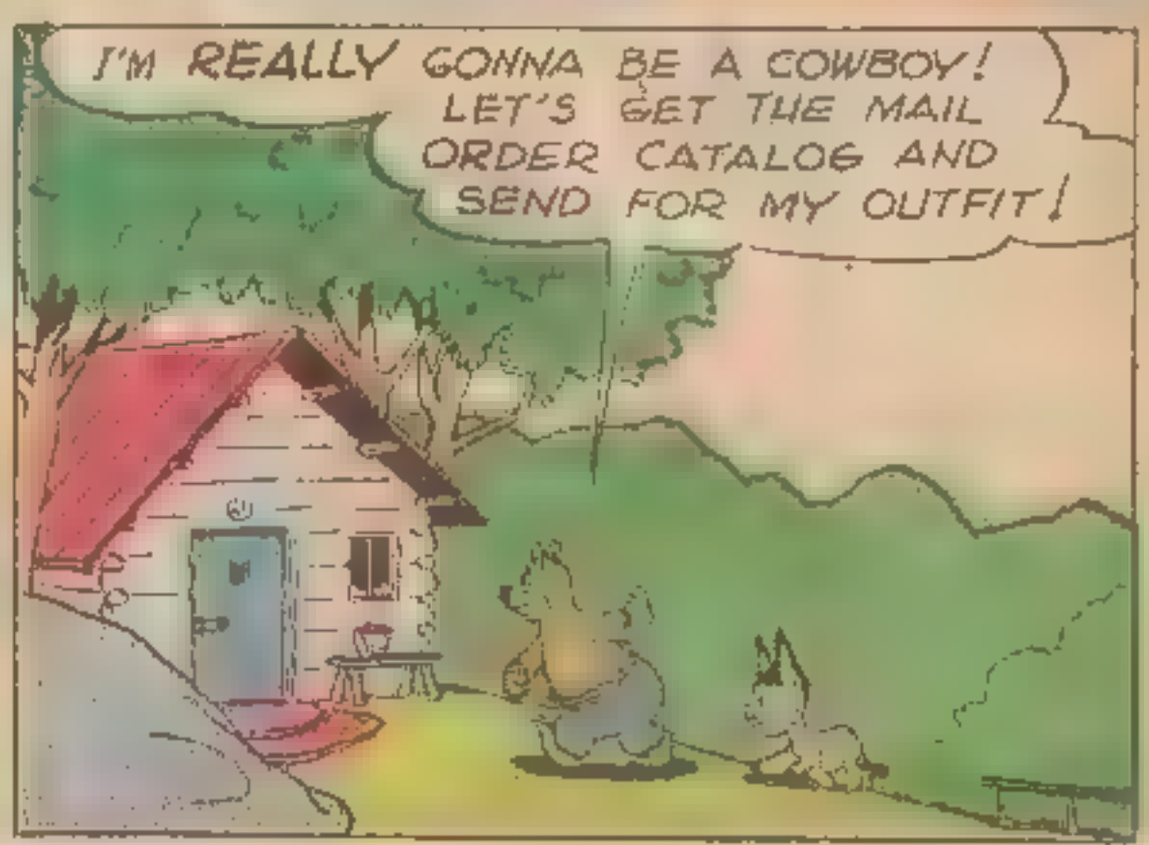
M-G-M CARTOONS *present*

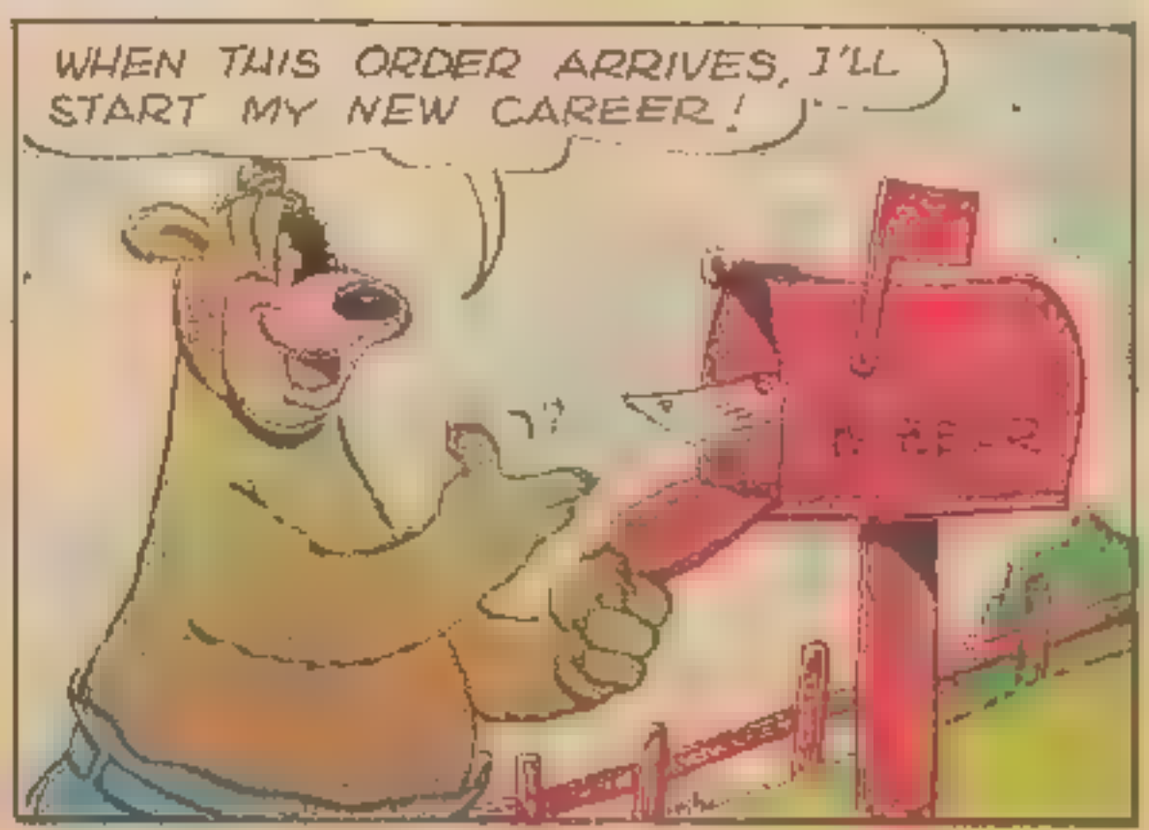
# Barney Bear AND Benny Burro

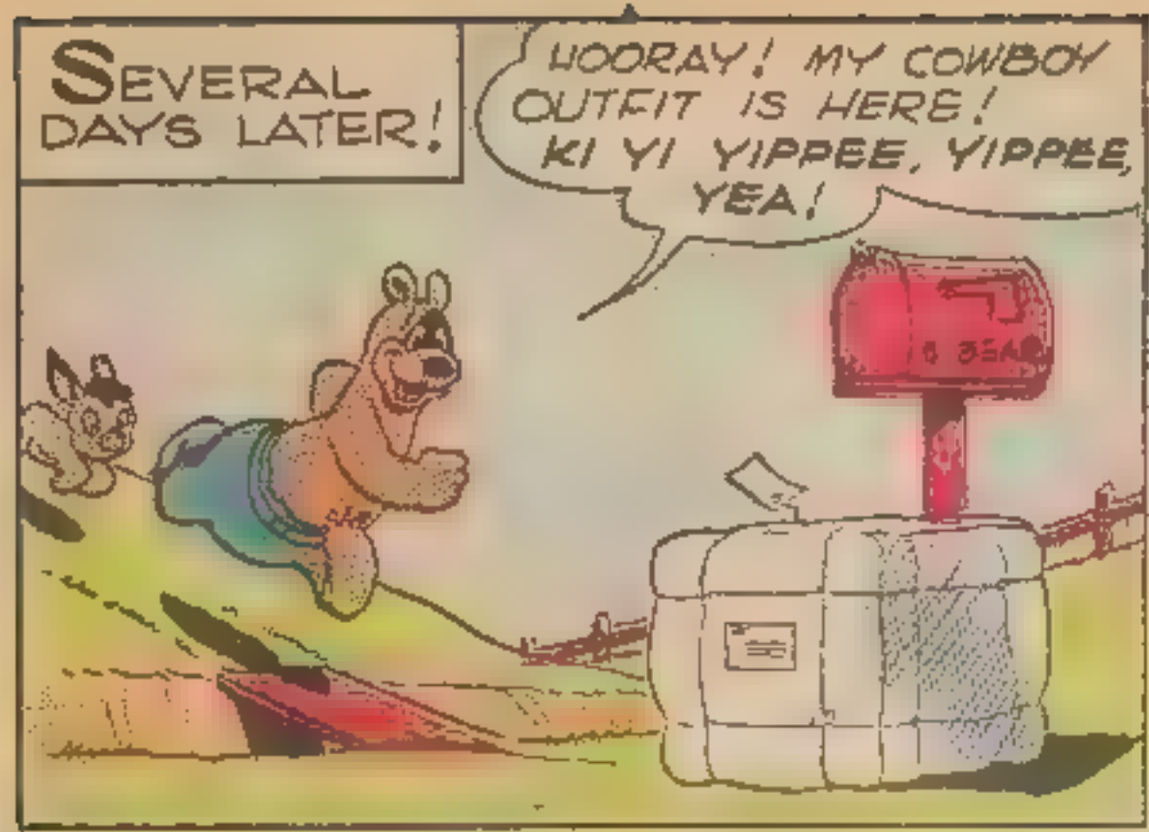
♪ RIDIN' RANGE ON MY BUCKIN' BRONCO ♪

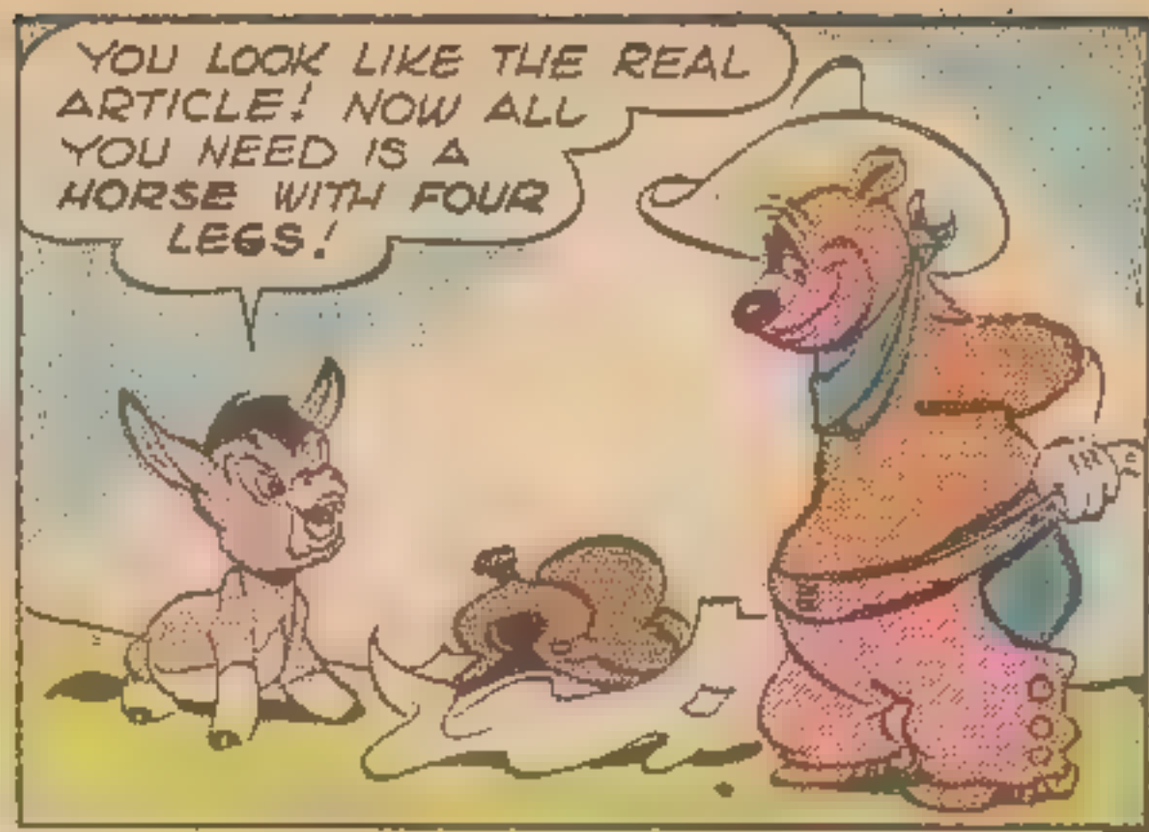


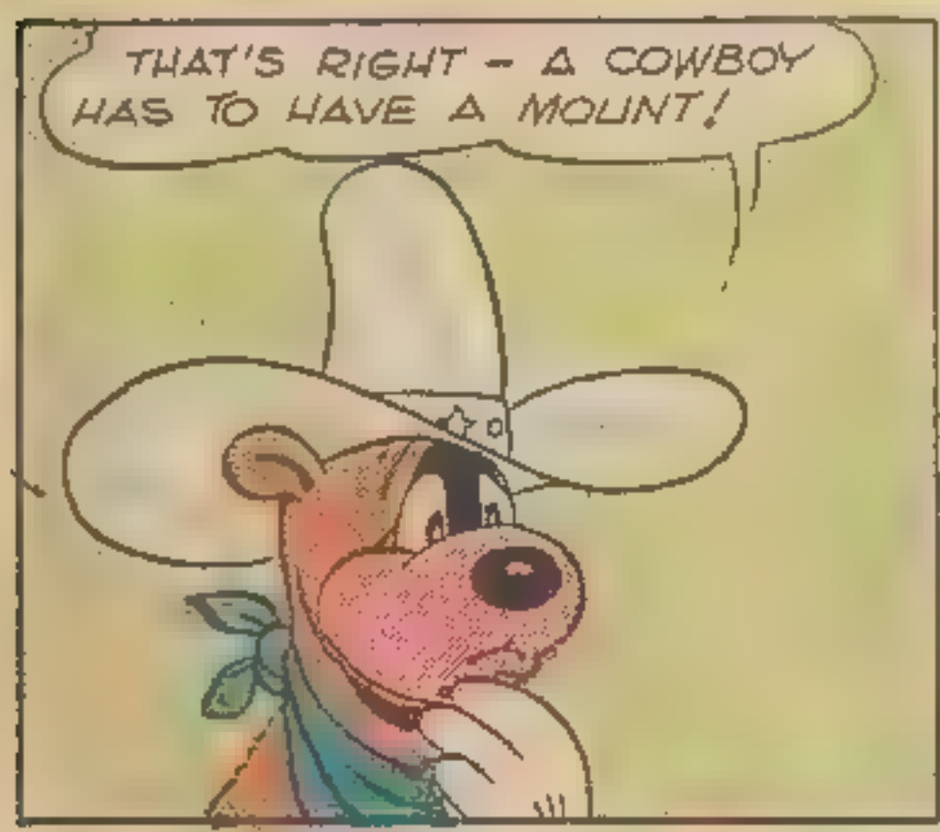


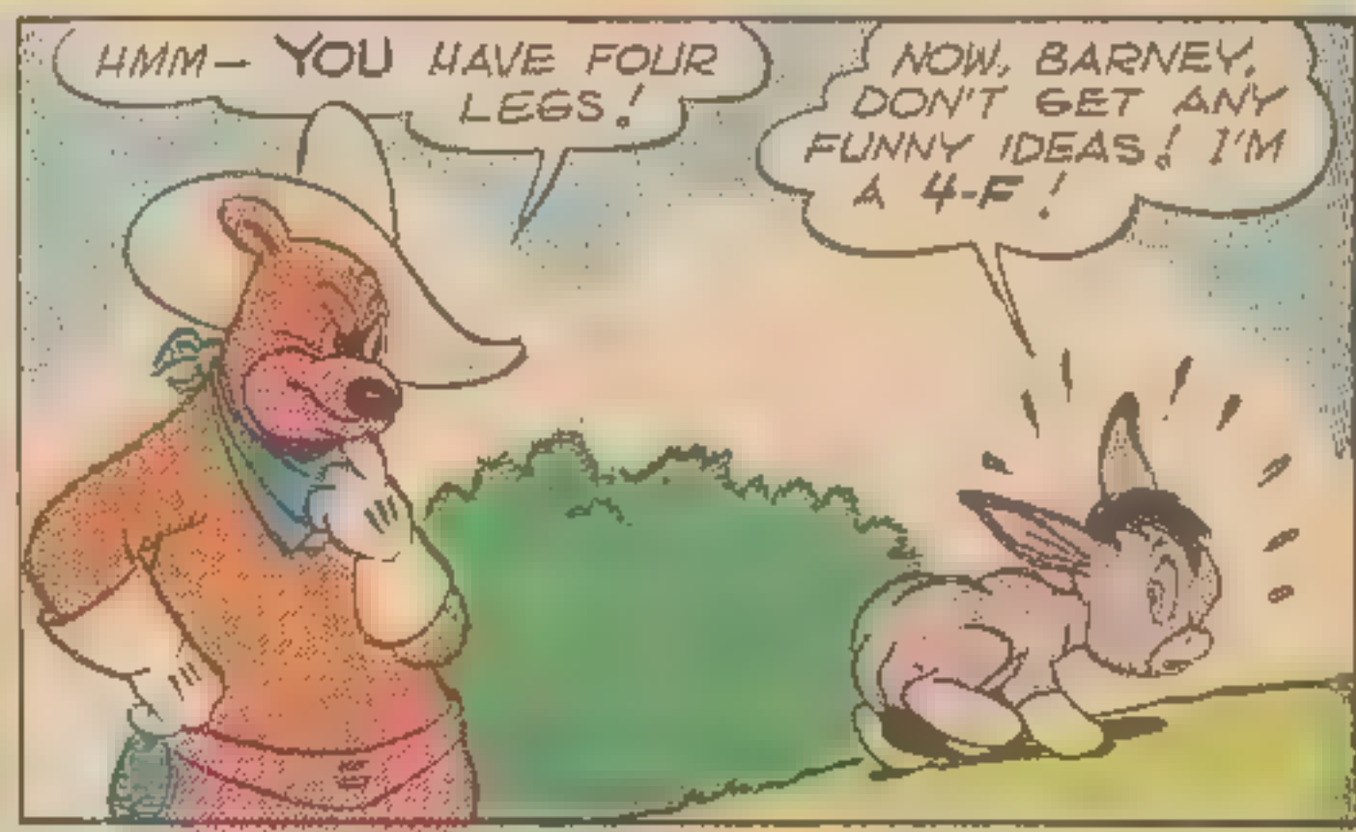



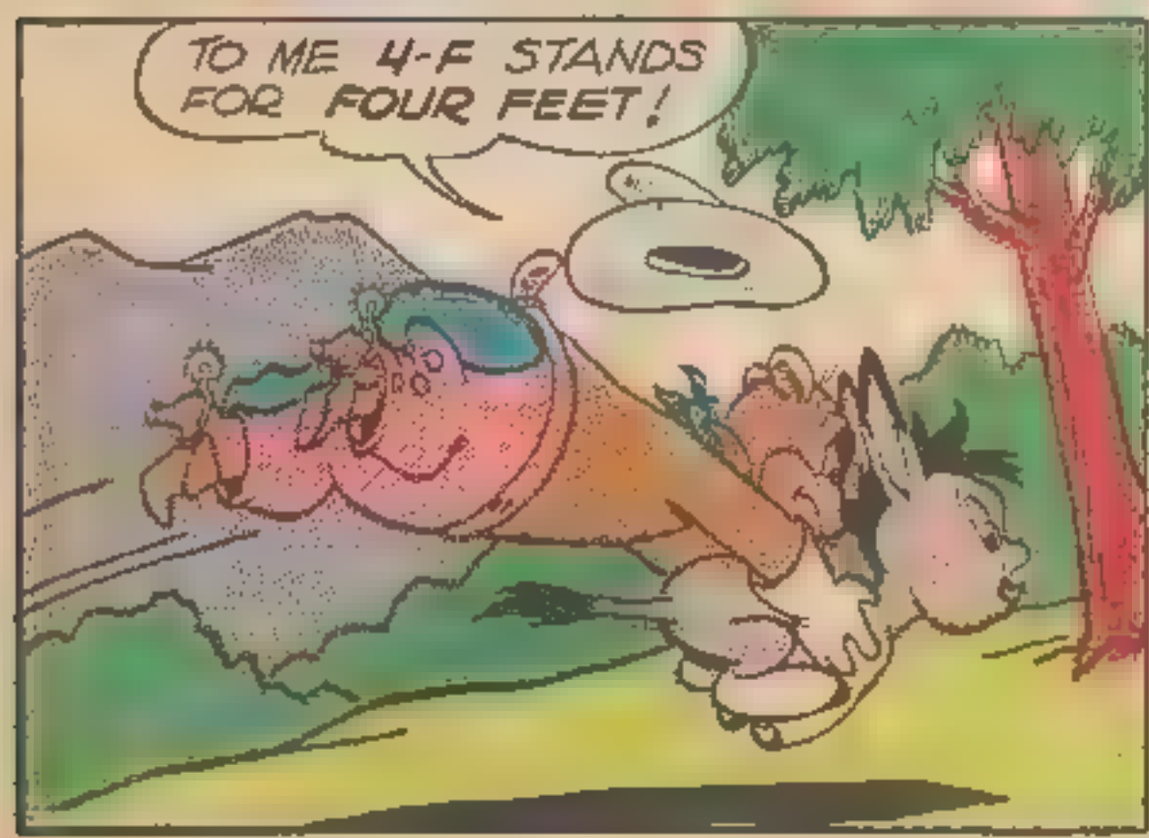


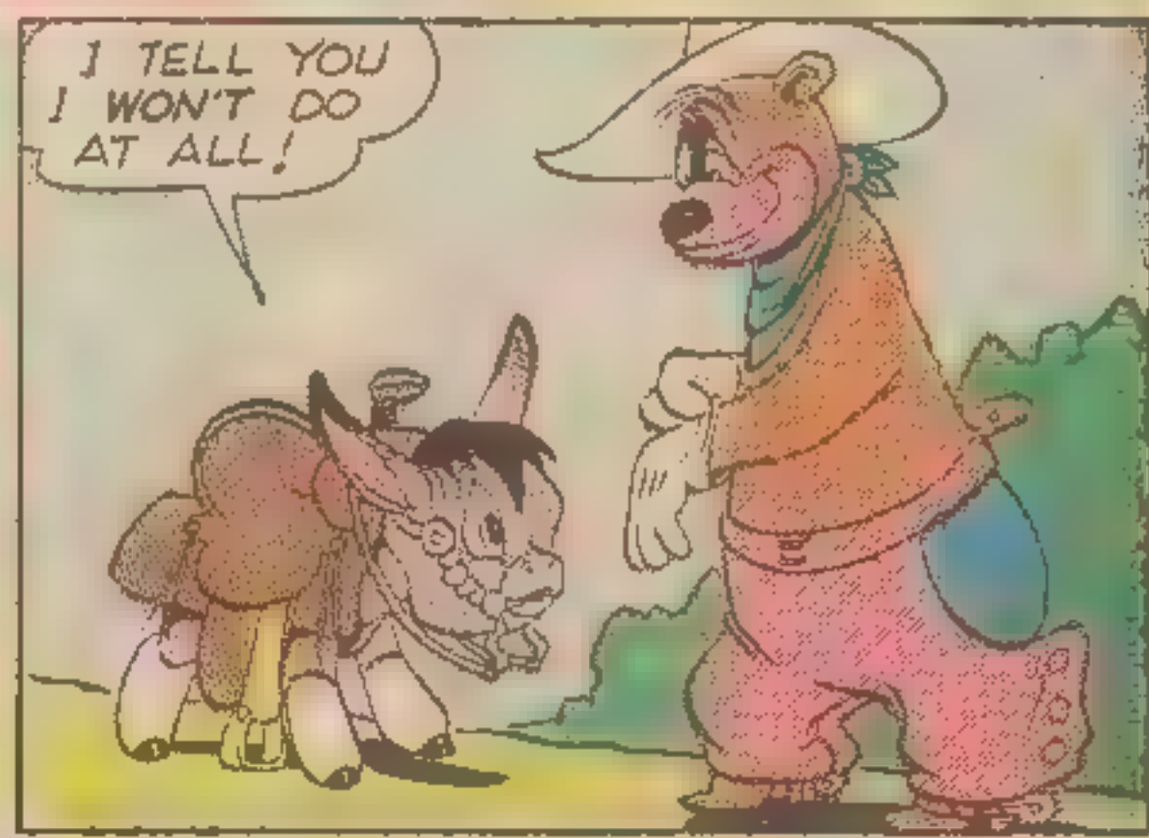

SEVERAL DAYS LATER!
HOORAY! MY COWBOY OUTFIT IS HERE! KI YI YIPPEE, YIPPEE, YEA!

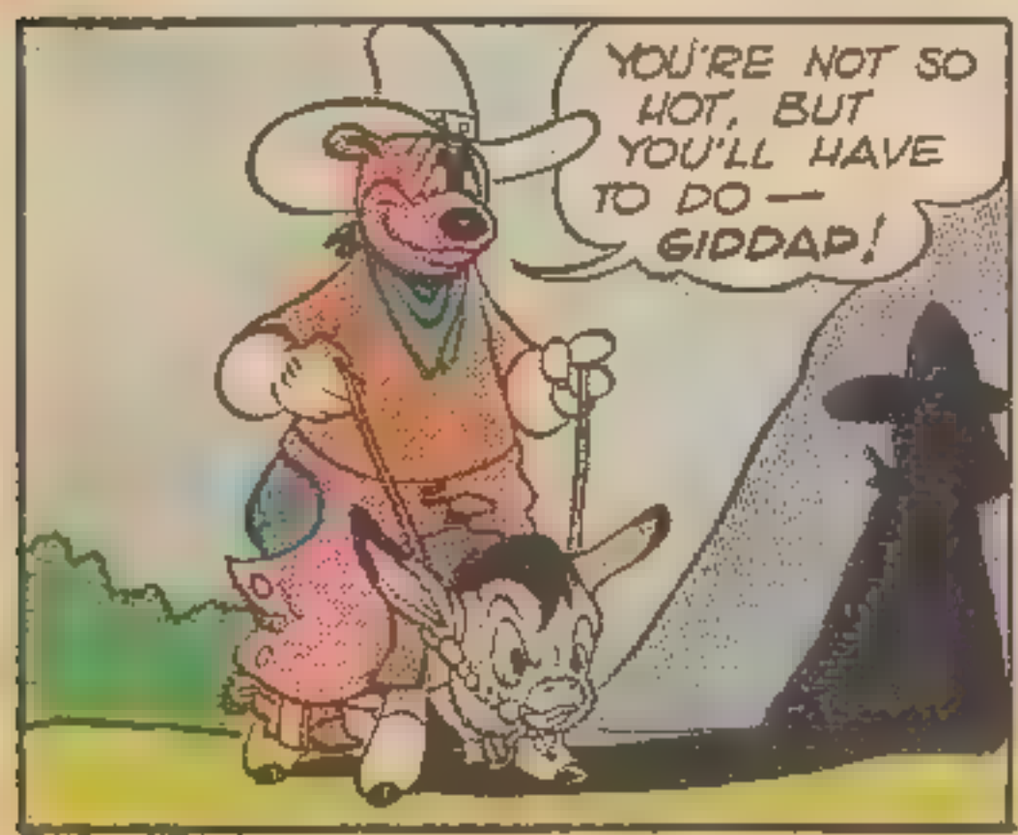

YOU LOOK LIKE THE REAL ARTICLE! NOW ALL YOU NEED IS A HORSE WITH FOUR LEGS!

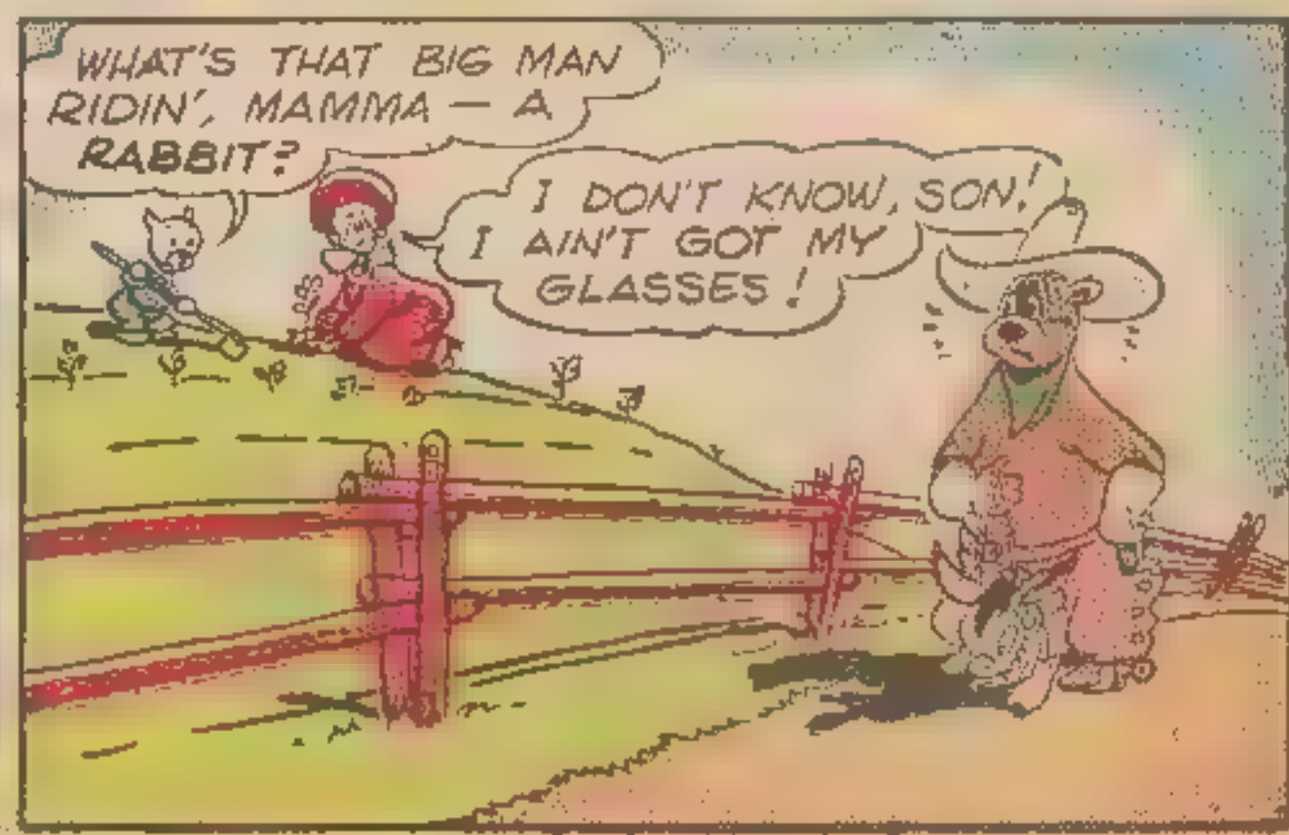

THAT'S RIGHT – A COWBOY HAS TO HAVE A MOUNT!

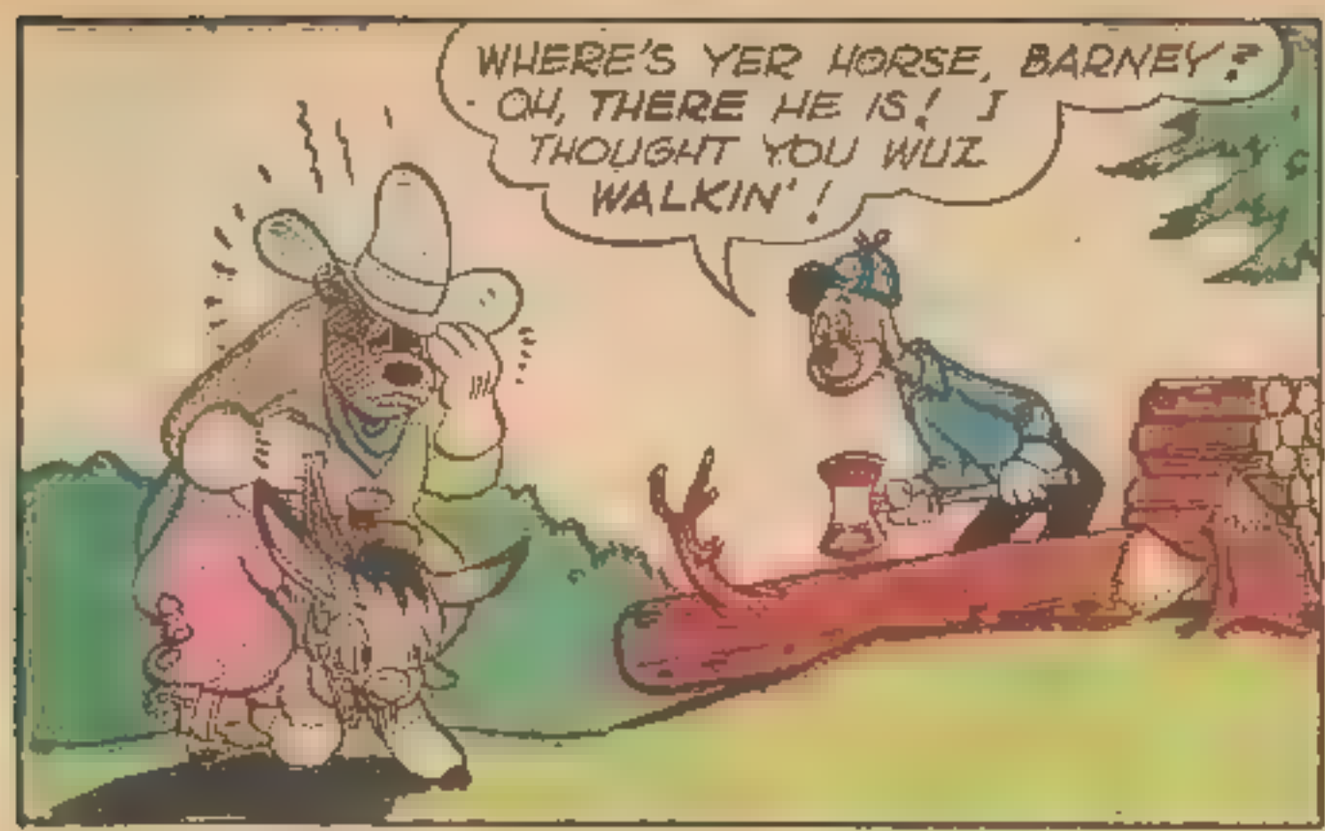

HMM– YOU HAVE FOUR LEGS!
NOW, BARNEY, DON'T GET ANY FUNNY IDEAS! I'M A 4-F!

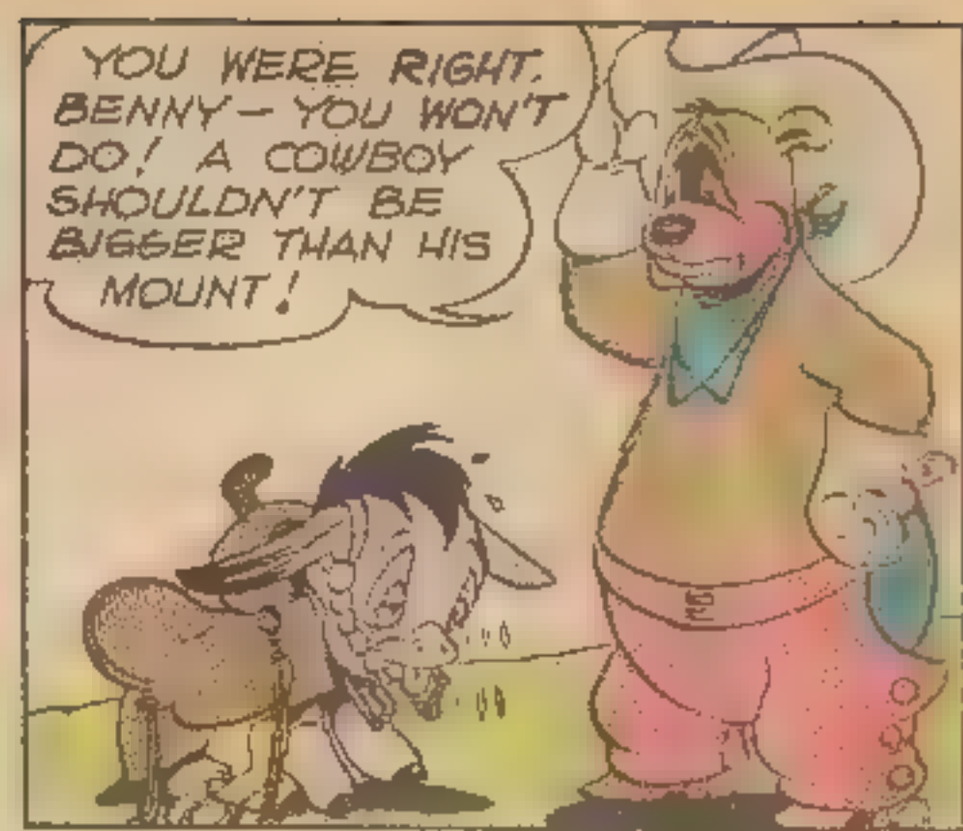

TO ME 4-F STANDS FOR FOUR FEET!

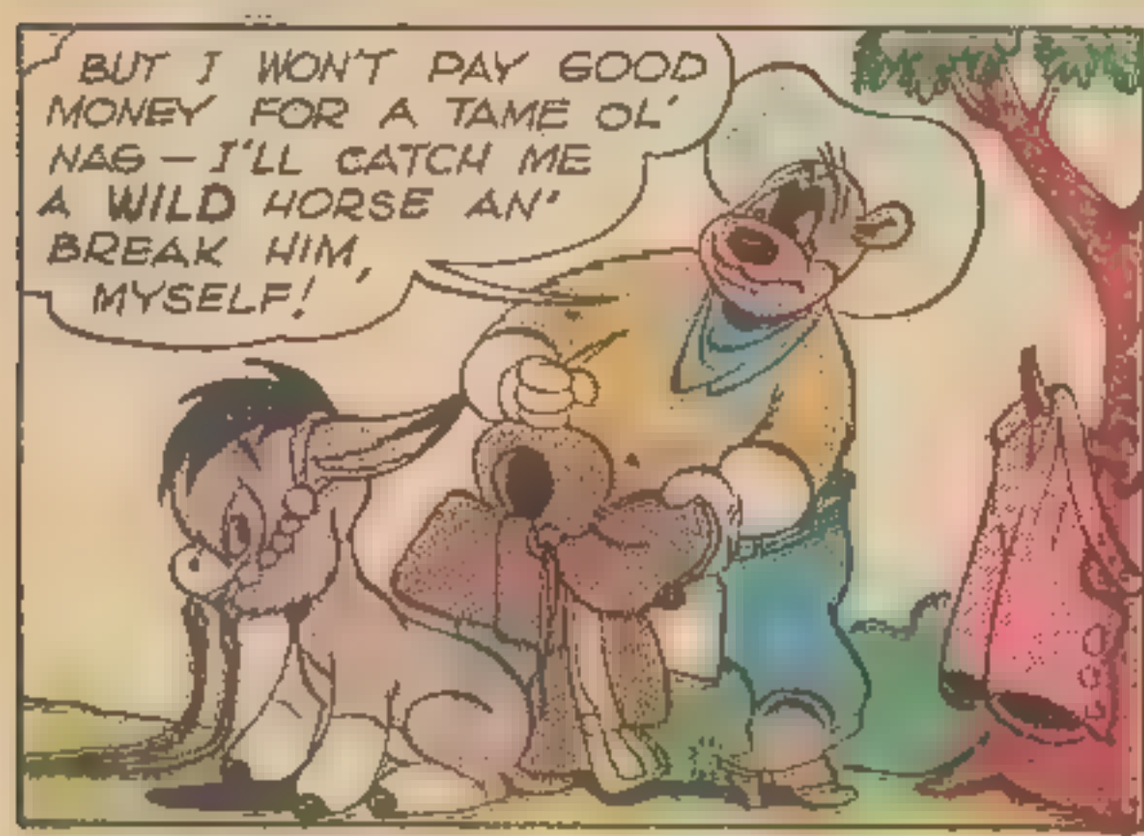

I TELL YOU I WON'T DO AT ALL!

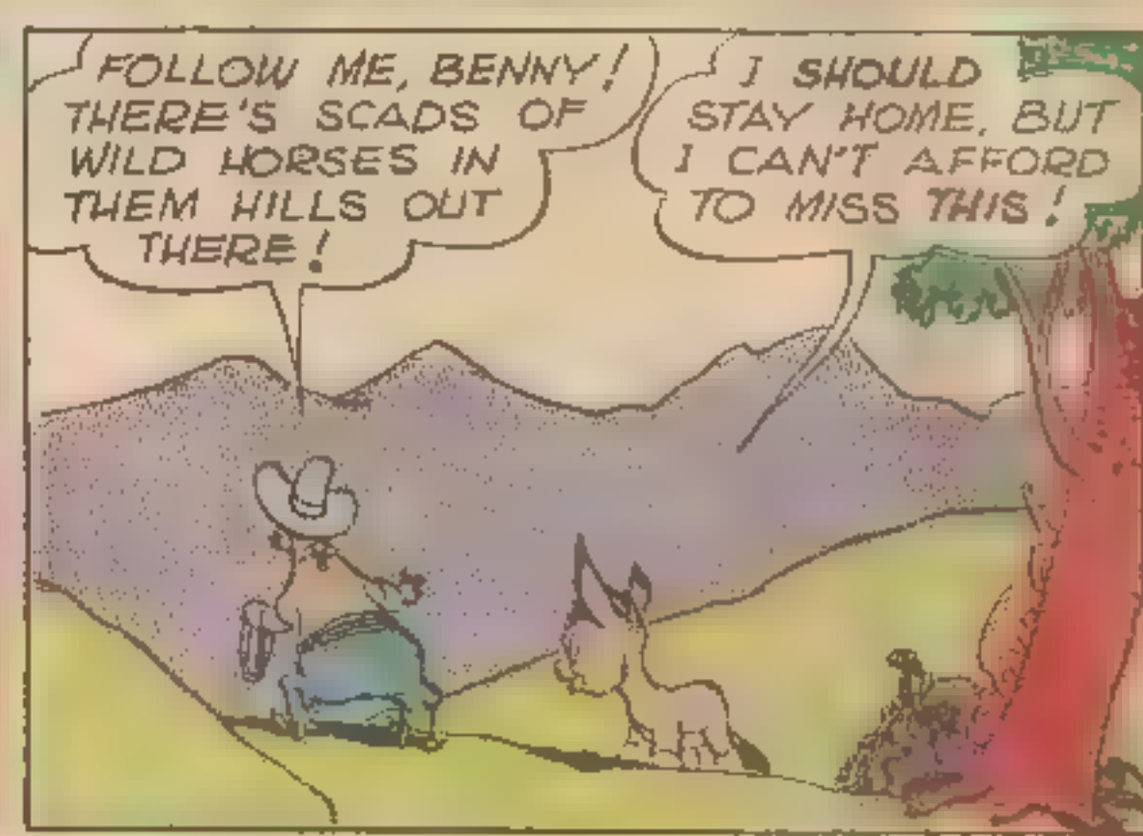

YOU'RE NOT SO HOT, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO DO — GIDDAP!


WHAT'S THAT BIG MAN RIDIN', MAMMA — A RABBIT?
I DON'T KNOW, SON! I AIN'T GOT MY GLASSES!

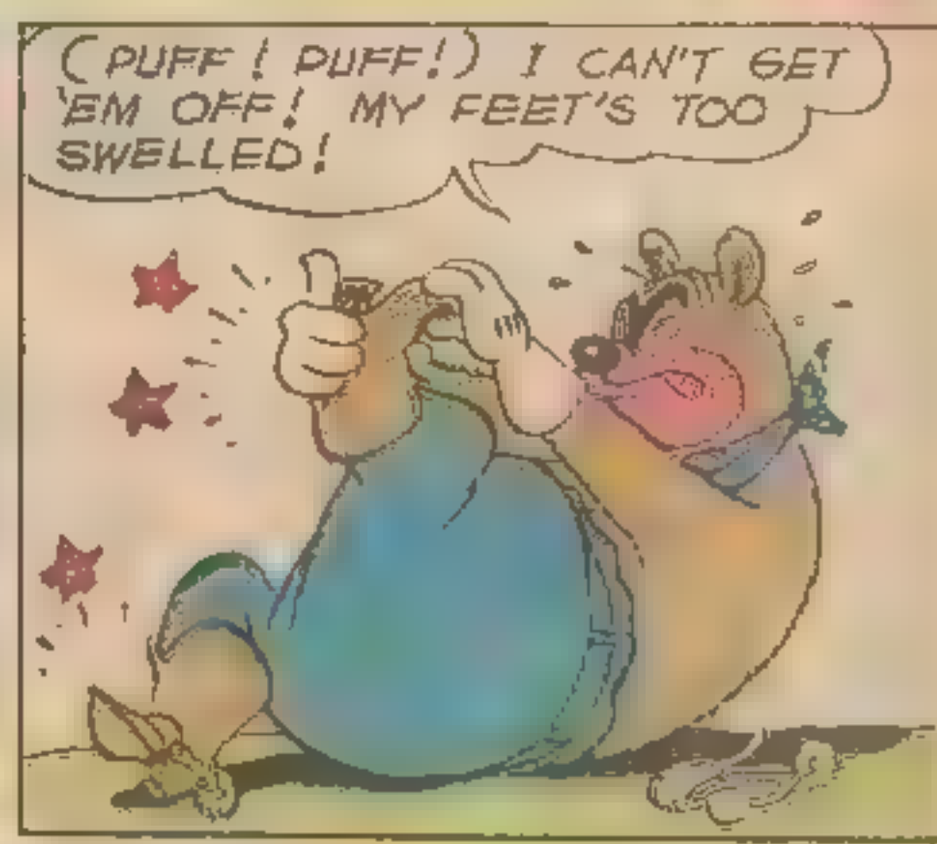

WHERE'S YER HORSE, BARNEY? OH, THERE HE IS! I THOUGHT YOU WUZ WALKIN'!

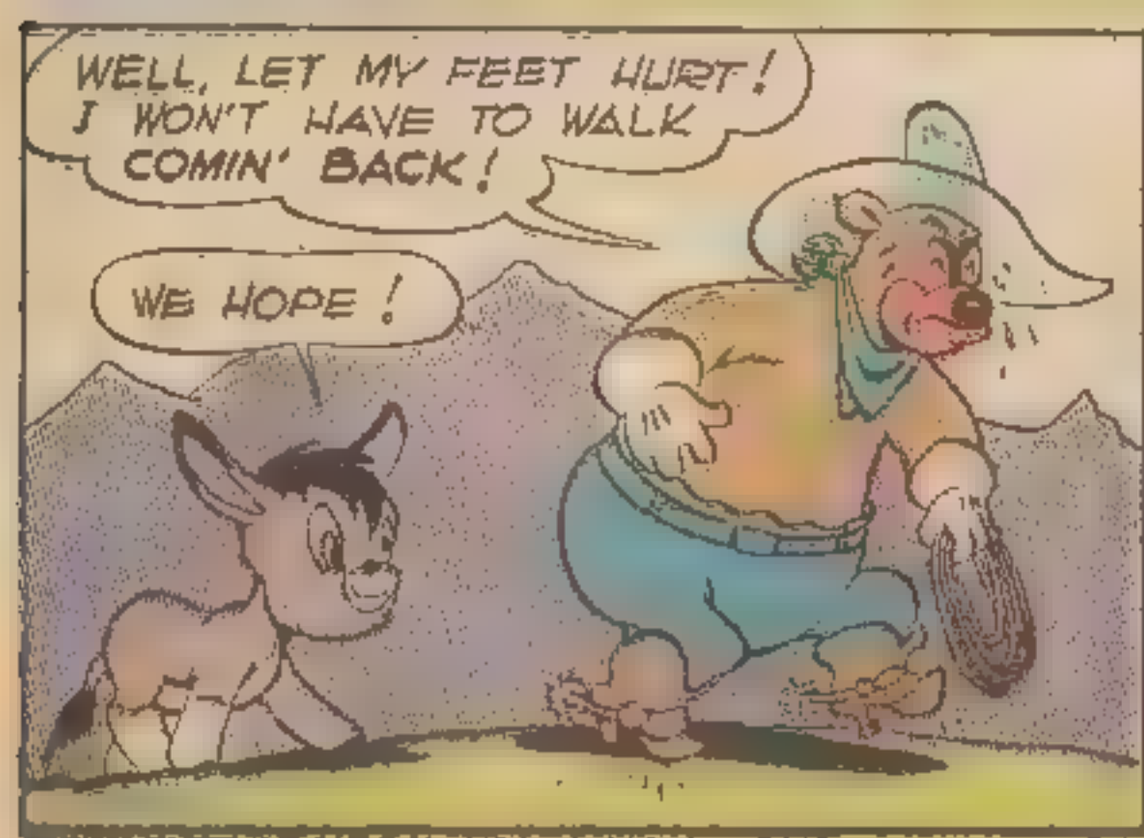

YOU WERE RIGHT, BENNY — YOU WON'T DO! A COWBOY SHOULDN'T BE BIGGER THAN HIS MOUNT!

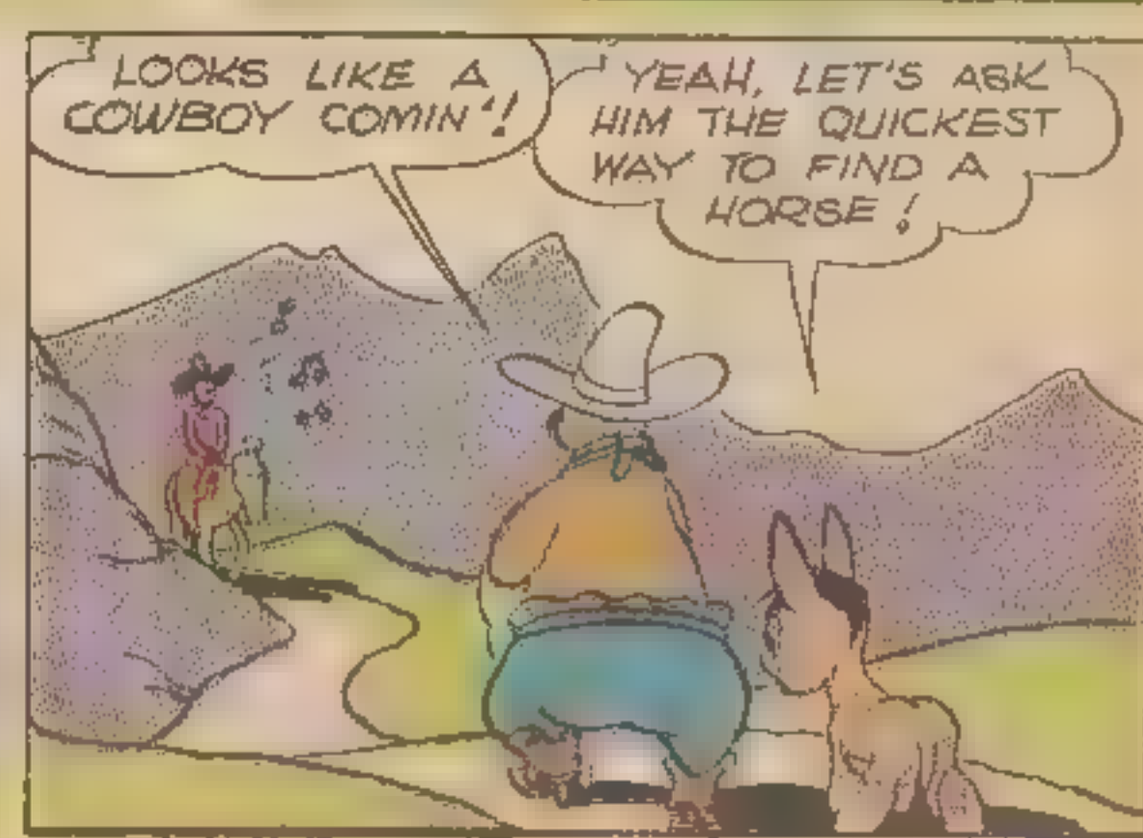

BUT I WON'T PAY GOOD MONEY FOR A TAME OL' NAG — I'LL CATCH ME A WILD HORSE AN' BREAK HIM, MYSELF!

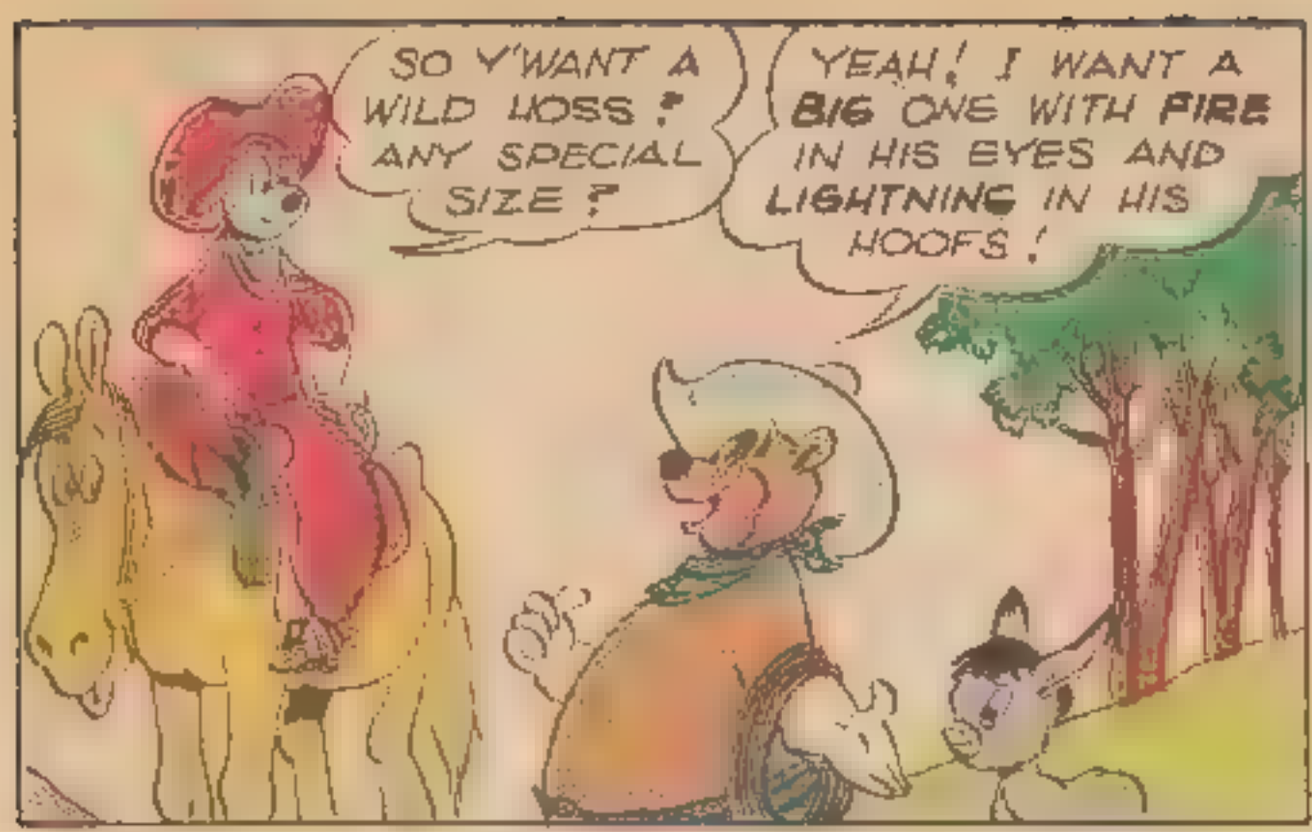

FOLLOW ME, BENNY! THERE'S SCADS OF WILD HORSES IN THEM HILLS OUT THERE!
I SHOULD STAY HOME, BUT I CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS THIS!

TWO HILLS AND ONE DALE LATER!
MY FEET ARE KILLIN' ME! I SEE NOW WHY COWBOYS RIDE HORSES — THEY CAN'T WALK IN THESE DANG BOOTS!
TAKE 'EM OFF!

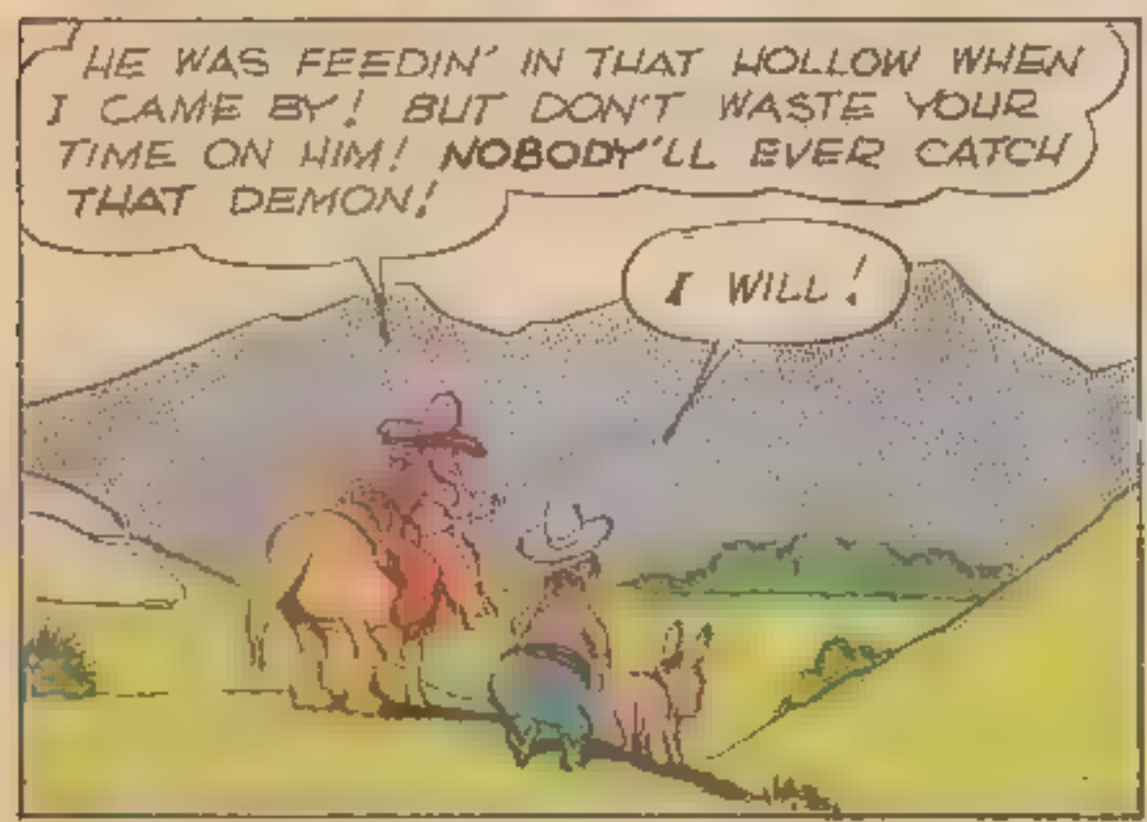

(PUFF! PUFF!) I CAN'T GET 'EM OFF! MY FEET'S TOO SWELLED!

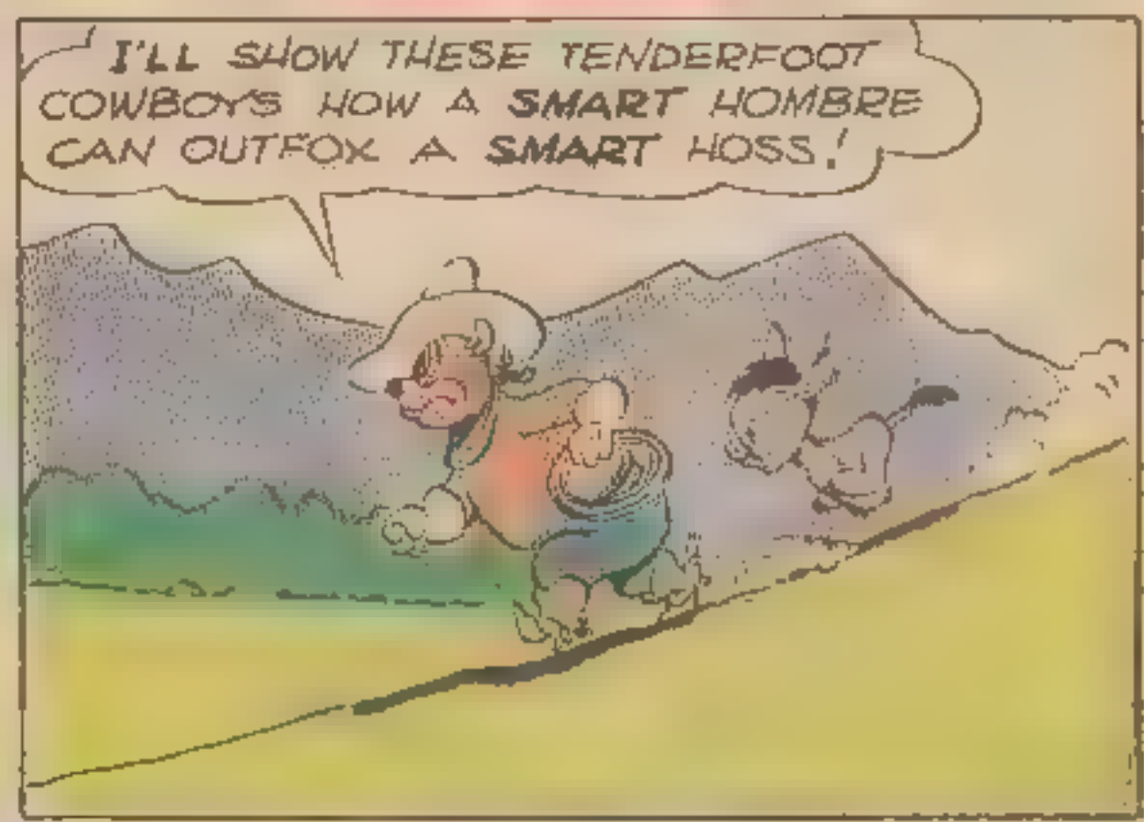

WELL, LET MY FEET HURT! I WON'T HAVE TO WALK COMIN' BACK!
WE HOPE!

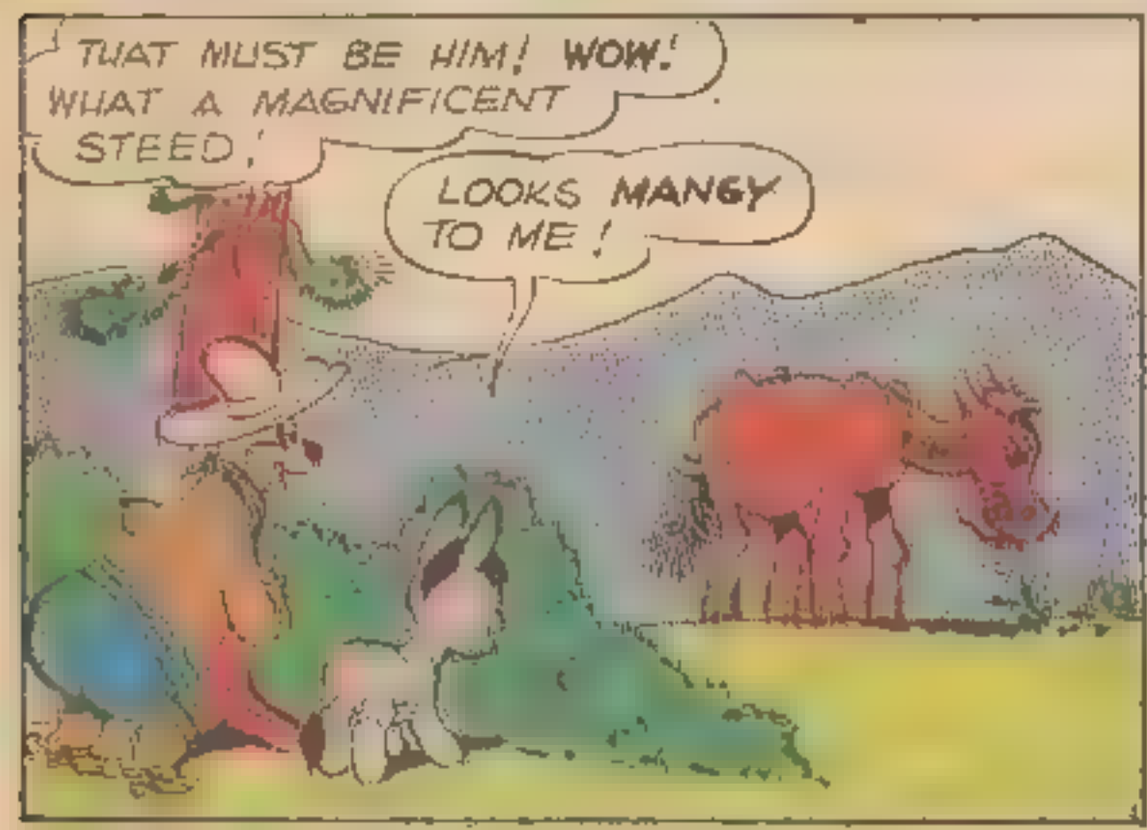

LOOKS LIKE A COWBOY COMIN'!
YEAH, LET'S ASK HIM THE QUICKEST WAY TO FIND A HORSE!

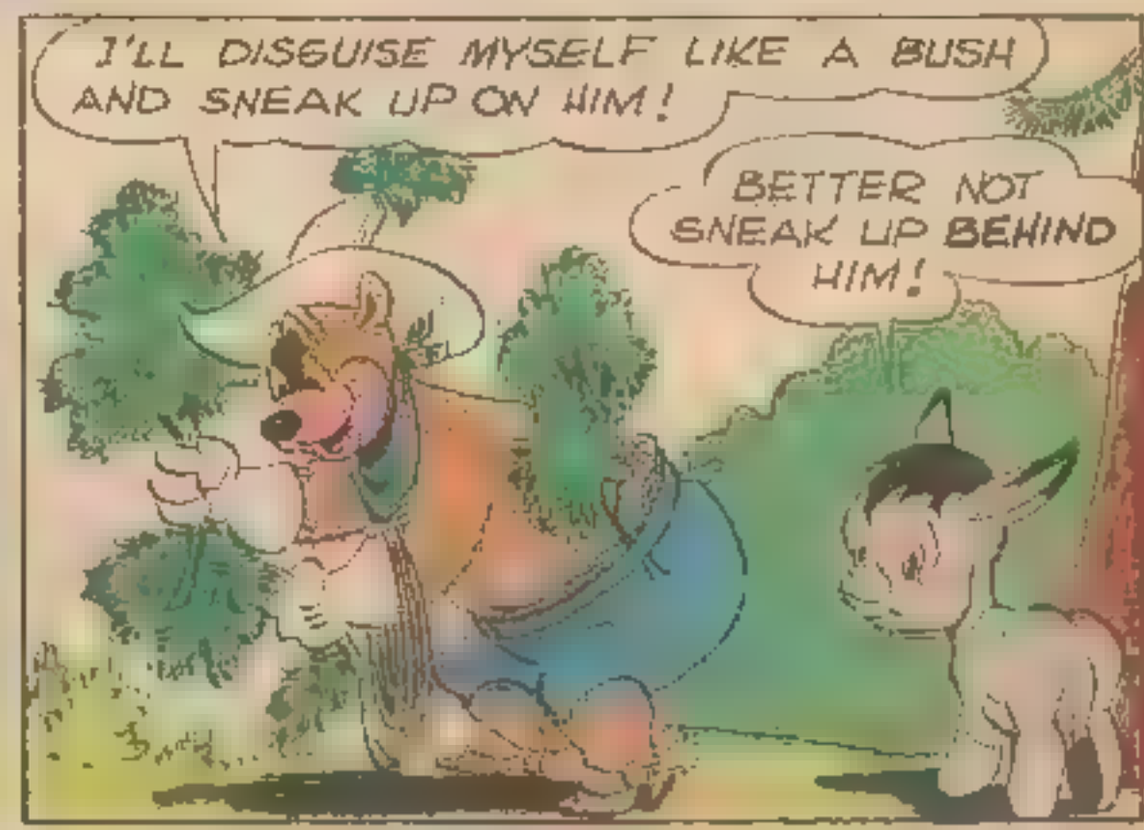

SO Y'WANT A WILD HOSS? ANY SPECIAL SIZE?
YEAH! I WANT A BIG ONE WITH FIRE IN HIS EYES AND LIGHTNING IN HIS HOOFS!

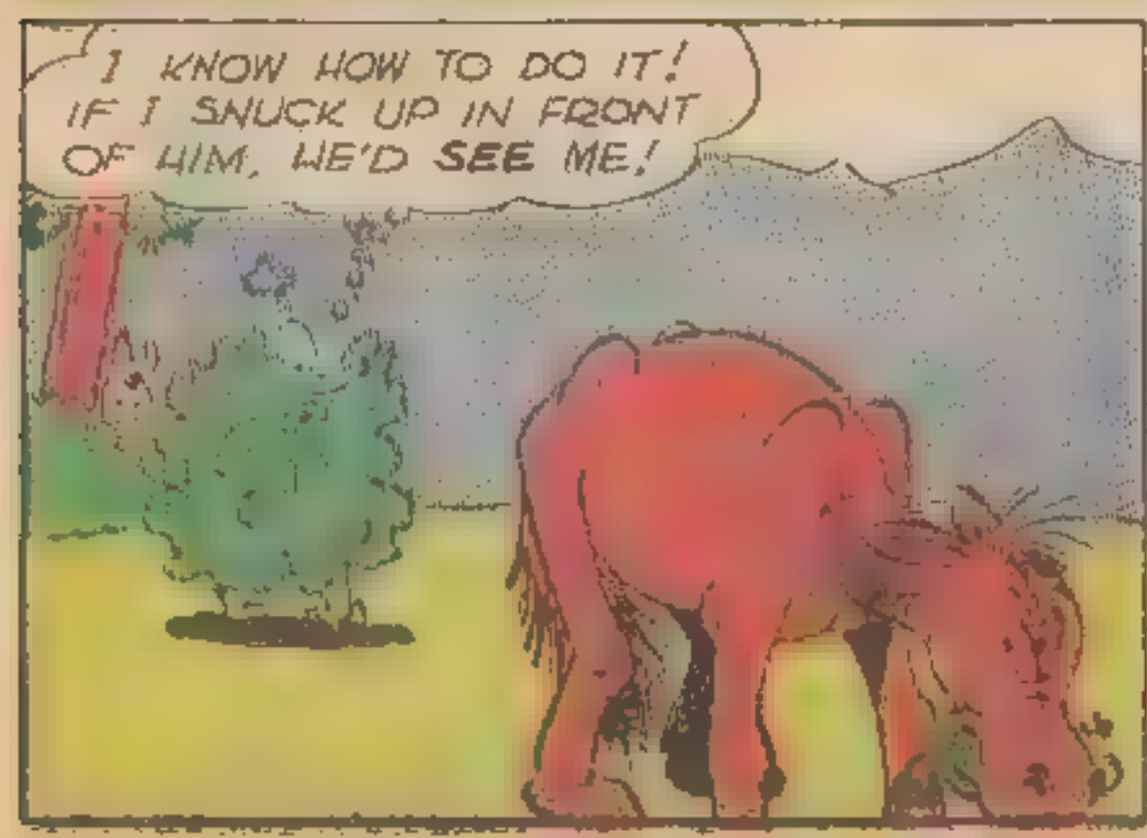
SOUNDS LIKE YOU WANT SATAN, THE WILDEST, MEANEST BRUTE ON THE WHOLE RANGE!

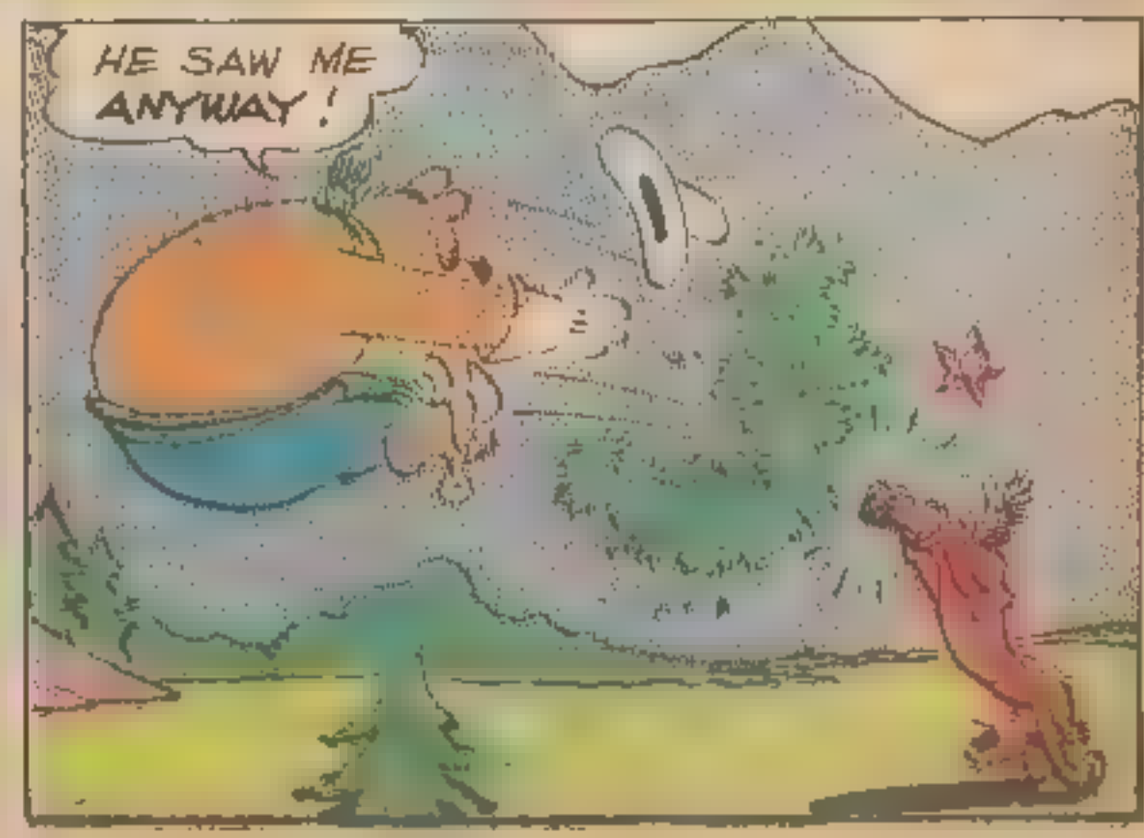

HE WAS FEEDIN' IN THAT HOLLOW WHEN I CAME BY! BUT DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME ON HIM! NOBODY'LL EVER CATCH THAT DEMON!
I WILL!

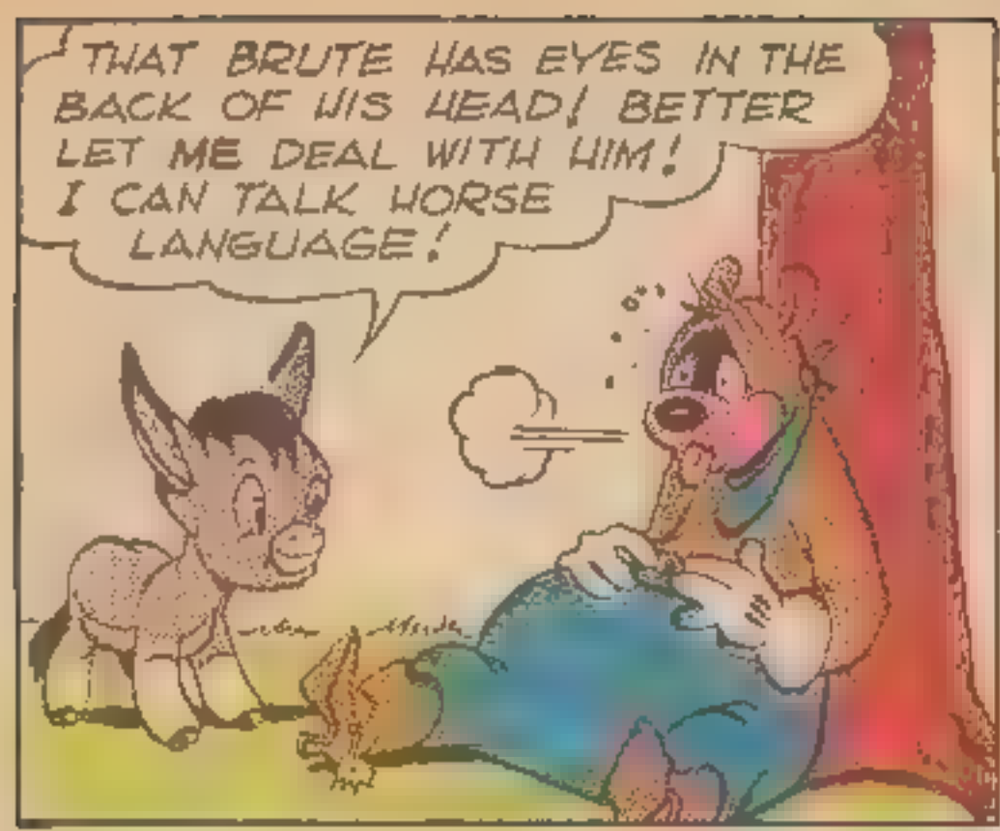

I'LL SHOW THESE TENDERFOOT COWBOYS HOW A SMART HOMBRE CAN OUTFOX A SMART HOSS!

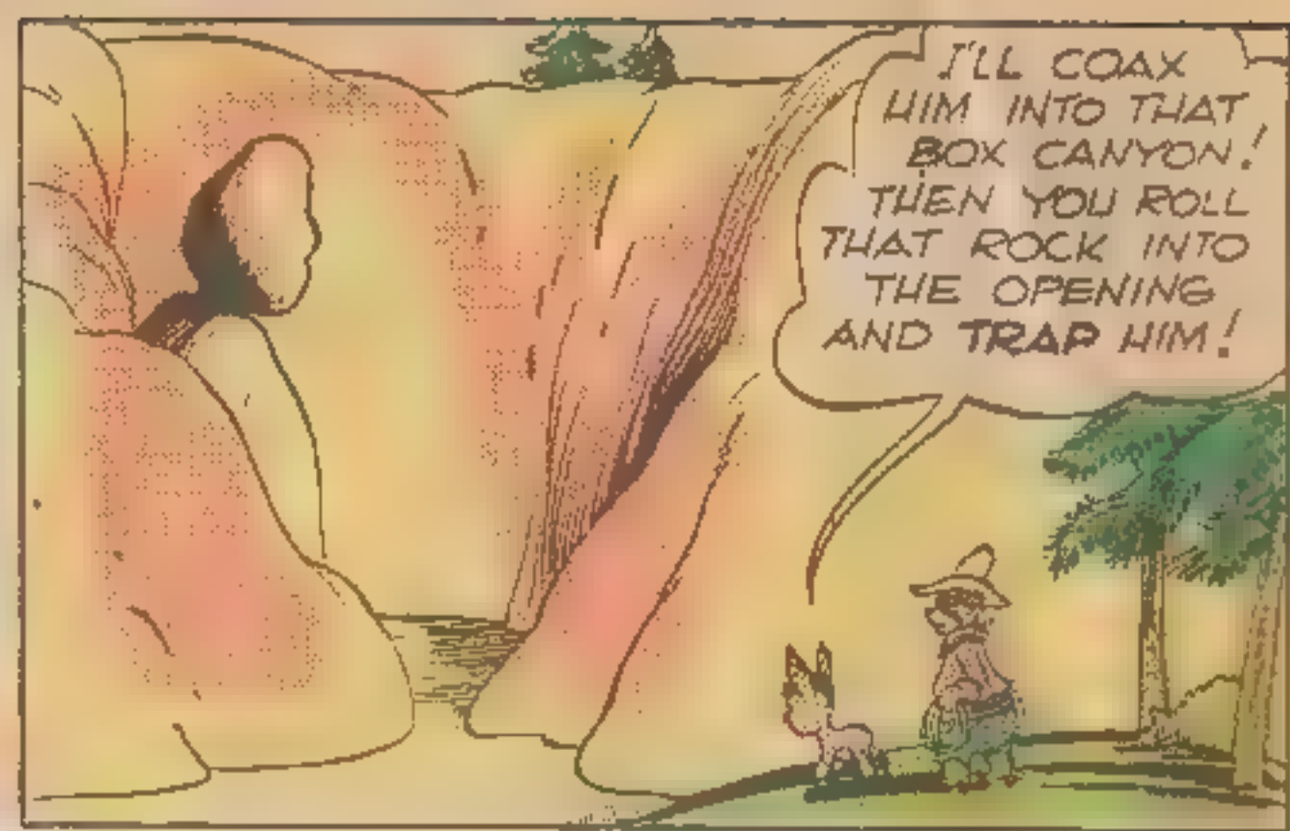

THAT MUST BE HIM! WOW! WHAT A MAGNIFICENT STEED!
LOOKS MANGY TO ME!

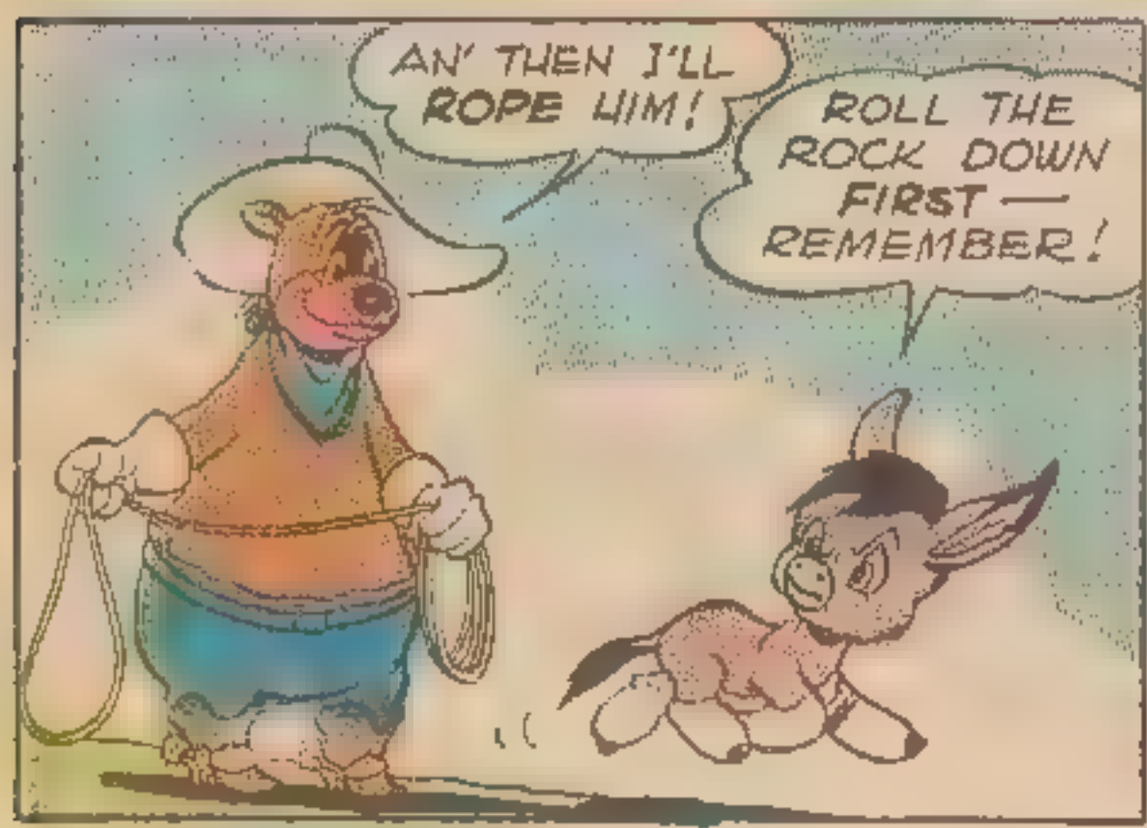

I'LL DISGUISE MYSELF LIKE A BUSH AND SNEAK UP ON HIM!
BETTER NOT SNEAK UP BEHIND HIM!

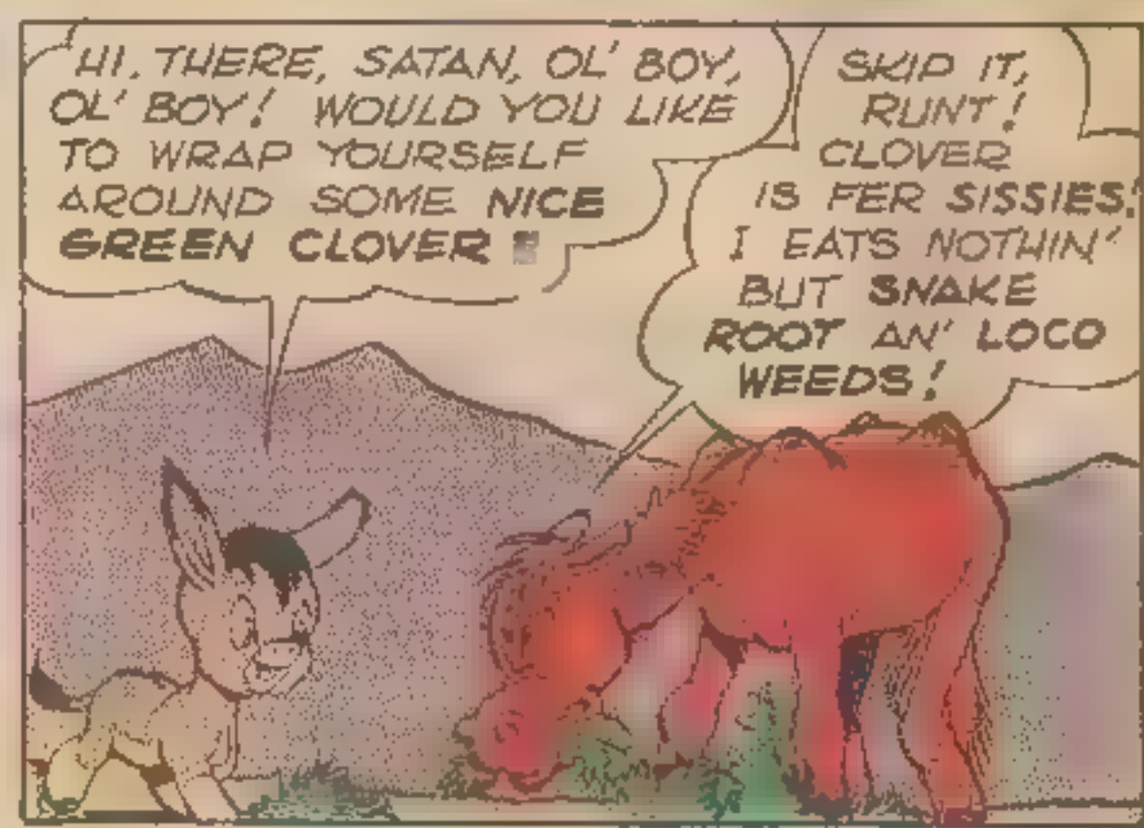

I KNOW HOW TO DO IT! IF I SNUCK UP IN FRONT OF HIM, HE'D SEE ME!

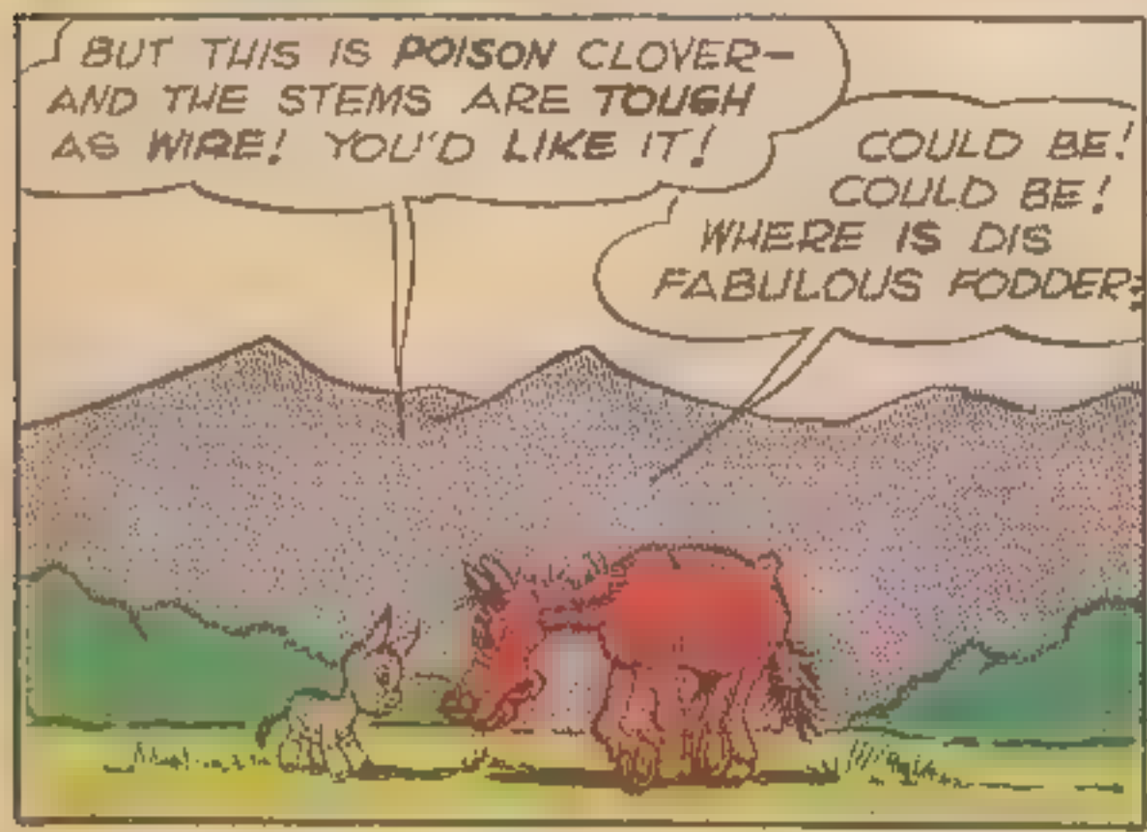

HE SAW ME ANYWAY!

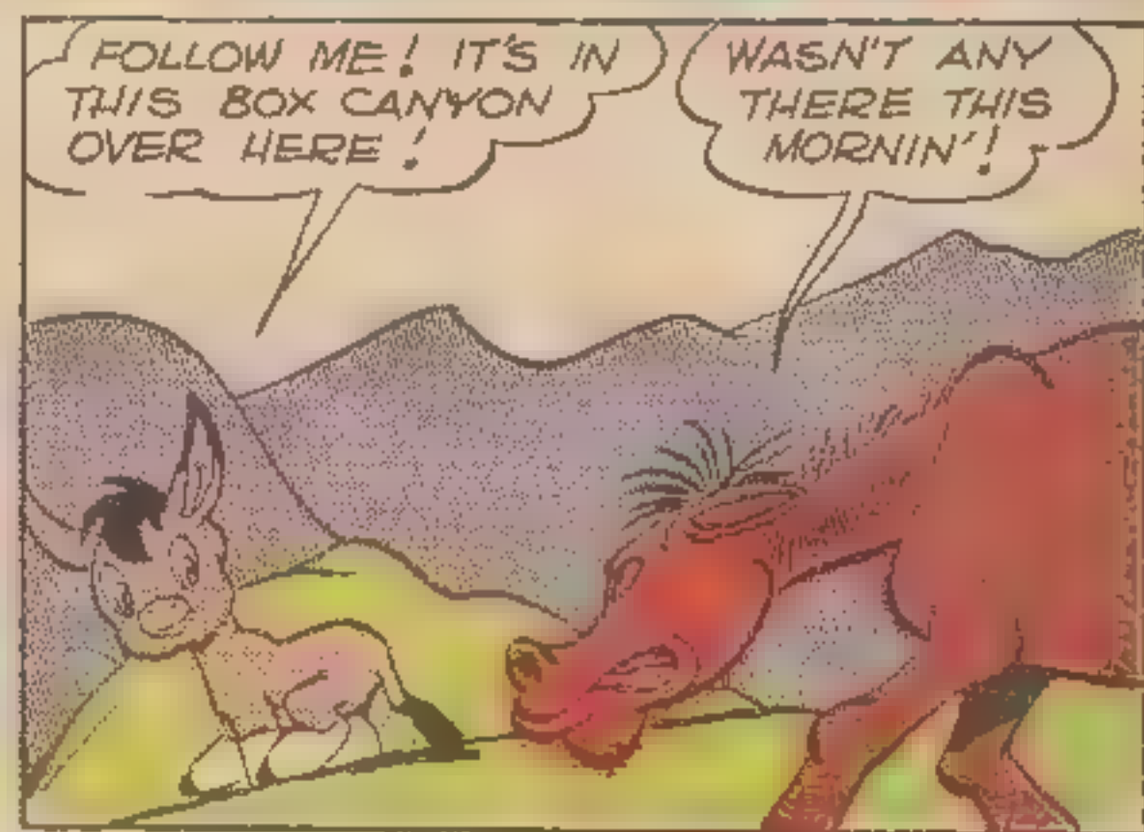

THAT BRUTE HAS EYES IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD! BETTER LET ME DEAL WITH HIM! I CAN TALK HORSE LANGUAGE!

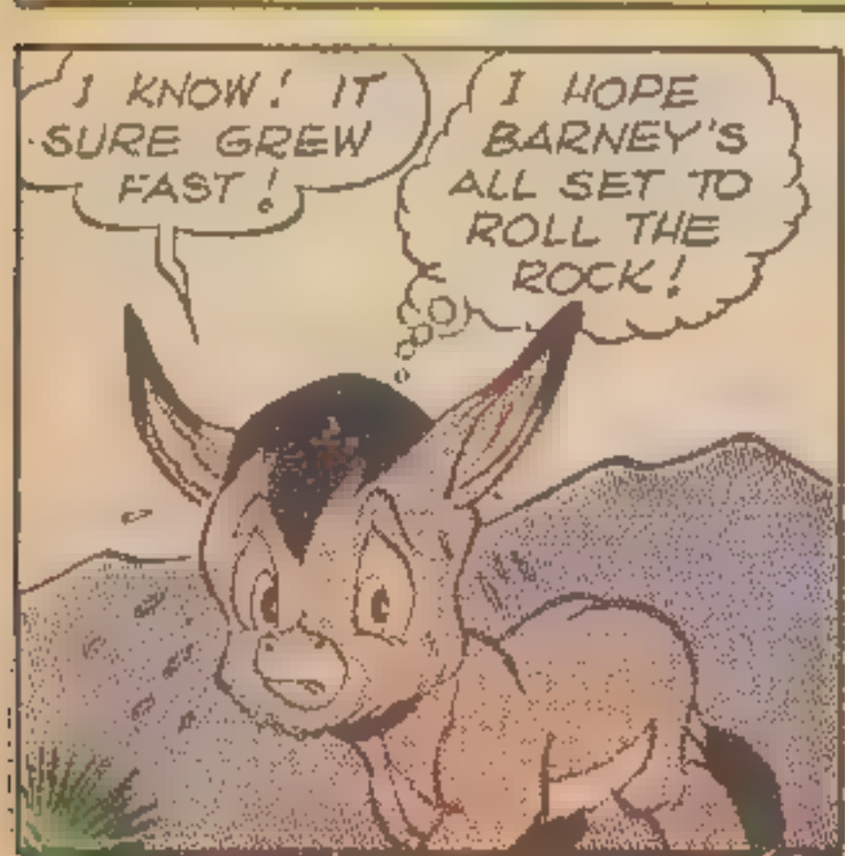

I'LL COAX HIM INTO THAT BOX CANYON! THEN YOU ROLL THAT ROCK INTO THE OPENING AND TRAP HIM!

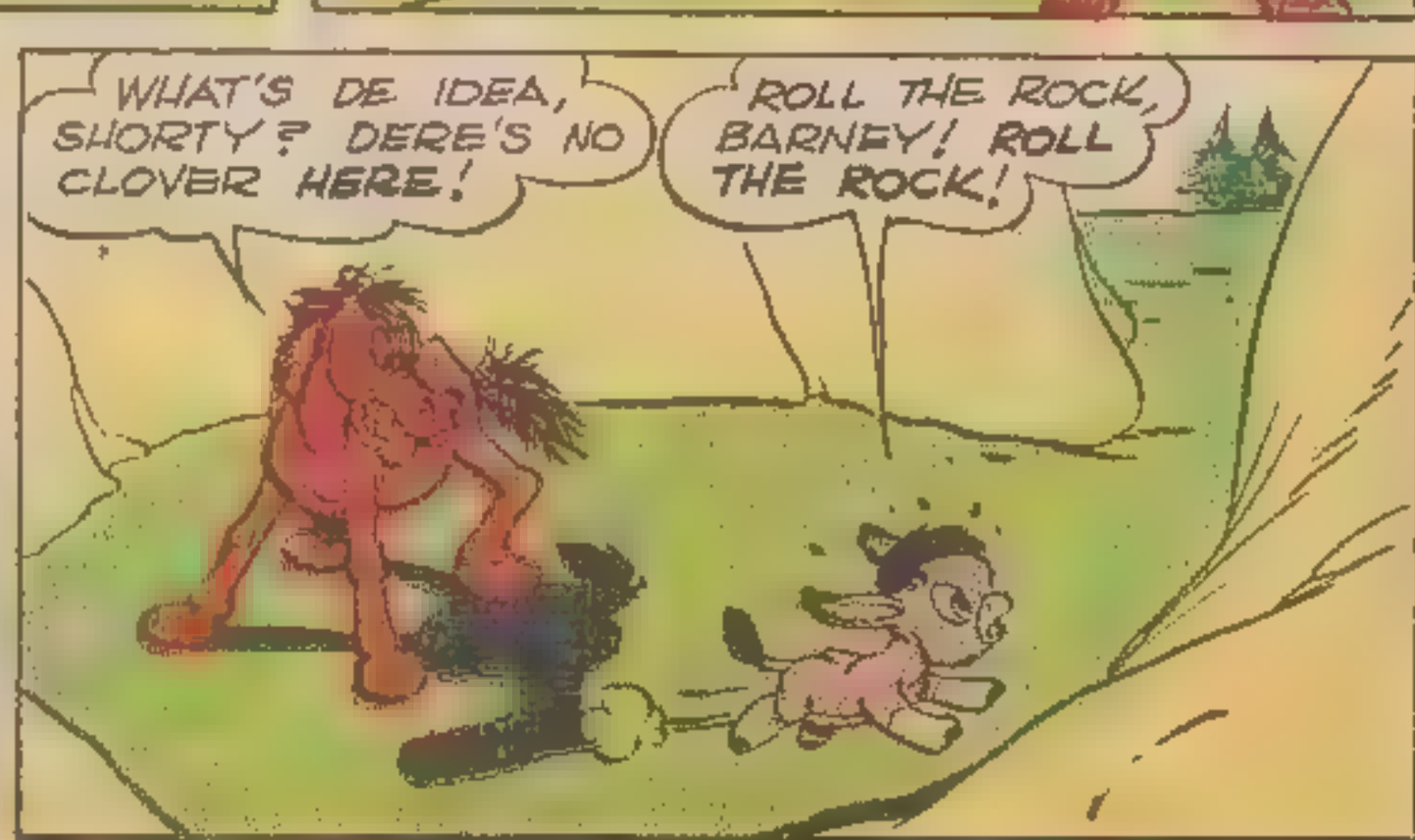

AN' THEN I'LL ROPE HIM!
ROLL THE ROCK DOWN FIRST — REMEMBER!

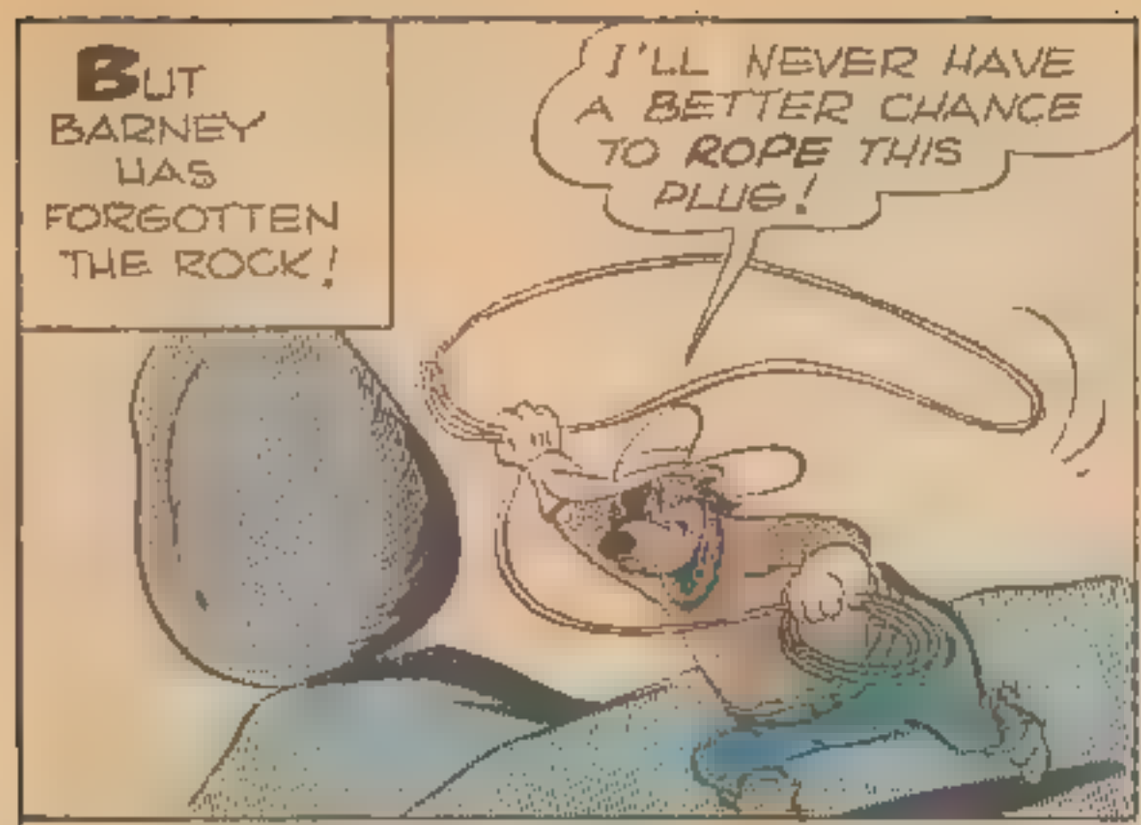

HI, THERE, SATAN, OL' BOY, OL' BOY! WOULD YOU LIKE TO WRAP YOURSELF AROUND SOME NICE GREEN CLOVER?
SKIP IT, RUNT! CLOVER IS FER SISSIES! I EATS NOTHIN' BUT SNAKE ROOT AN' LOCO WEEDS!

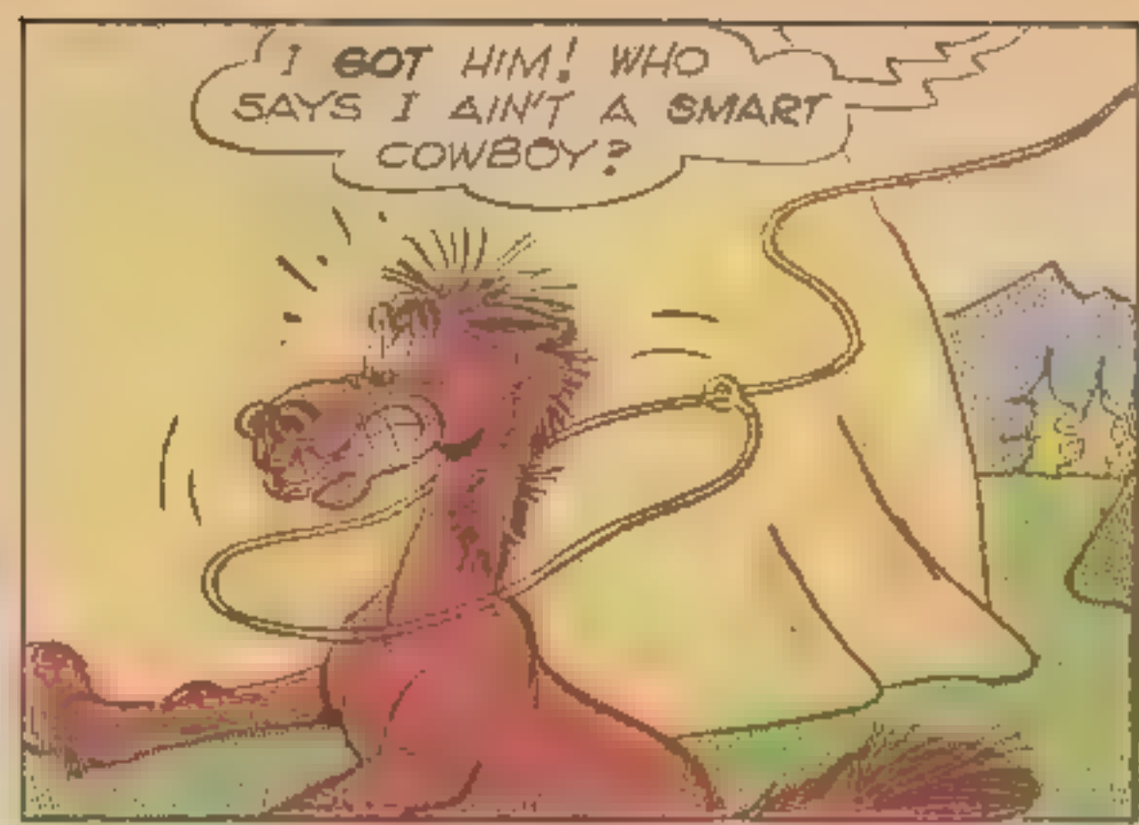

BUT THIS IS POISON CLOVER— AND THE STEMS ARE TOUGH AS WIRE! YOU'D LIKE IT!
COULD BE! COULD BE! WHERE IS DIS FABULOUS FODDER?

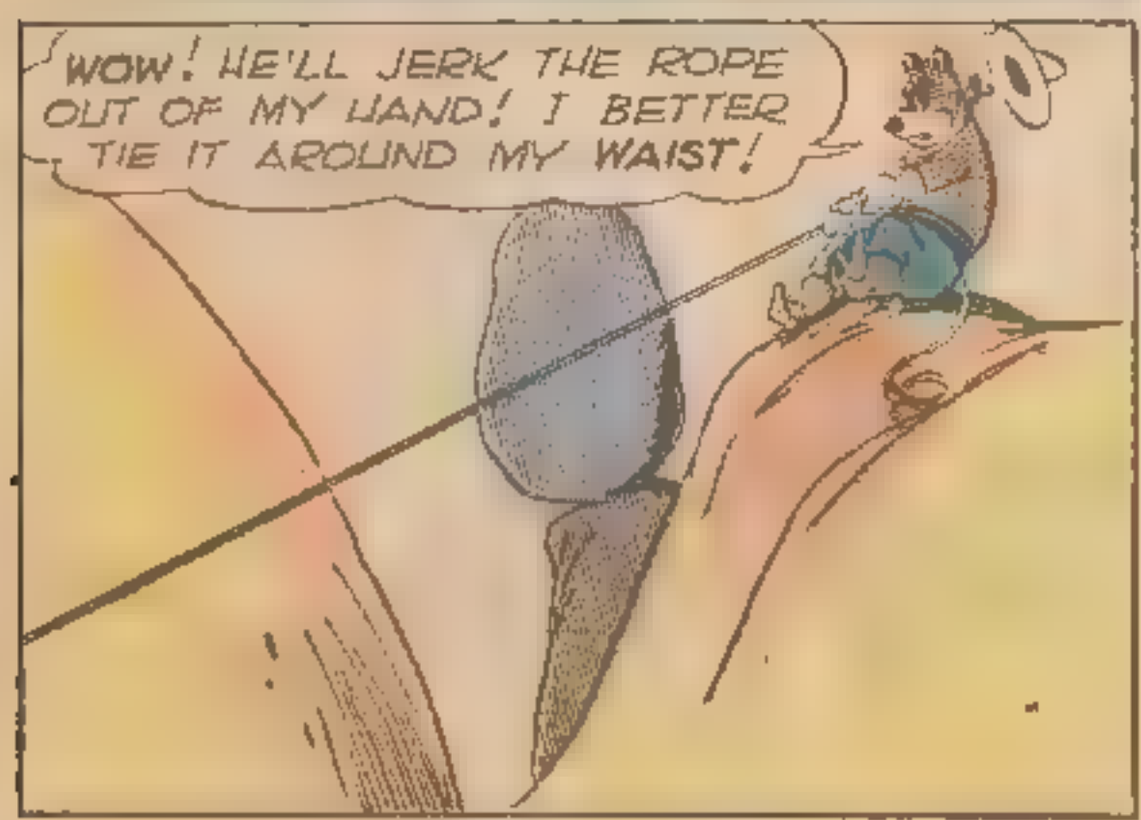

FOLLOW ME! IT'S IN THIS BOX CANYON OVER HERE!
WASN'T ANY THERE THIS MORNIN'!

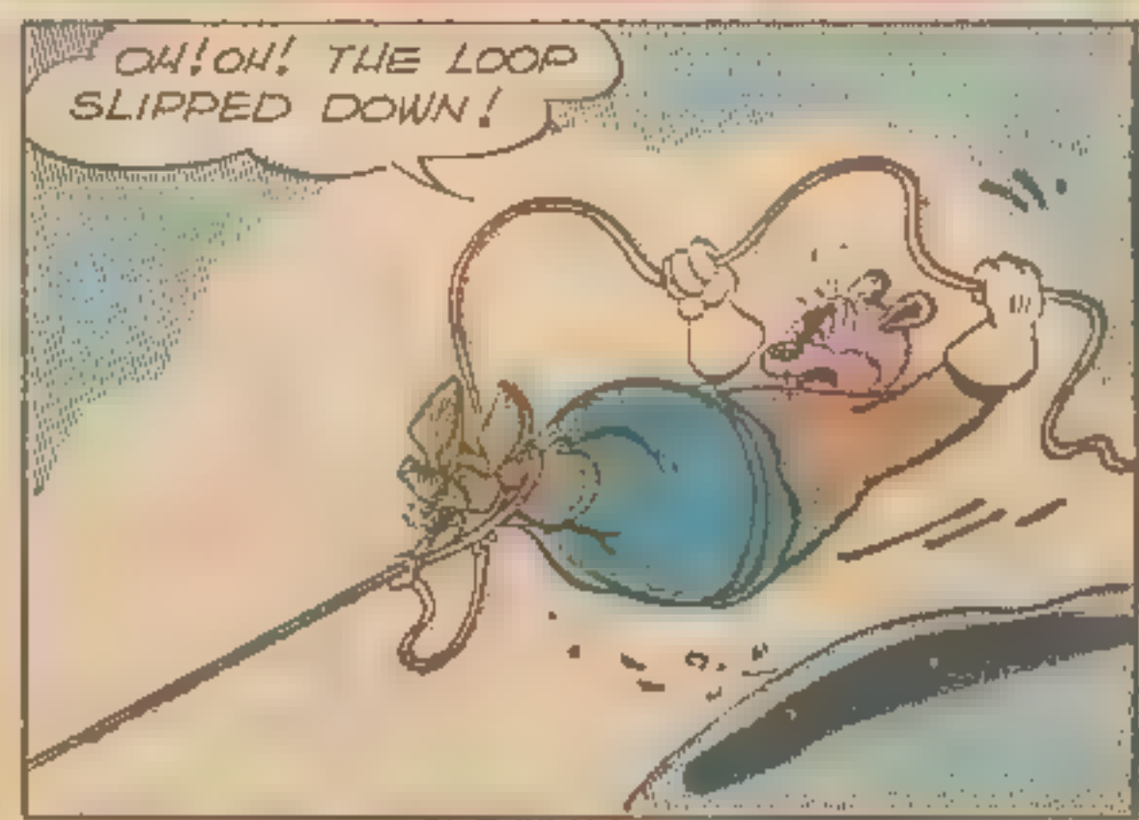

I KNOW! IT SURE GREW FAST!
I HOPE BARNEY'S ALL SET TO ROLL THE ROCK!

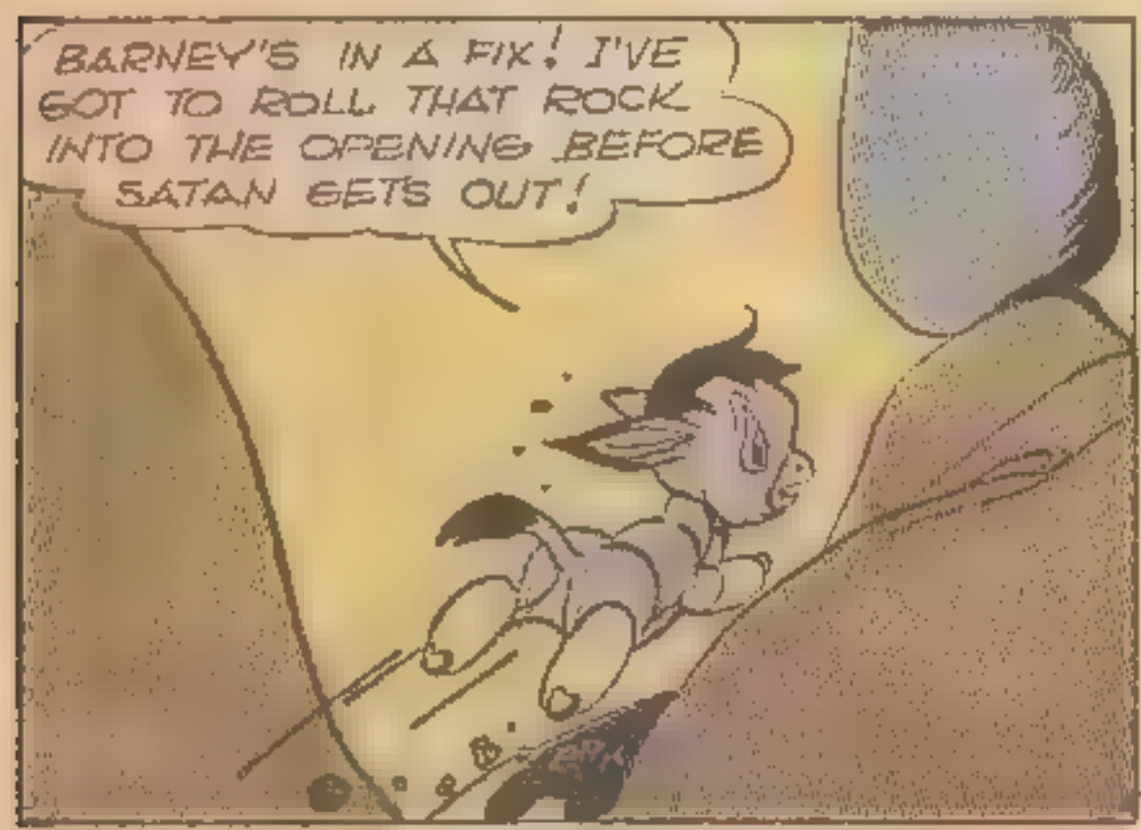

WHAT'S DE IDEA, SHORTY? DERE'S NO CLOVER HERE!
ROLL THE ROCK, BARNEY! ROLL THE ROCK!

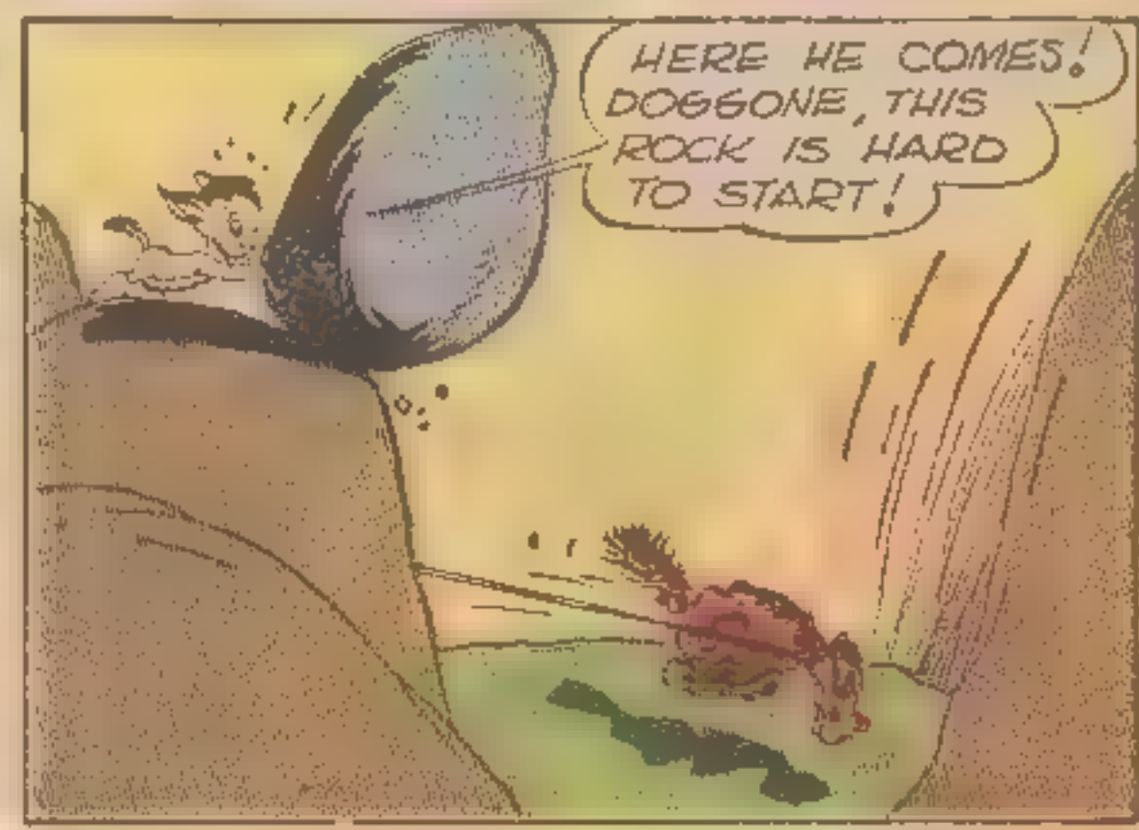

BUT BARNEY HAS FORGOTTEN THE ROCK!
I'LL NEVER HAVE A BETTER CHANCE TO ROPE THIS PLUG!

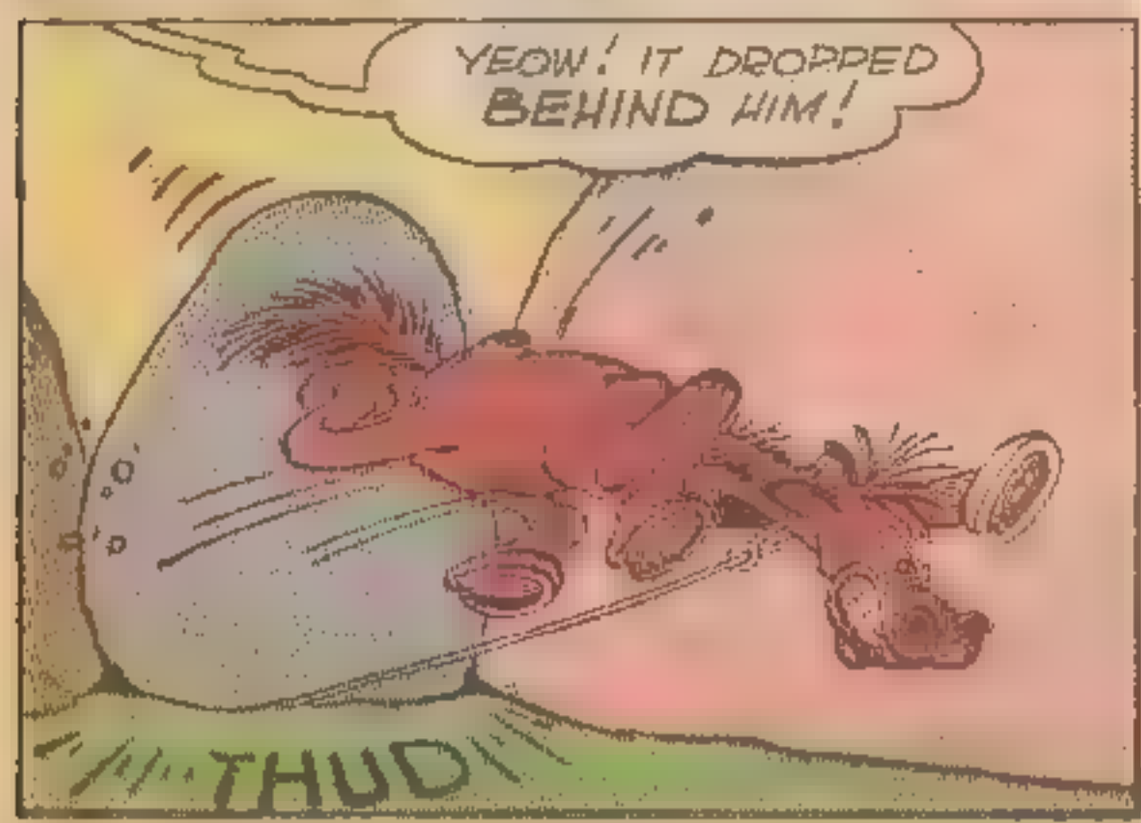

I GOT HIM! WHO SAYS I AIN'T A SMART COWBOY?

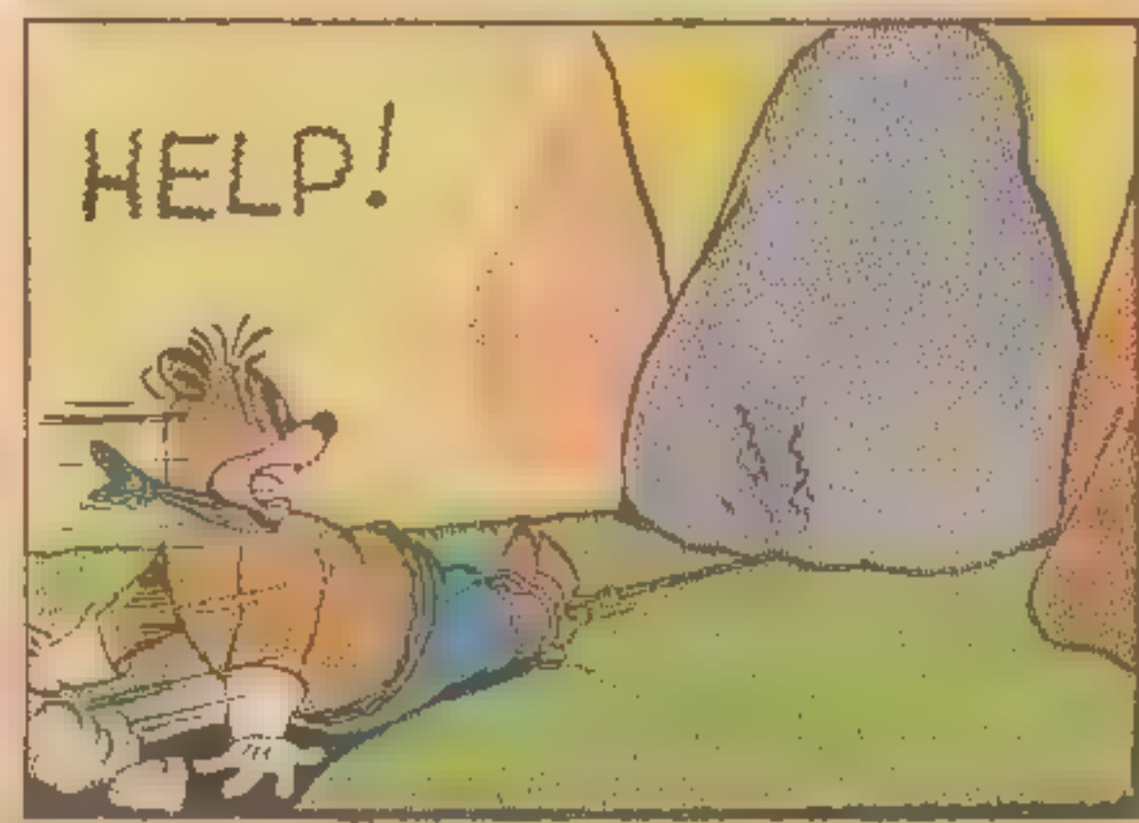

WOW! HE'LL JERK THE ROPE OUT OF MY HAND! I BETTER TIE IT AROUND MY WAIST!

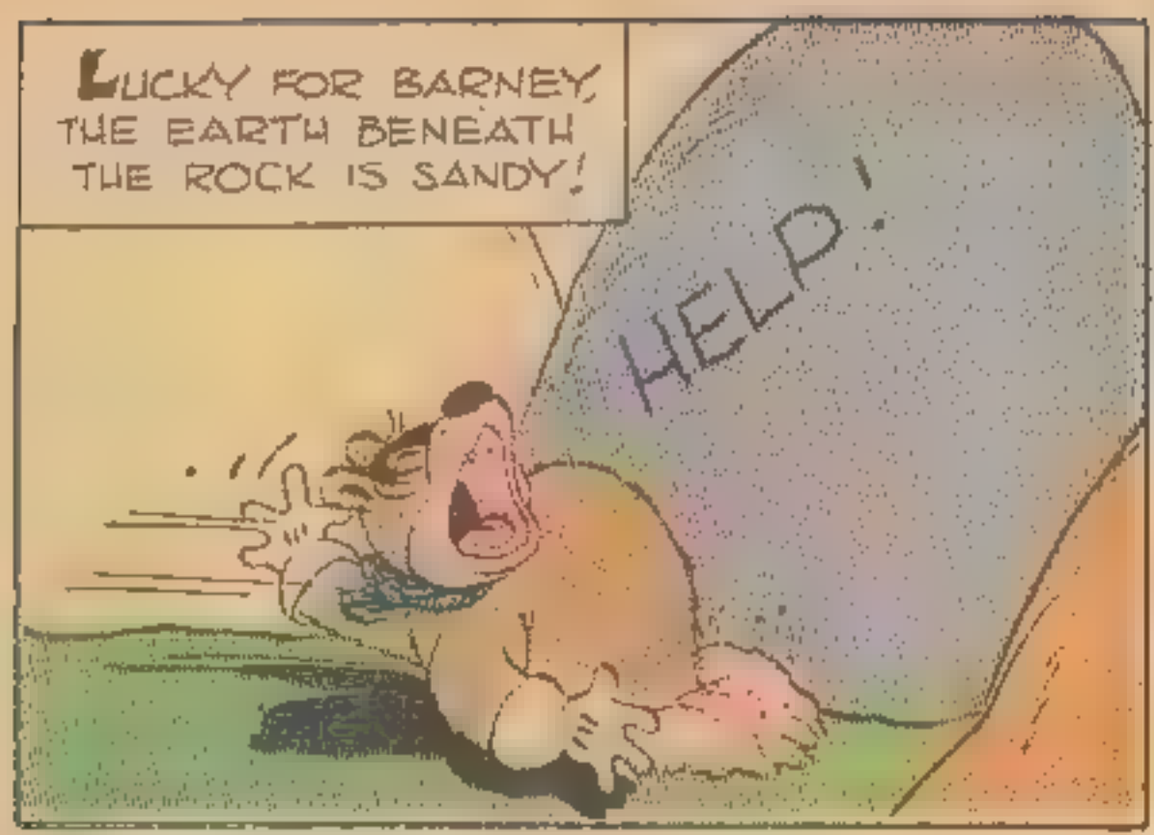

OH! OH! THE LOOP SLIPPED DOWN!

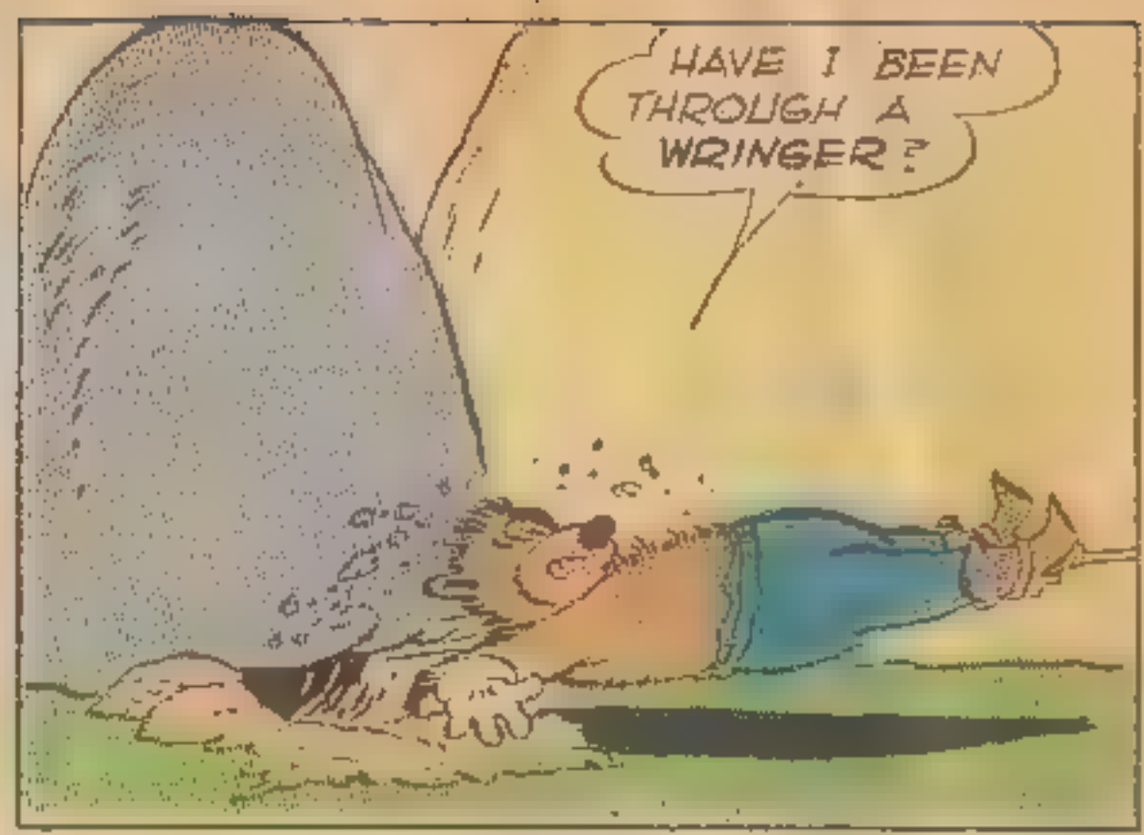

BARNEY'S IN A FIX! I'VE GOT TO ROLL THAT ROCK INTO THE OPENING BEFORE SATAN GETS OUT!

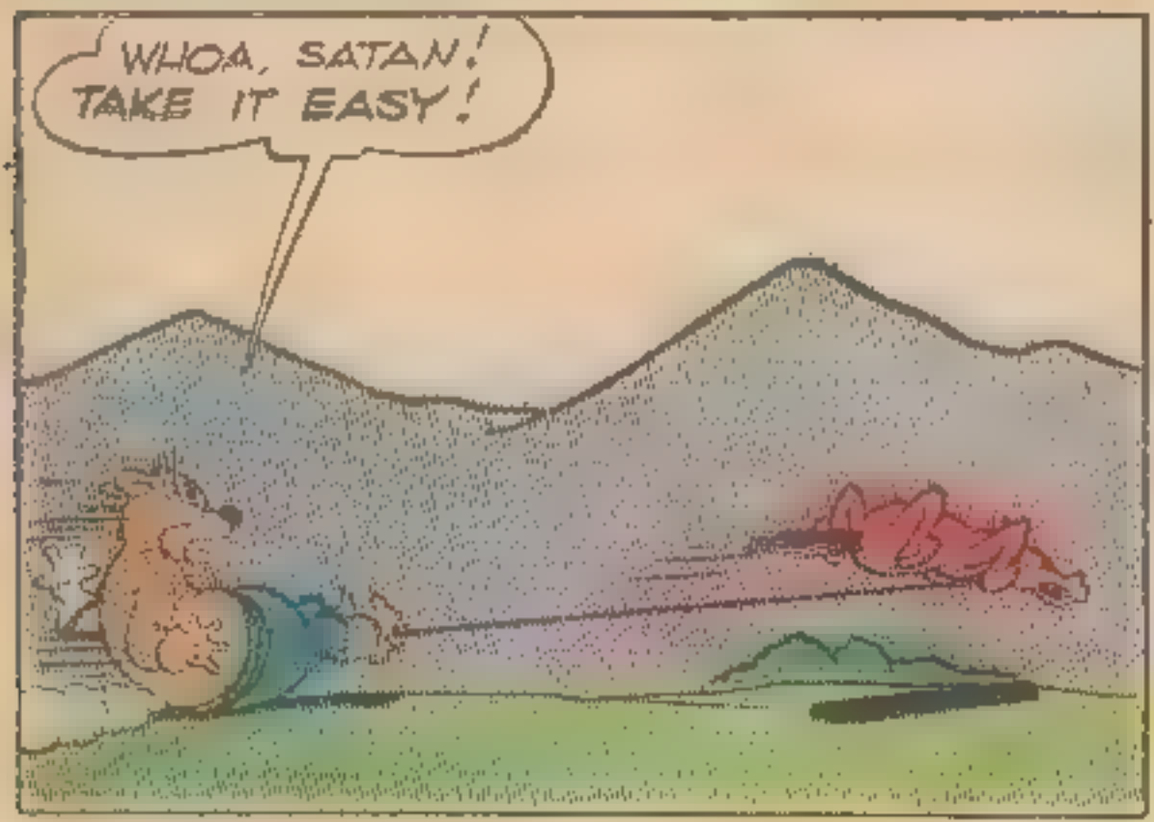

HERE HE COMES! DOGGONE, THIS ROCK IS HARD TO START!

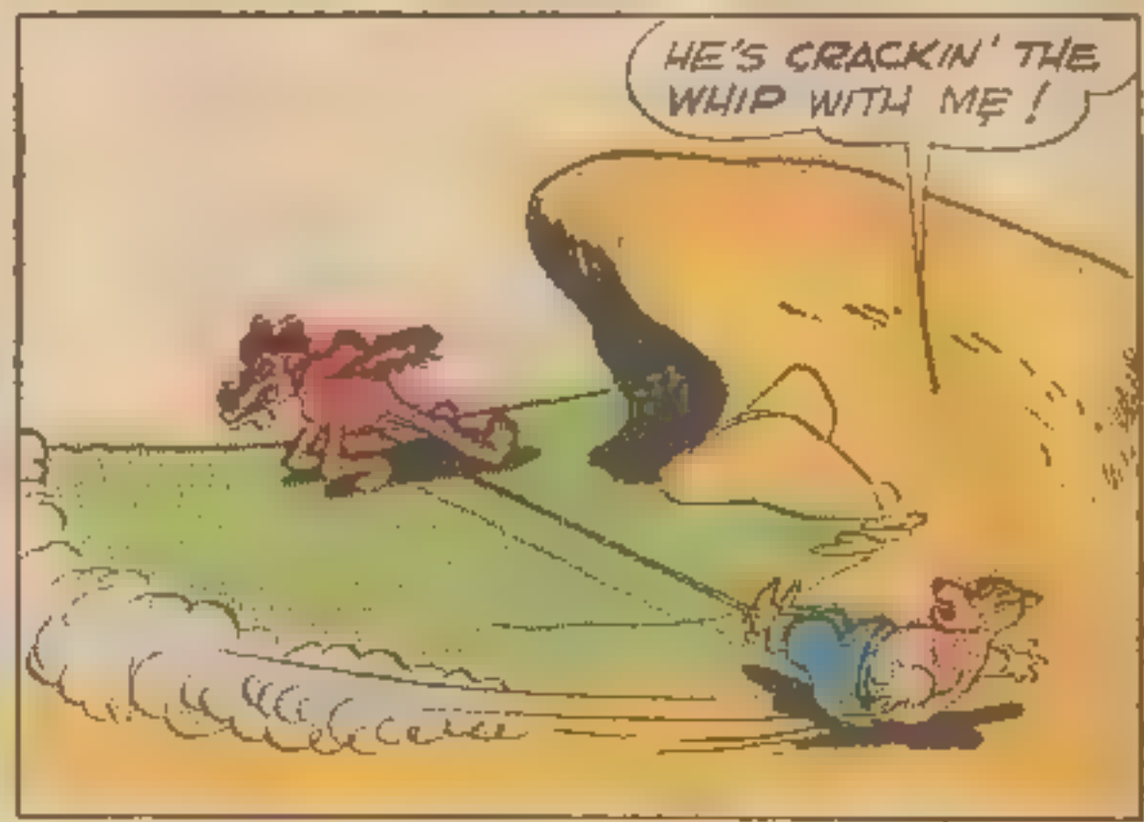

YEOW! IT DROPPED BEHIND HIM!
THUD

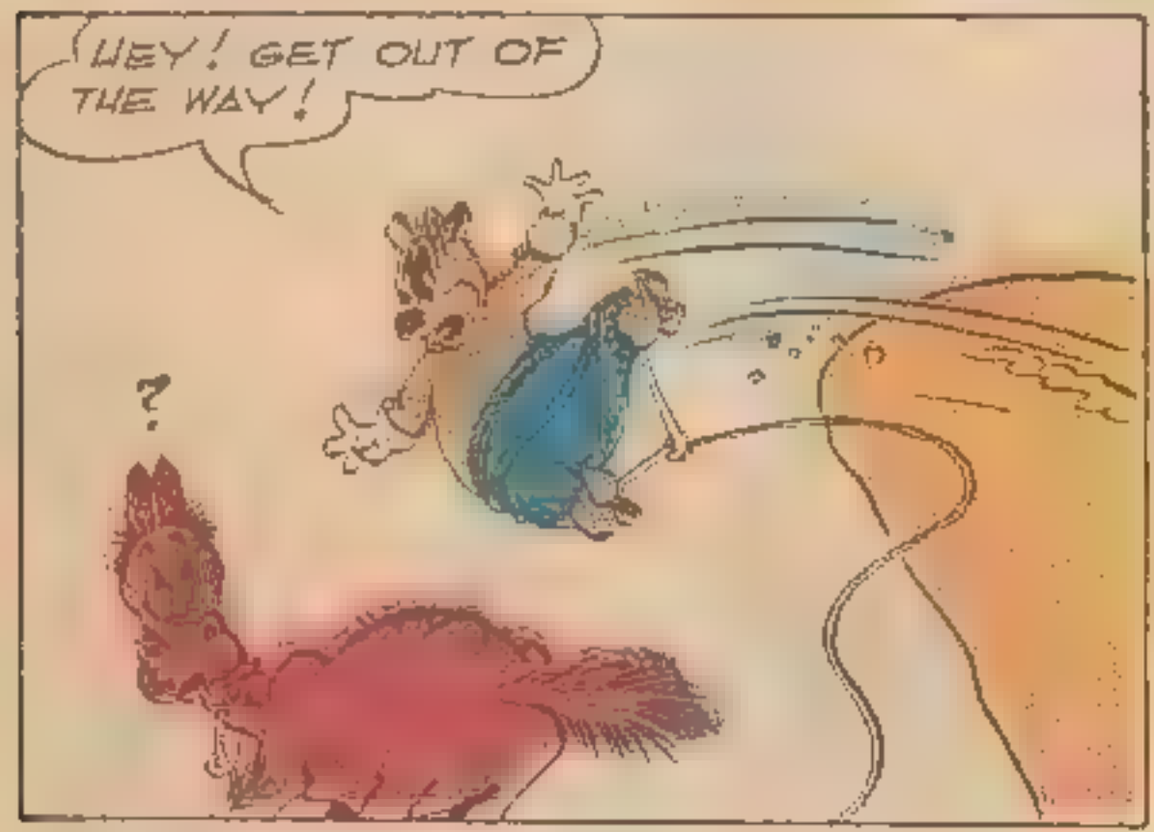

HELP!

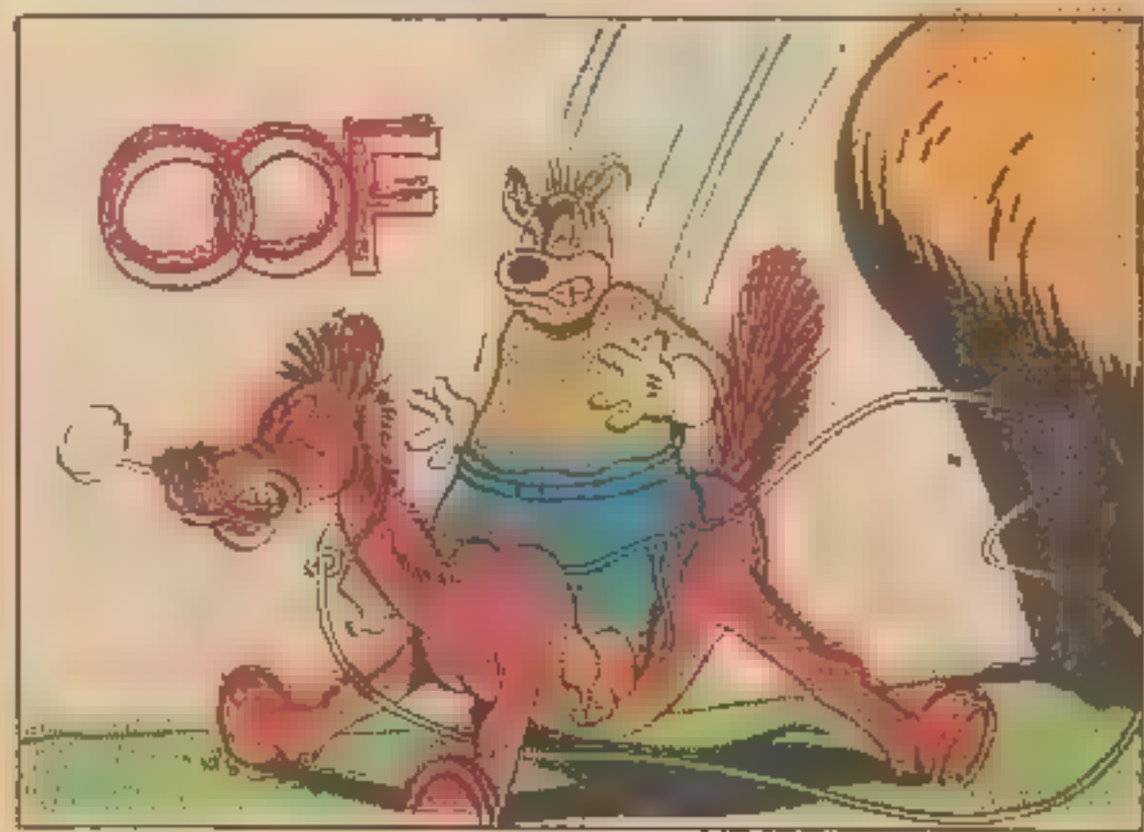

LUCKY FOR BARNEY, THE EARTH BENEATH THE ROCK IS SANDY!
HELP!

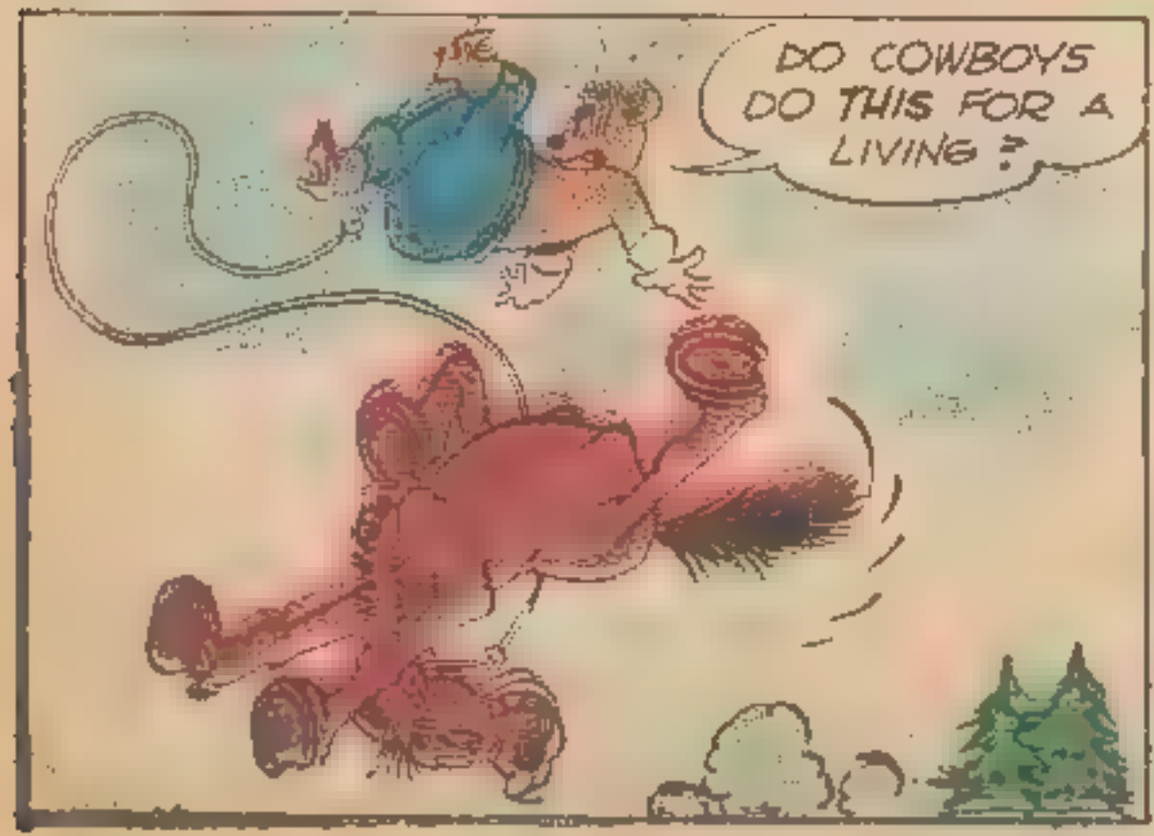

HAVE I BEEN THROUGH A WRINGER?

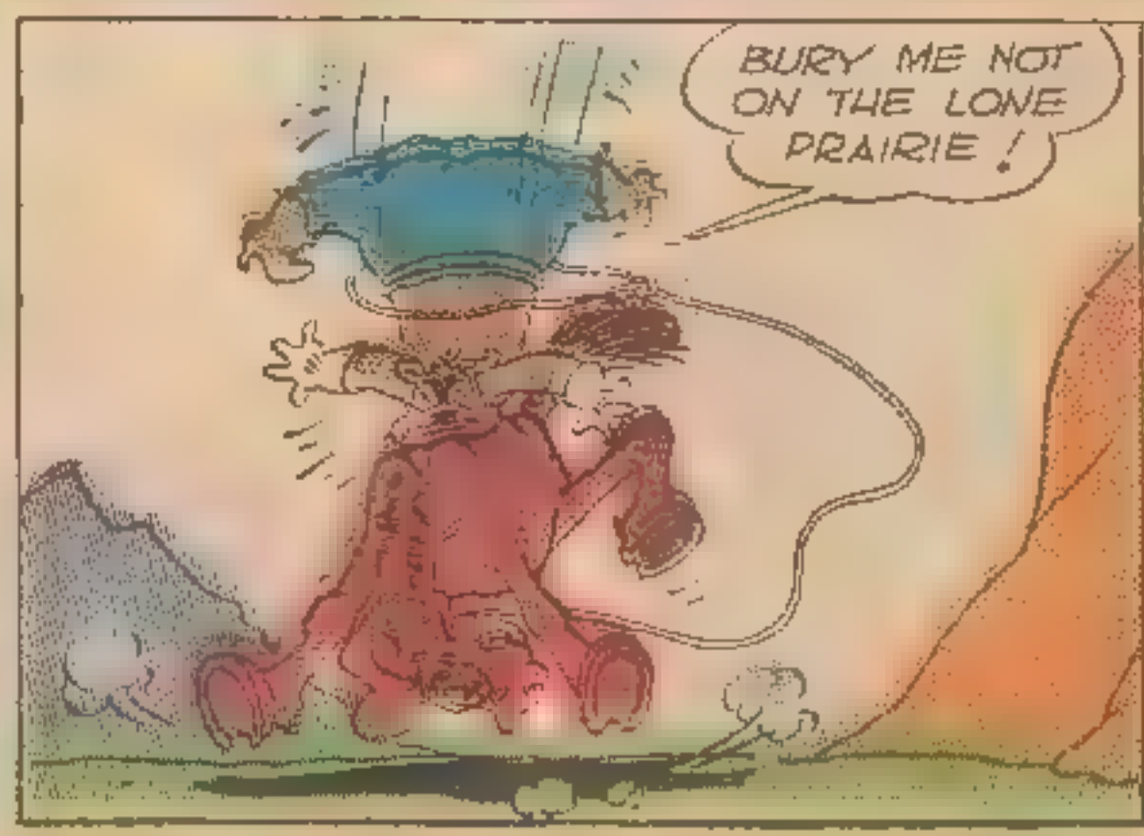

WHOA, SATAN! TAKE IT EASY!

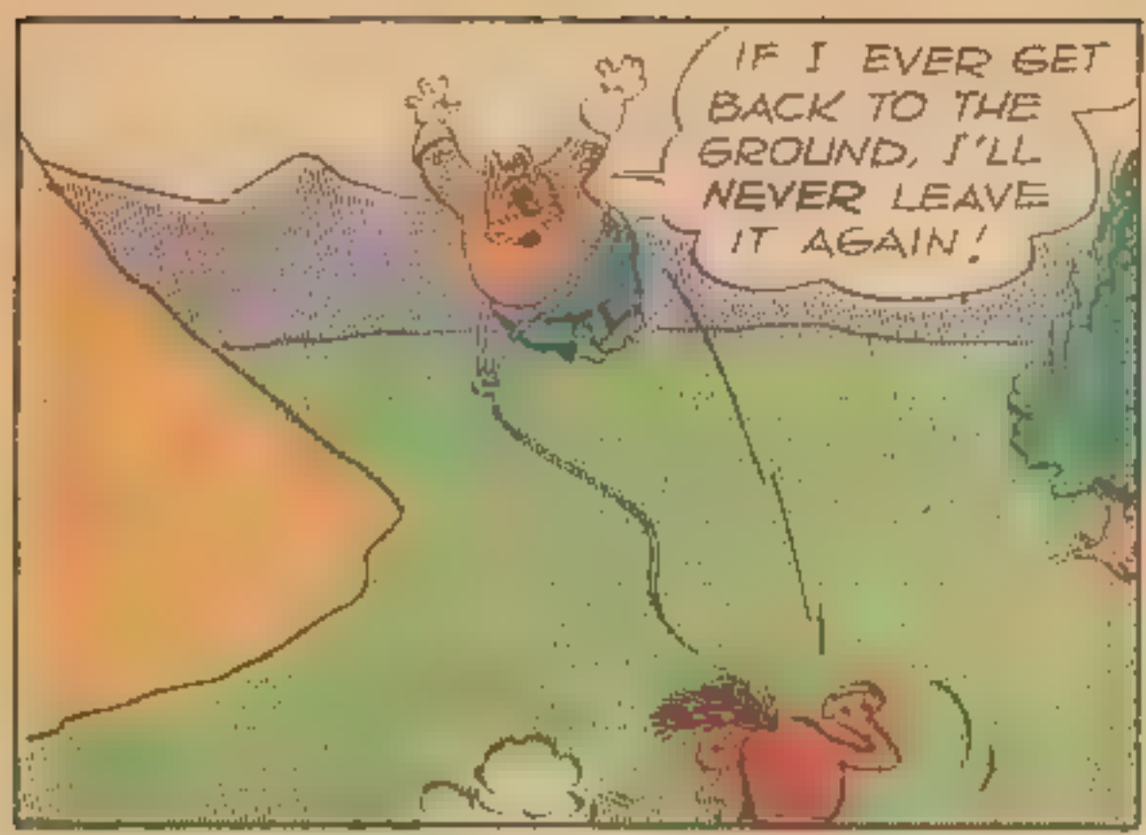

HE'S CRACKIN' THE WHIP WITH ME!

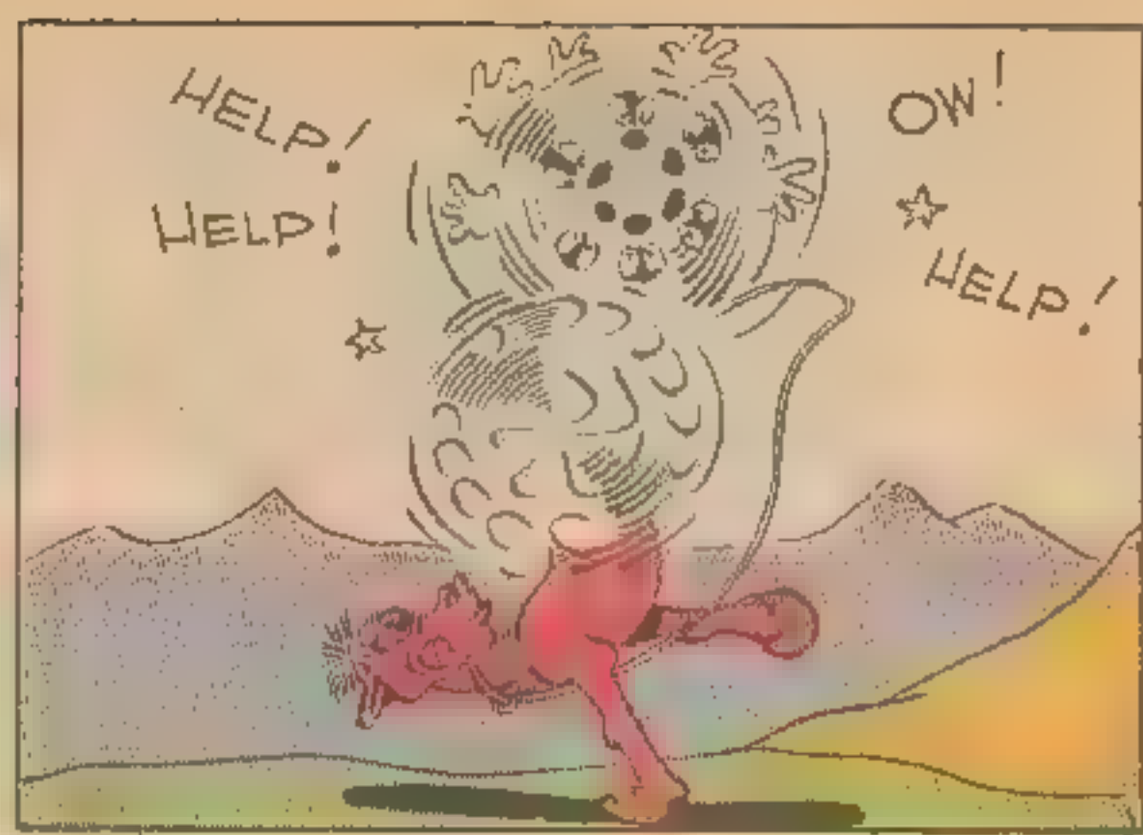

HEY! GET OUT OF THE WAY!
?

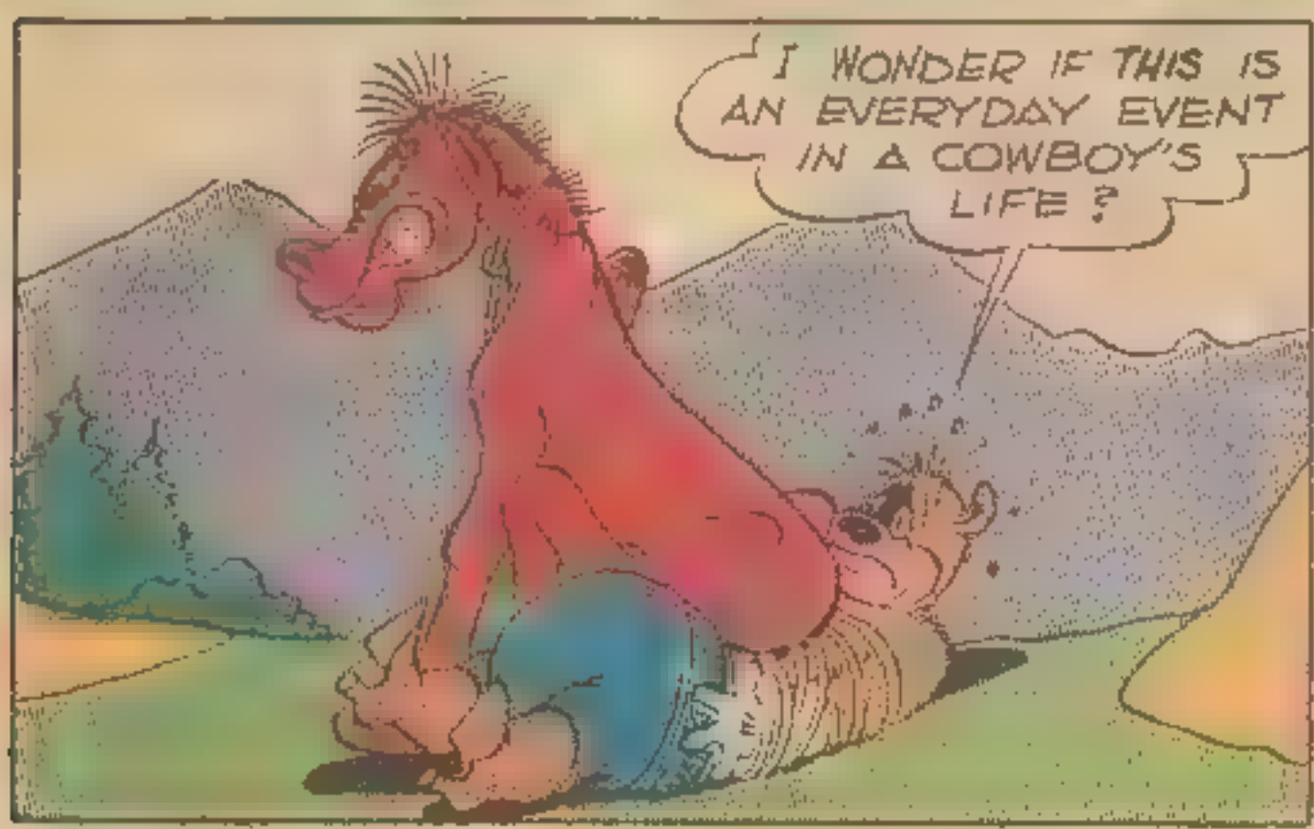

OOF

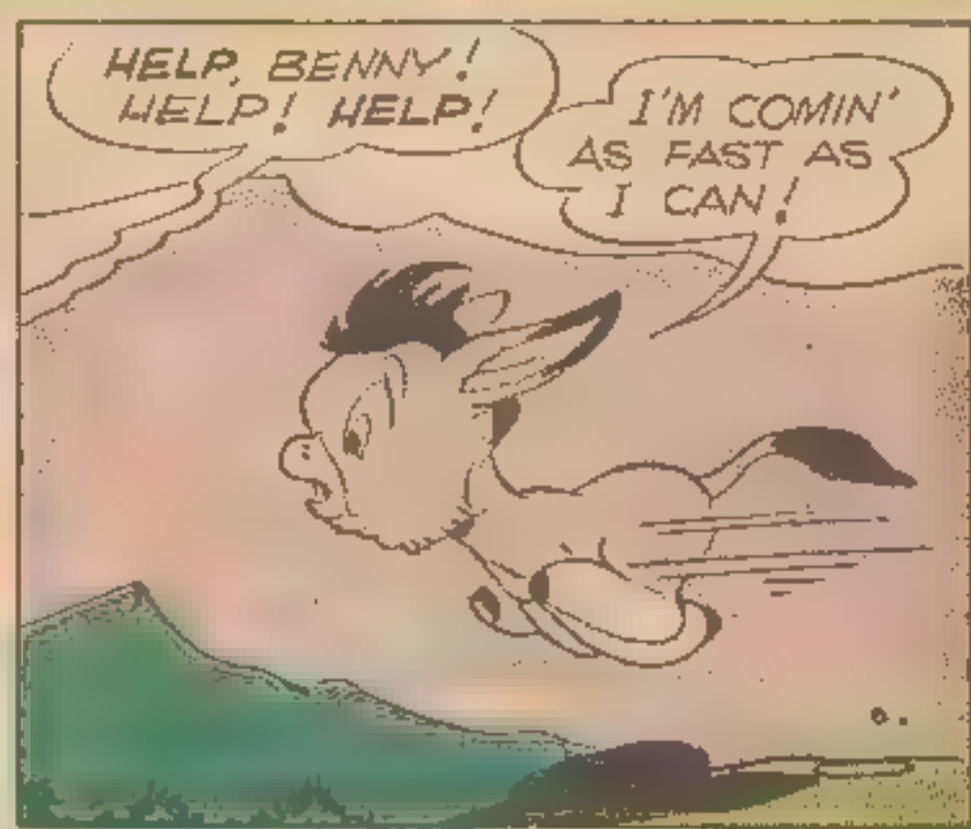

DO COWBOYS DO THIS FOR A LIVING?

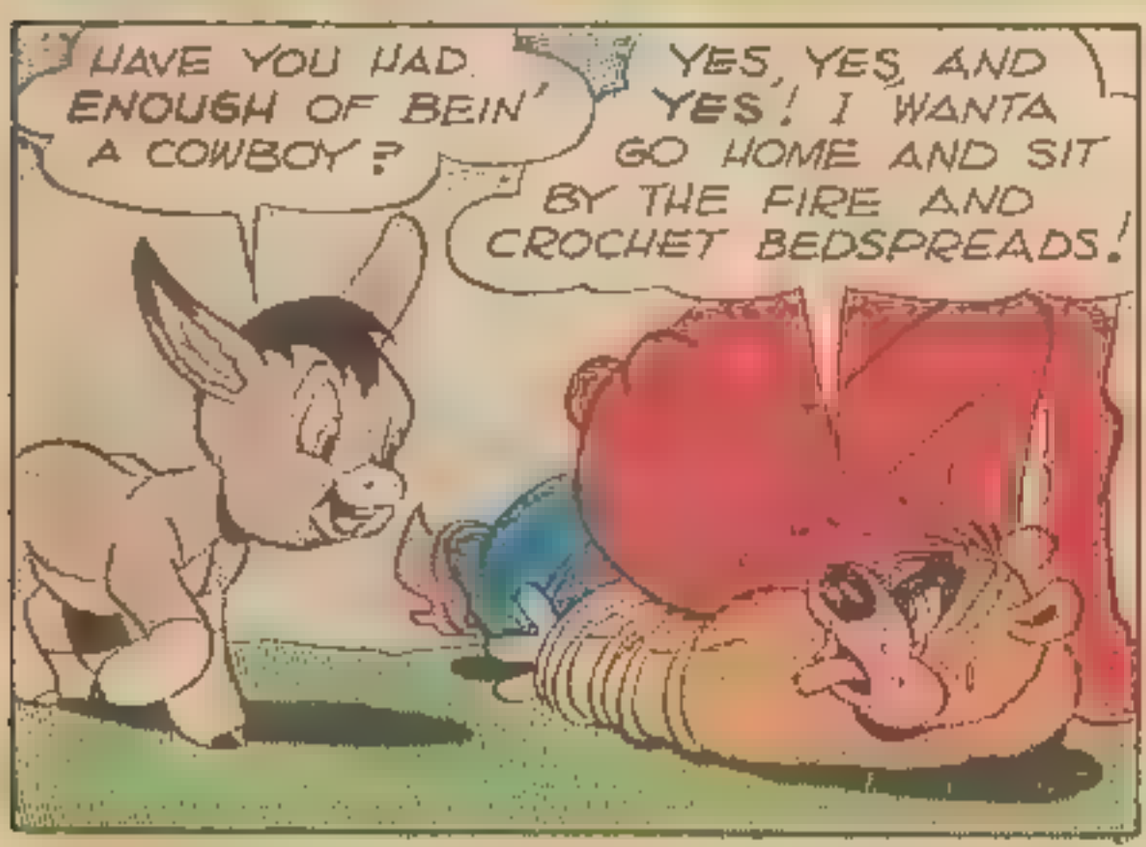

BURY ME NOT ON THE LONE PRAIRIE!

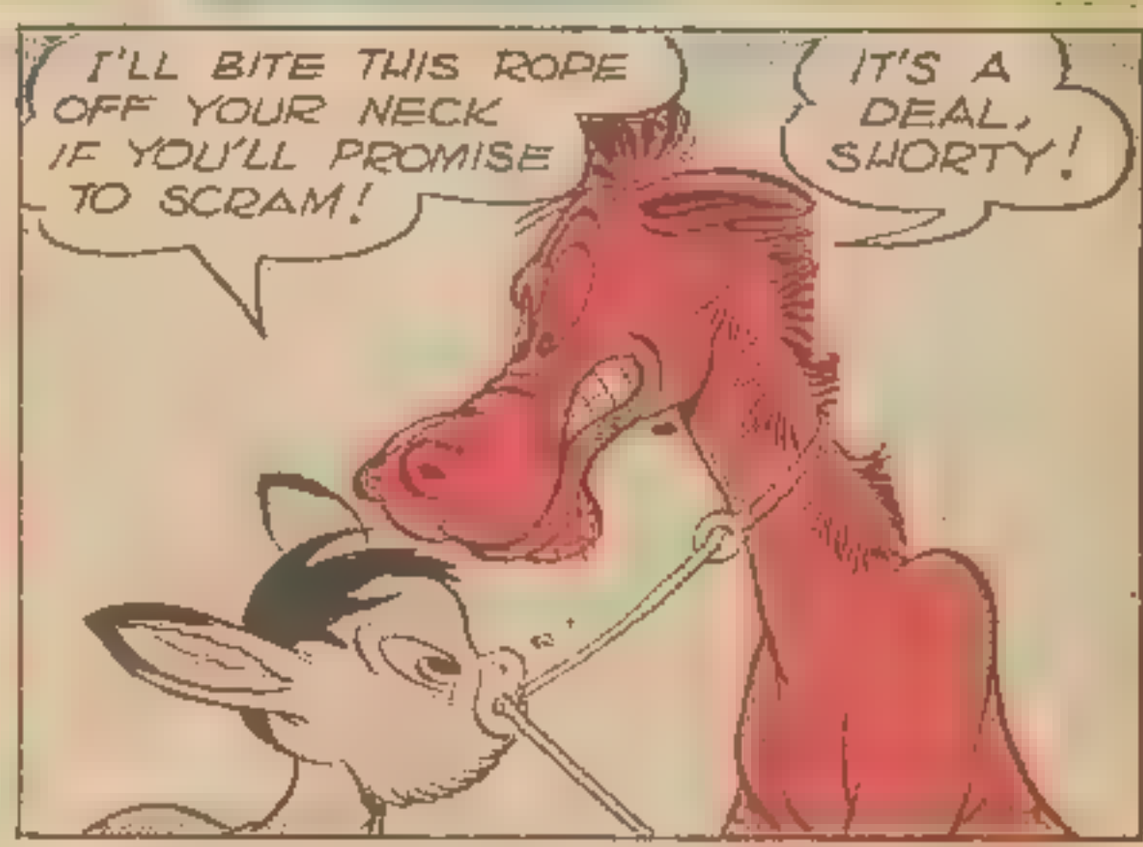


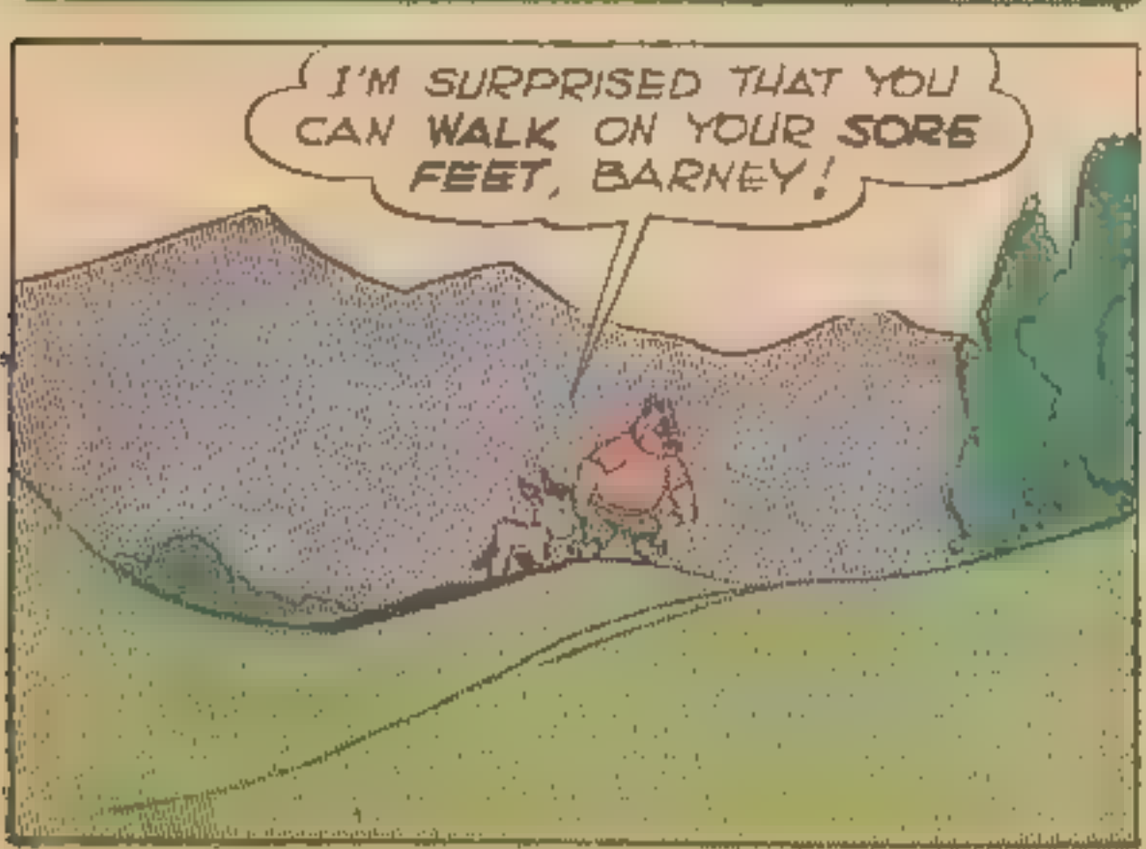



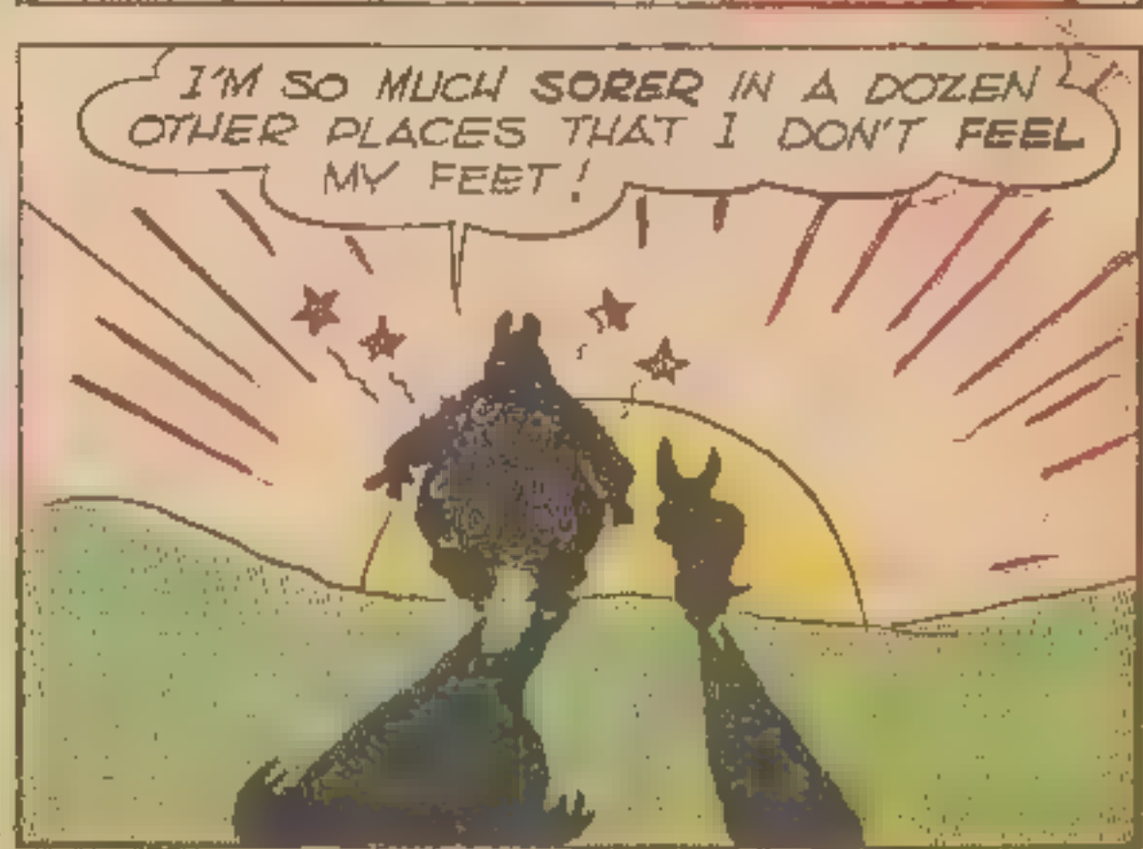



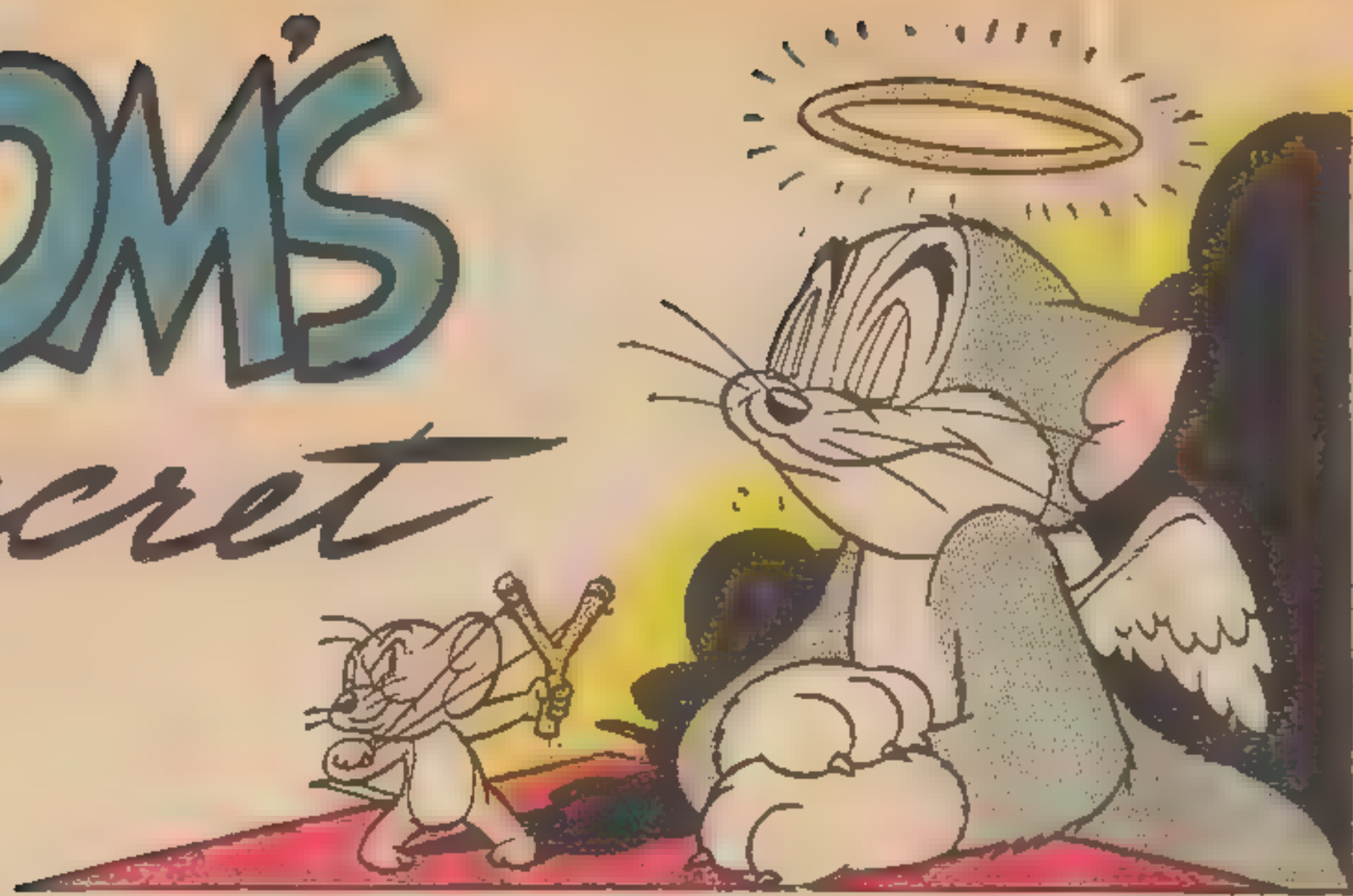




BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures

# TOM'S Secret



Tom was a changed cat. He looked the same—sleek and black and green-eyed—but he certainly did not act the same. Once he had been gay and mischievous and full of pranks. Now he was sedate and quiet and very, very good.

Little Jerry was puzzled. He could not understand what had happened to Tom. They had always battled. Jerry had teased Tom and Tom had chased Jerry with low, menacing growls or with loud, shrill yelps. But they had been friends, in spite of the battles and the teasing and the chases.

Jerry tried to coax Tom back to his old self. He teased Tom. He pulled Tom's whiskers. He yanked Tom's tail. But Tom refused to get angry. He brushed little Jerry aside and paid no attention to him.

As the days passed and Tom continued to be so good, Jerry grew really worried. Tom answered when he was called. Tom drank all his milk and ate all his food, without spilling a drop or a bite. Tom stayed in the yard and didn't even try to run away. Tom cleaned his feet carefully before going into the house. And, when Tom refused to jump on the kitchen table to grab an unguarded piece of tempting fish, Jerry knew that something terrible had happened to his old playmate.

"What's the matter with you, Tom?" Jerry asked anxiously. He was sitting on one of Tom's front paws and Tom wasn't even bothering to brush him off.

"Nothin's the matter with me," Tom said calmly.

"But you don't act like yourself!" Jerry persisted. "Are you sick? Don't you feel well?"

"I feel fine," Tom told him cheerfully. "I've got a secret, that's all!"

"A secret!" Little Jerry's bright, beady eyes gleamed. "What is it?"

"If I told you, it wouldn't be a secret any more," Tom grinned. "Now run away and play. I haven't time to bother with a silly little mouse!"

Jerry was mad. A silly little mouse, indeed! He'd fix that smug, goody-good cat!

Jerry waited and watched, and the next day his big opportunity came. Cook put a freshly baked lemon pie, topped with frothy, white meringue, on the edge of the sink. Then she stepped out of the kitchen.

Jerry climbed up on the sink and stood beside the pie. He called Tom in a soft, coaxing voice. Tom sauntered into the kitchen. When he was close to the sink, Jerry gave the pie a mighty shove. It toppled over the edge and smashed on the floor. CRASH! Lemon custard and white meringue flew in every direction.

Cook rushed into the kitchen. Jerry scurried out of sight. Poor Tom was too surprised to move fast. Cook pounced on him.

From his hiding place the jubilant Jerry heard Cook's irate voice, scolding Tom. He heard the door slam as she swept Tom out of the kitchen and out of the house. He heard her tell Tom that he was the meanest, naughtiest cat she had ever known.

Quickly Jerry slid out of the house, looking for Tom. He was hoping that the pie catastrophe had shocked Tom back to his old self.

Tom was lying under a bush. Instead of being angry, he looked sick and sad. He merely stared at Jerry with accusing eyes. He didn't jump up and chase him He didn't growl or snap at him.

"G'wan away from me!" Tom hissed. His voice was cold and unfriendly. "I'm through with you forever! You've spoiled everything!"

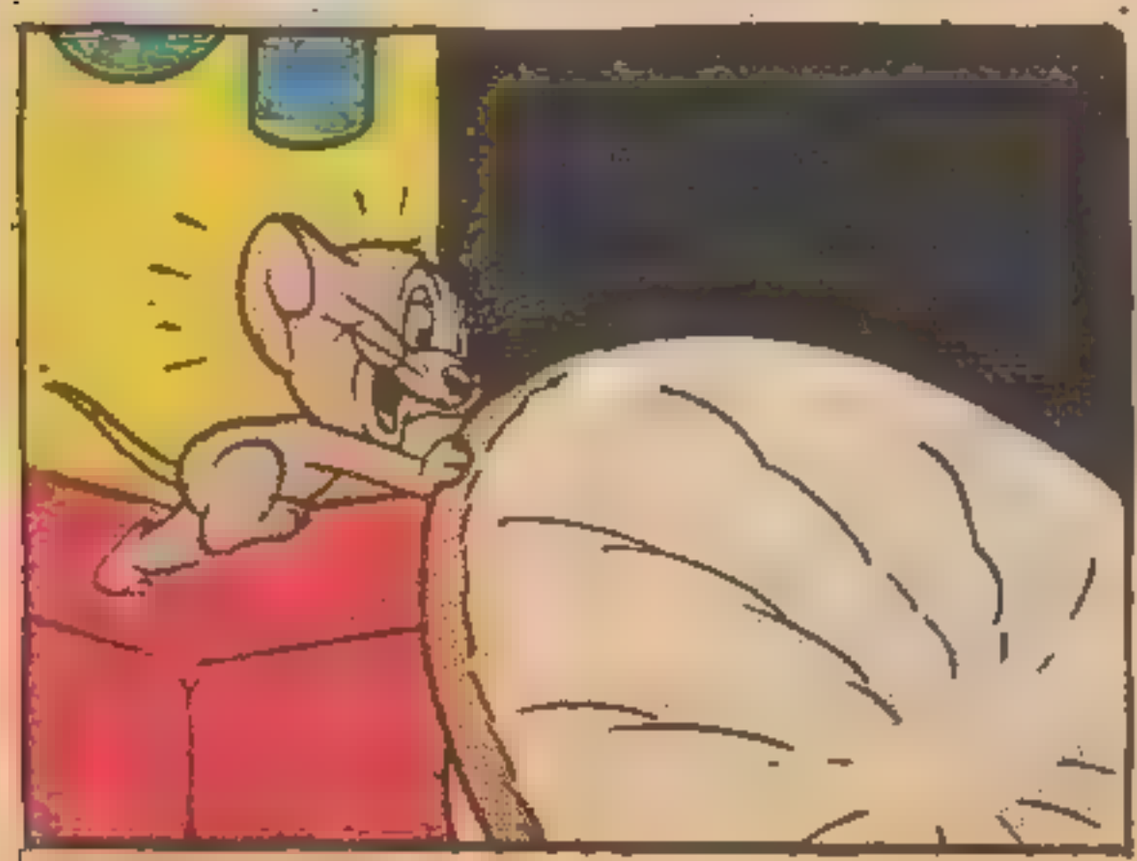
"What have I spoiled?" Jerry asked airily. "You've spilled pies before. Cook'll forget all about it tomorrow. She always does."

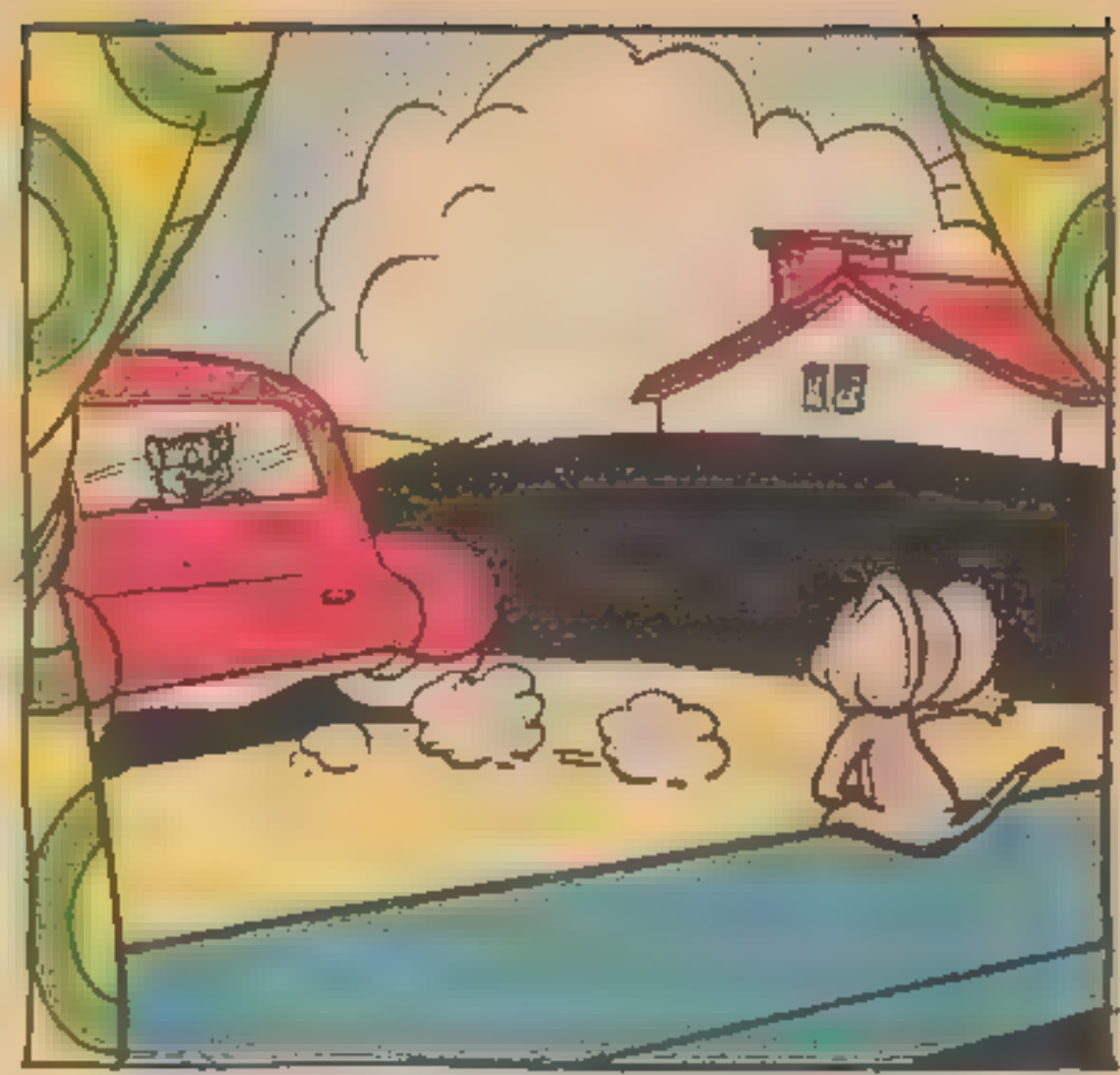
"Tomorrow'll be too late," Tom groaned. "They're going this afternoon!"

"Who's going where?" Jerry wanted to know.

"The Family," Tom told him. "That was my secret. The Family's going to the lake for a vacation. I heard 'em say that they'd take me, if I was good. I want to go. It's a swell place. So I've been good. But now they won't take me."

Jerry started to laugh. But he couldn't. He discovered that he didn't feel like laughing. He felt ashamed, instead. Tom had been his friend. And he had wrecked Tom's secret.





Jerry thought quickly. Maybe it wasn't too late. He scampered into the house and into the kitchen. Cook was on her knees, scrubbing the pie off the floor and muttering angry words about that dratted cat. Behind her was a big splotch of lemon custard and meringue.

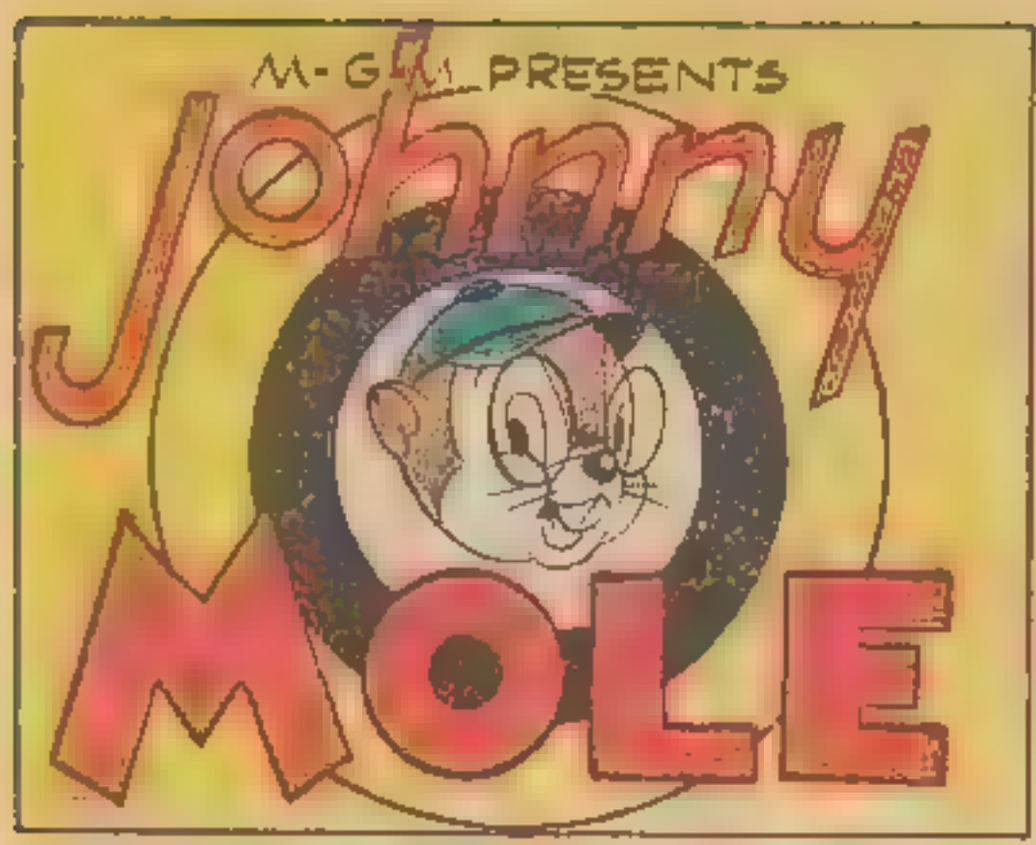
Jerry jumped into the splotch. Then he ran across the floor and climbed up on the sink, where the pie had been. He made a trail of tiny, lemon-and-meringue footprints on the white top of the sink. Then he squeaked.

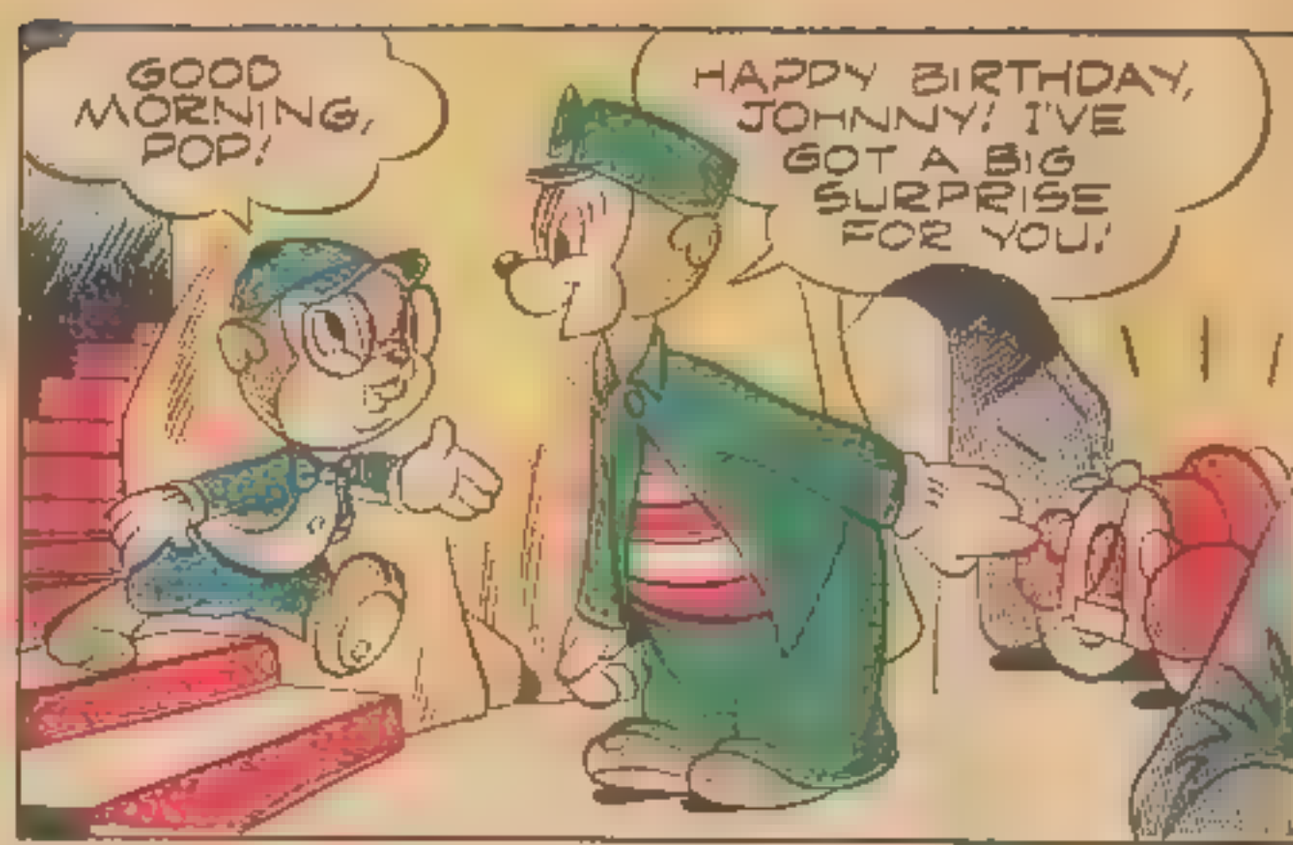
Cook jumped up. She saw Jerry and yelled. Jerry squeaked again and fled to safety. Cook looked at the sink. She saw the small tell-tale footprints.

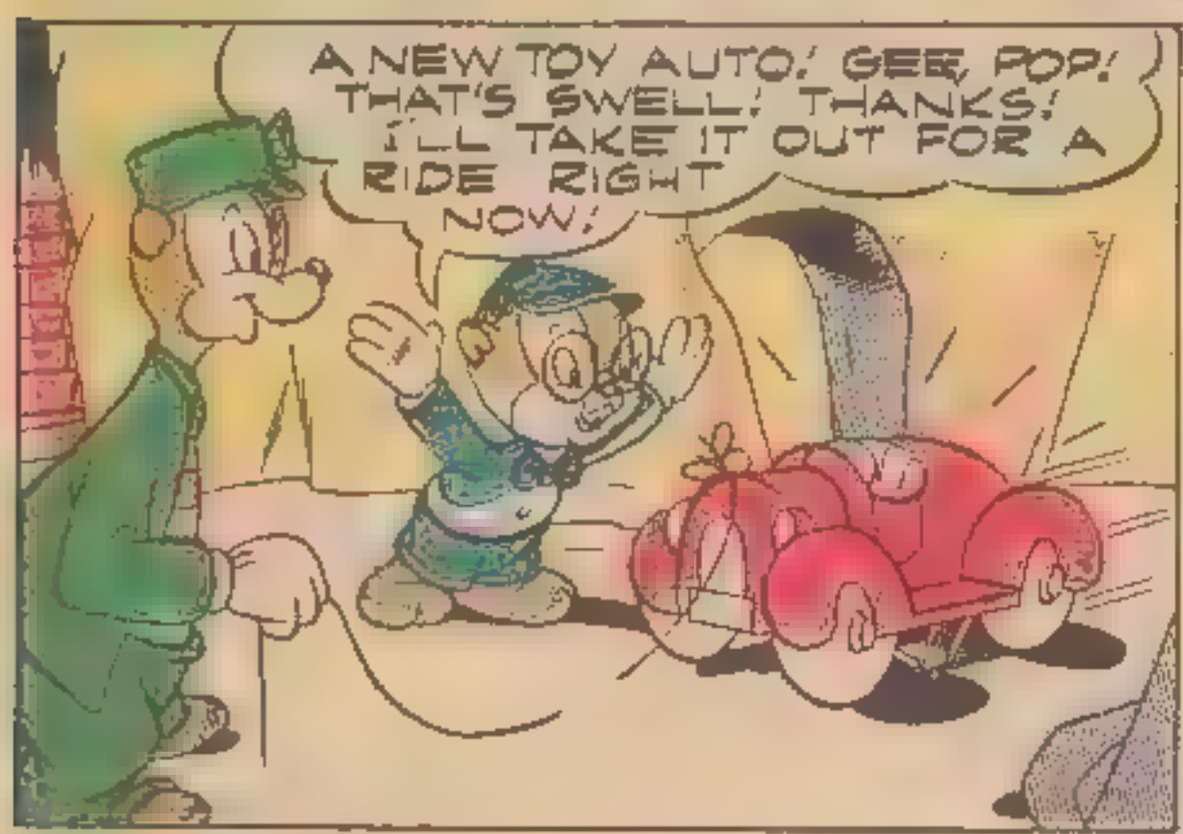
"So it was the mouse up on the sink, instead of the cat!" she exclaimed. "And I blamed poor old Tom for tippin' over the pie! I'll find him and give him an extra saucer of milk."

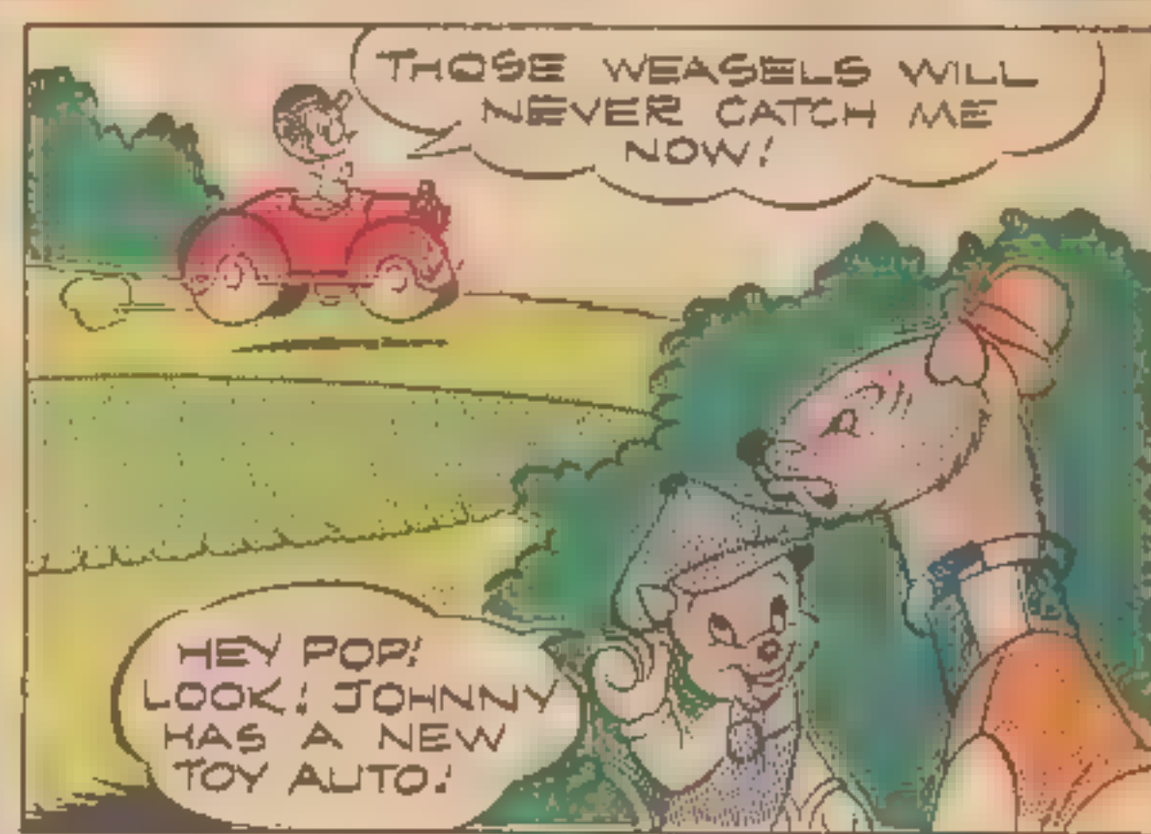
Jerry was watching a short time later, when the Family drove away in the car. Tom was curled up on the top of the back seat, looking out the window. He was on his way to the lake. He saw Jerry. He grinned. One green eye closed in a friendly wink.

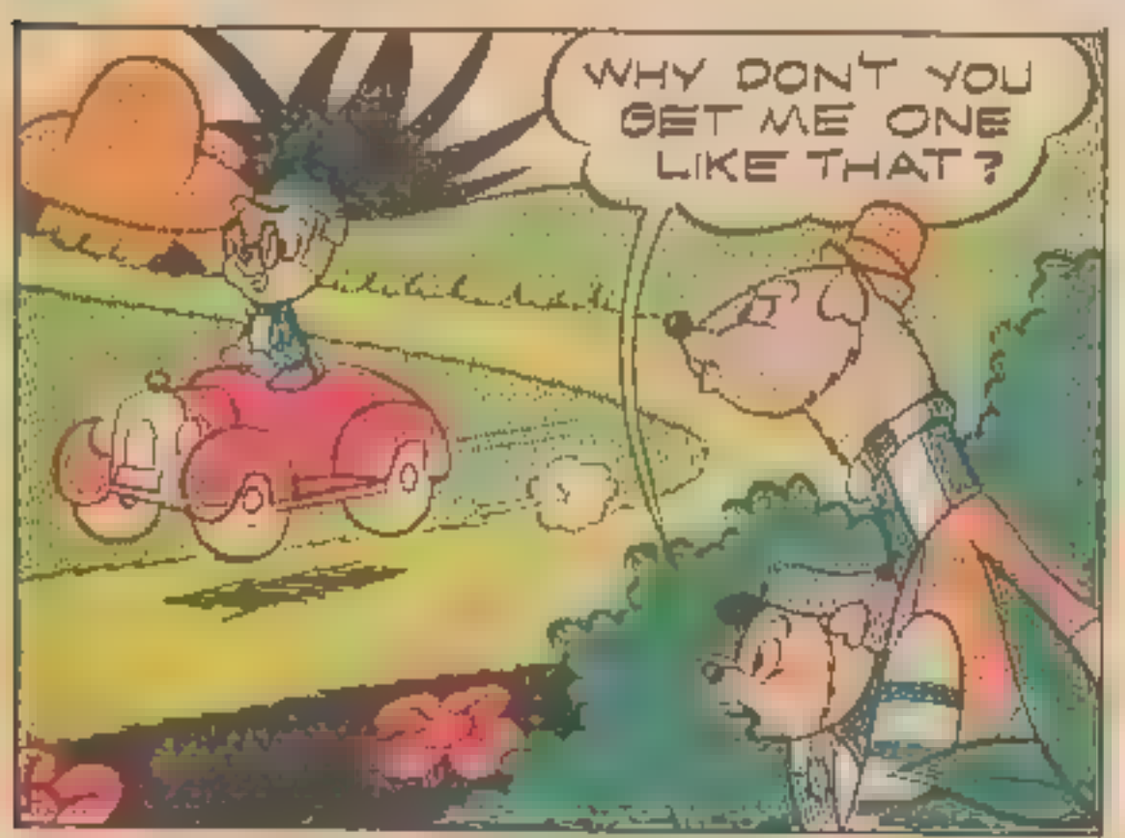
Jerry smiled. They were friends again. When Tom came back, he'd be his old self, gay, mischievous, and full of pranks. He wouldn't have any deep, dark secret to spoil the gay battles and the merry chases. Jerry laughed happily and scampered away to wait for Tom's return.

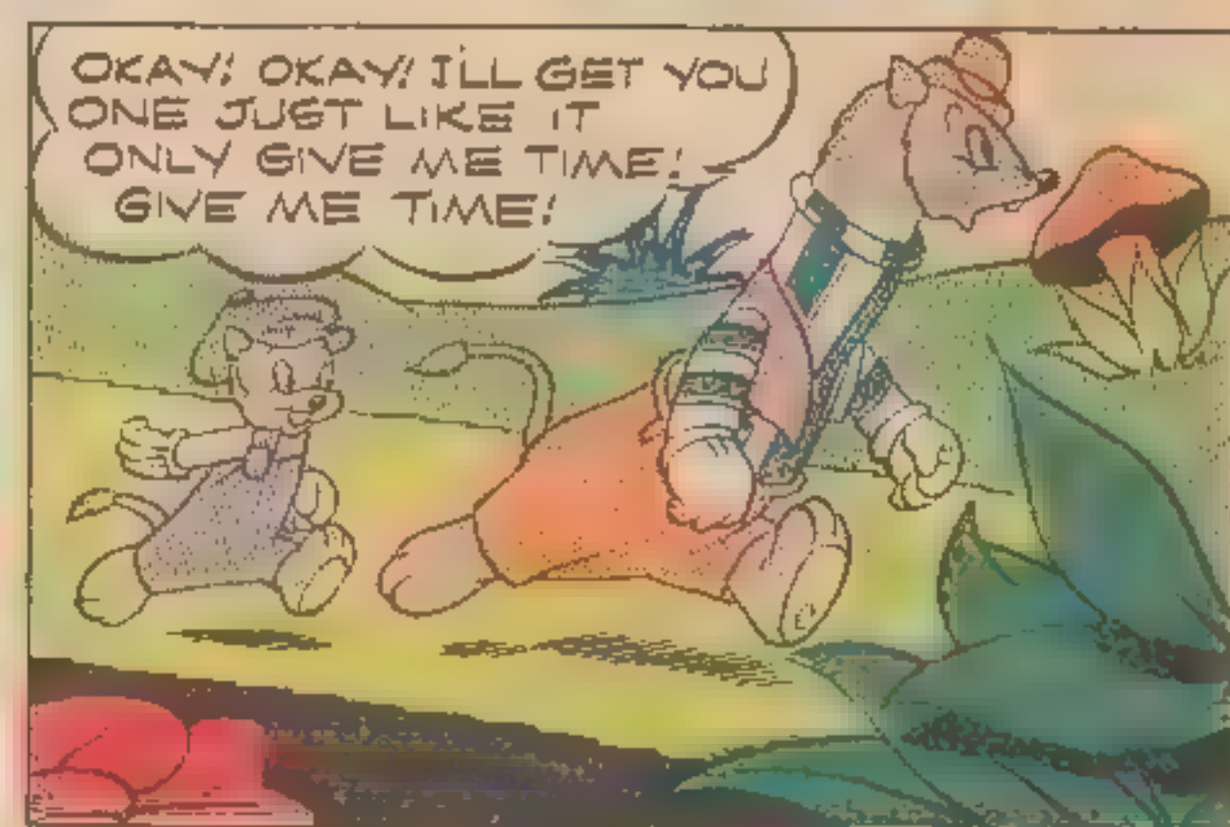

M-G-M PRESENTS
Johnny
MOLE

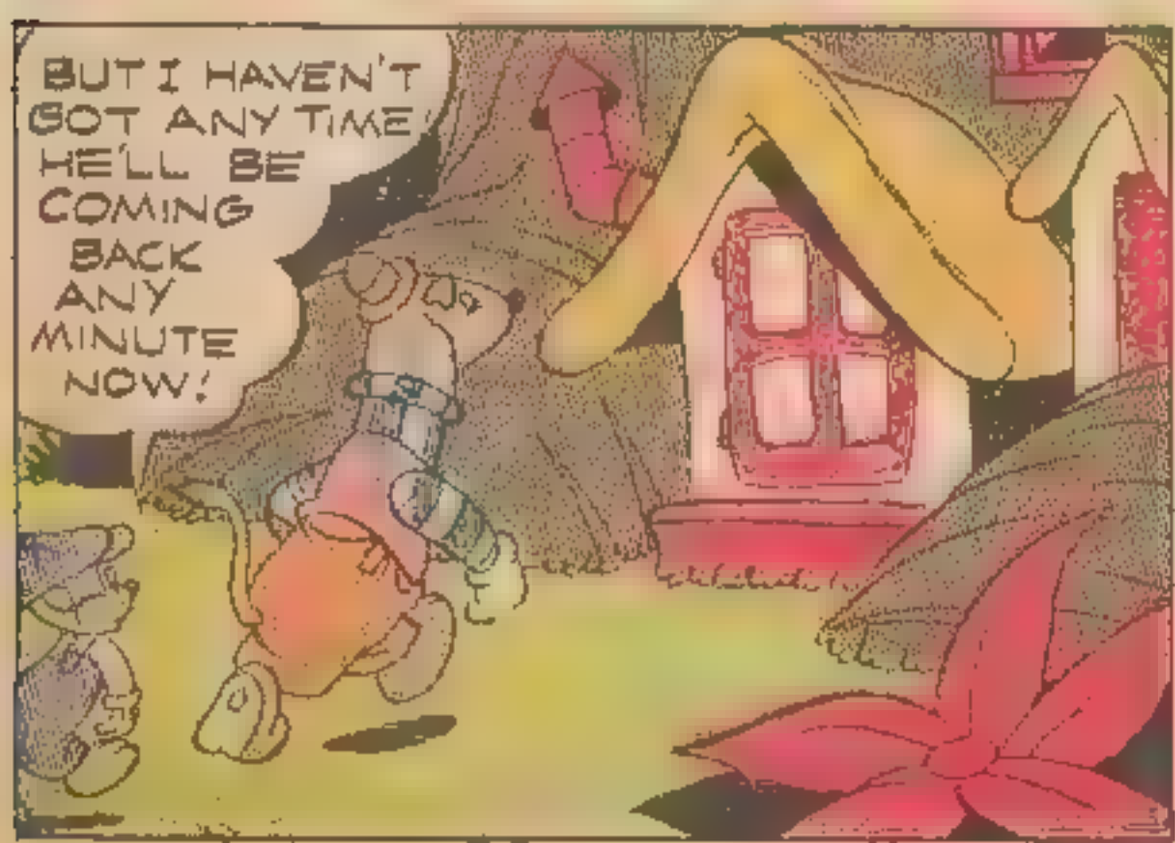

GOOD MORNING, POP!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, JOHNNY! I'VE GOT A BIG SURPRISE FOR YOU!

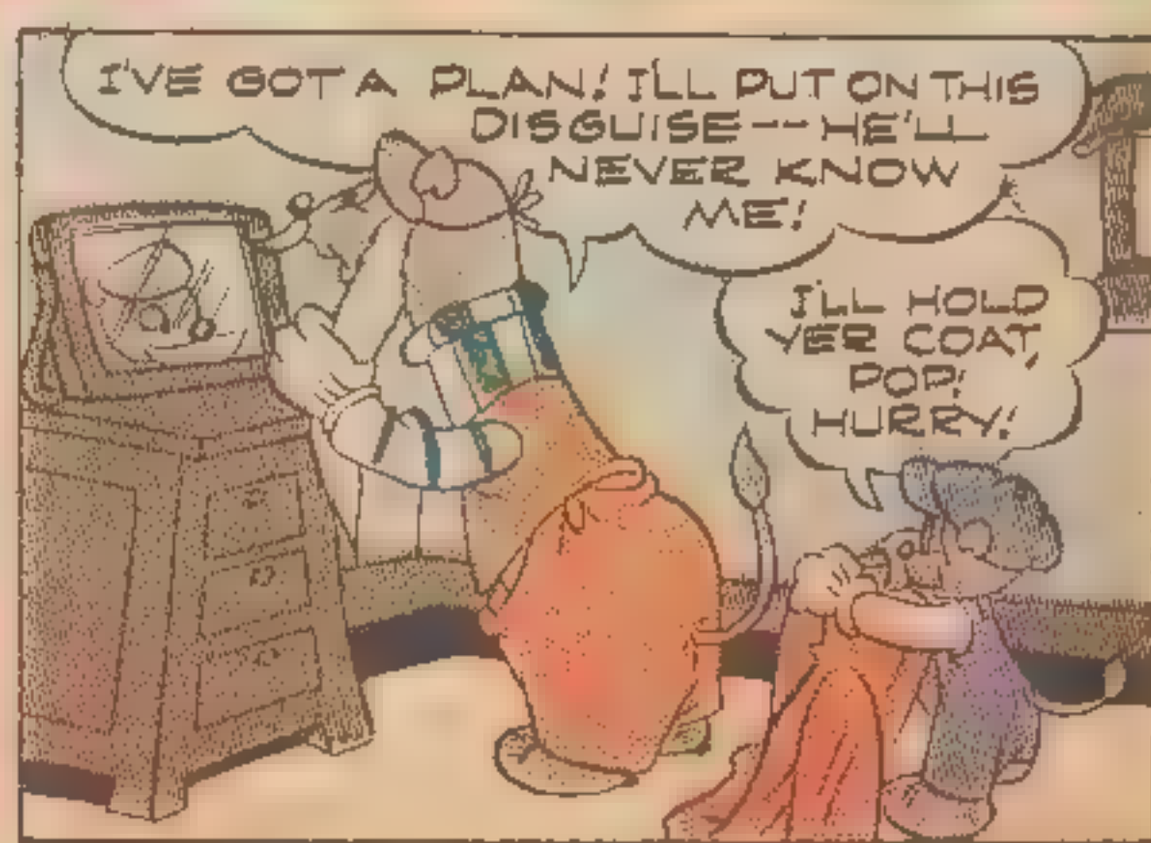

A NEW TOY AUTO! GEE, POP! THAT'S SWELL! THANKS! I'LL TAKE IT OUT FOR A RIDE RIGHT NOW!

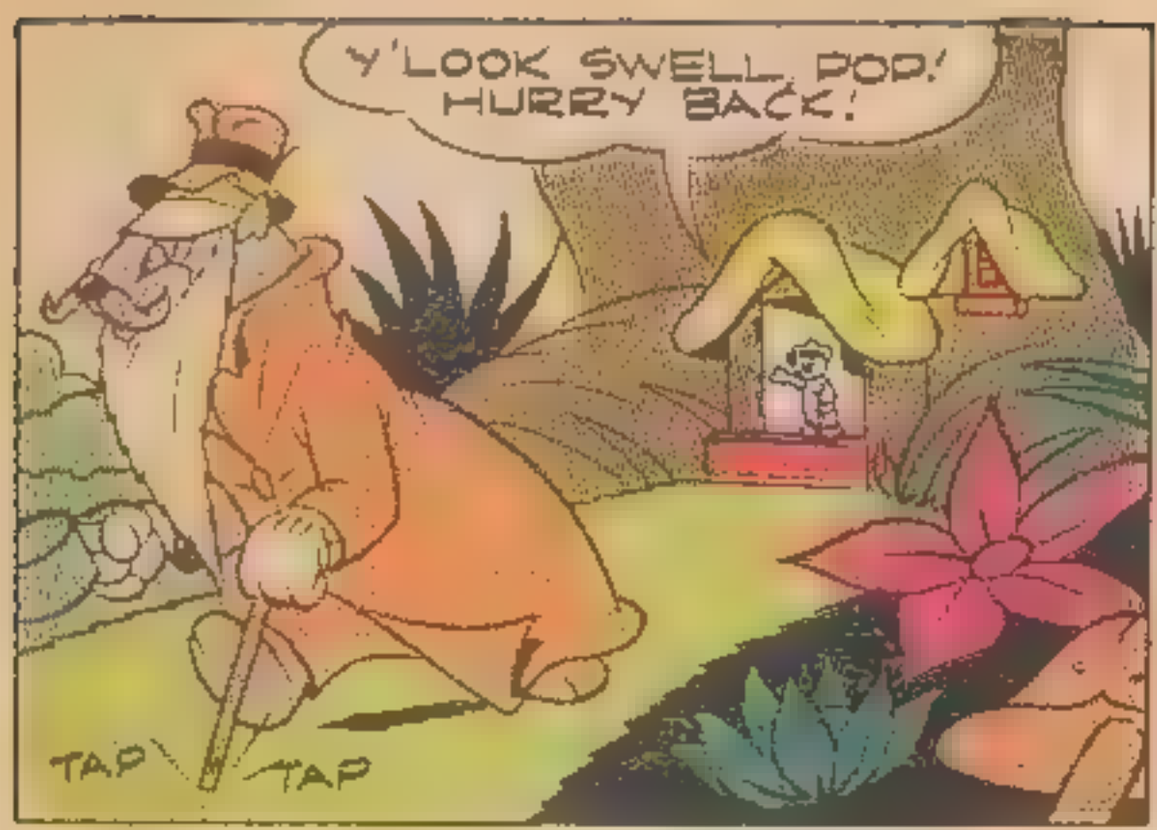

THOSE WEASELS WILL NEVER CATCH ME NOW!
HEY POP! LOOK! JOHNNY HAS A NEW TOY AUTO!

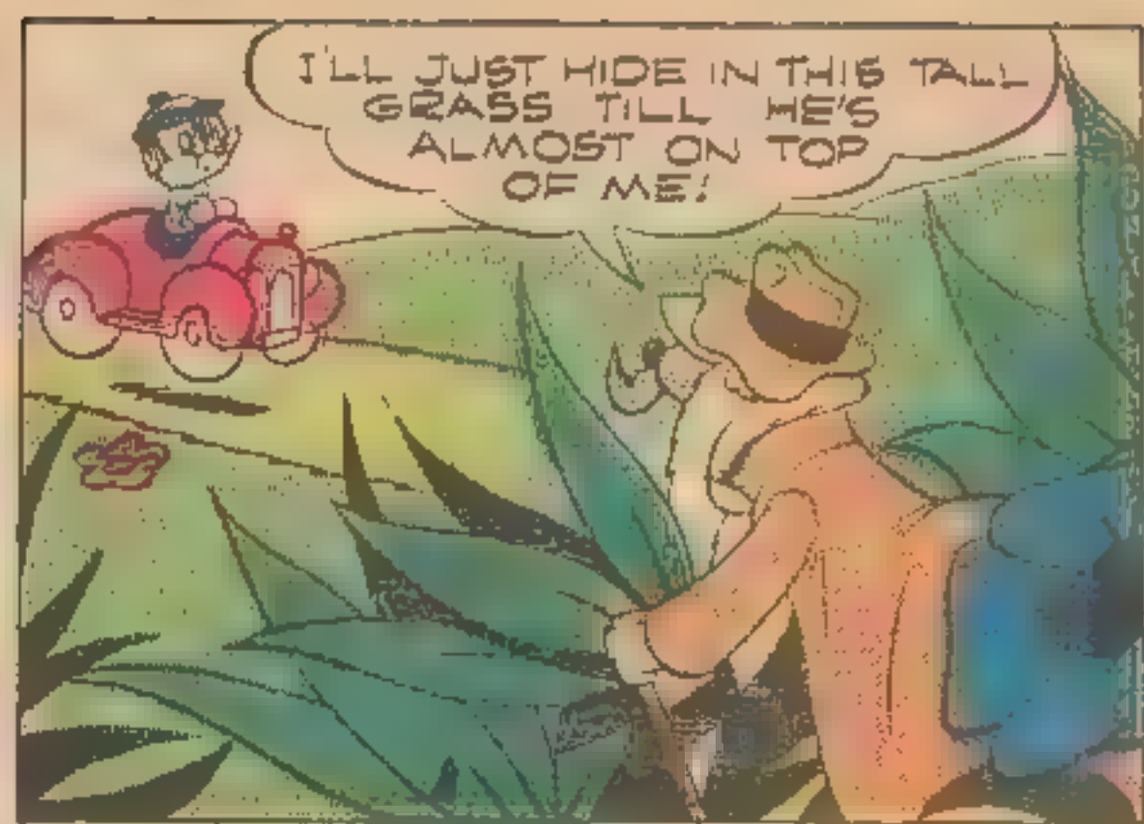

WHY DON'T YOU GET ME ONE LIKE THAT?

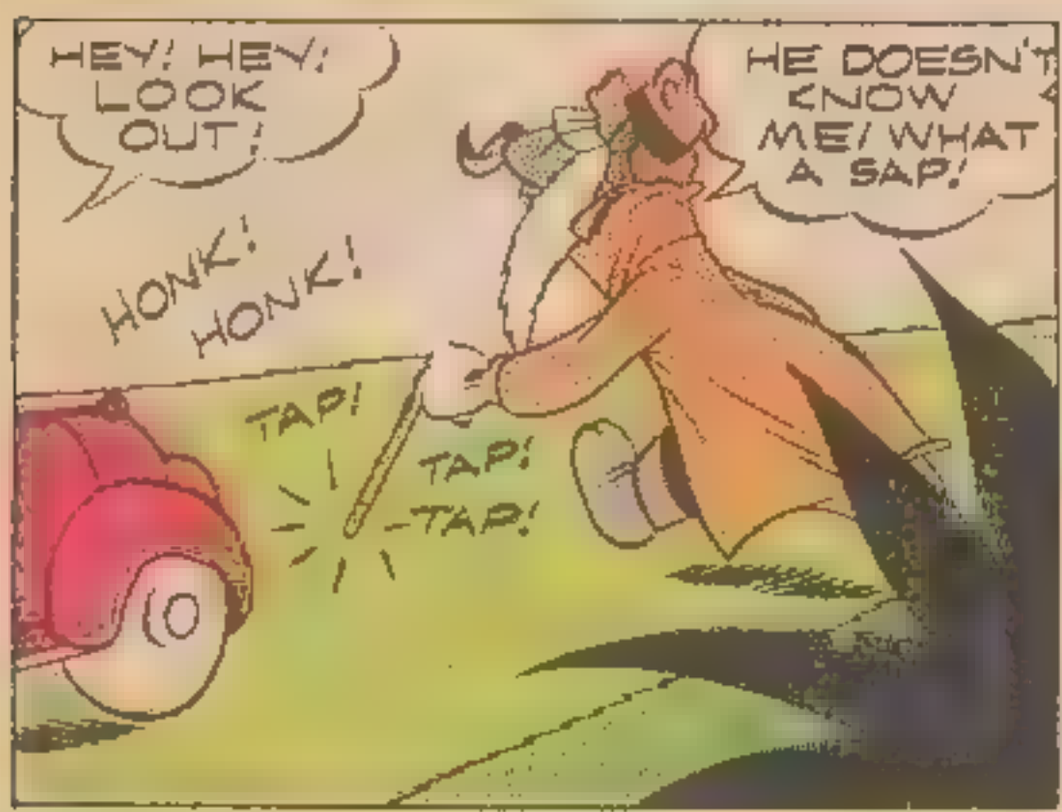

OKAY! OKAY! I'LL GET YOU ONE JUST LIKE IT ONLY GIVE ME TIME! GIVE ME TIME!

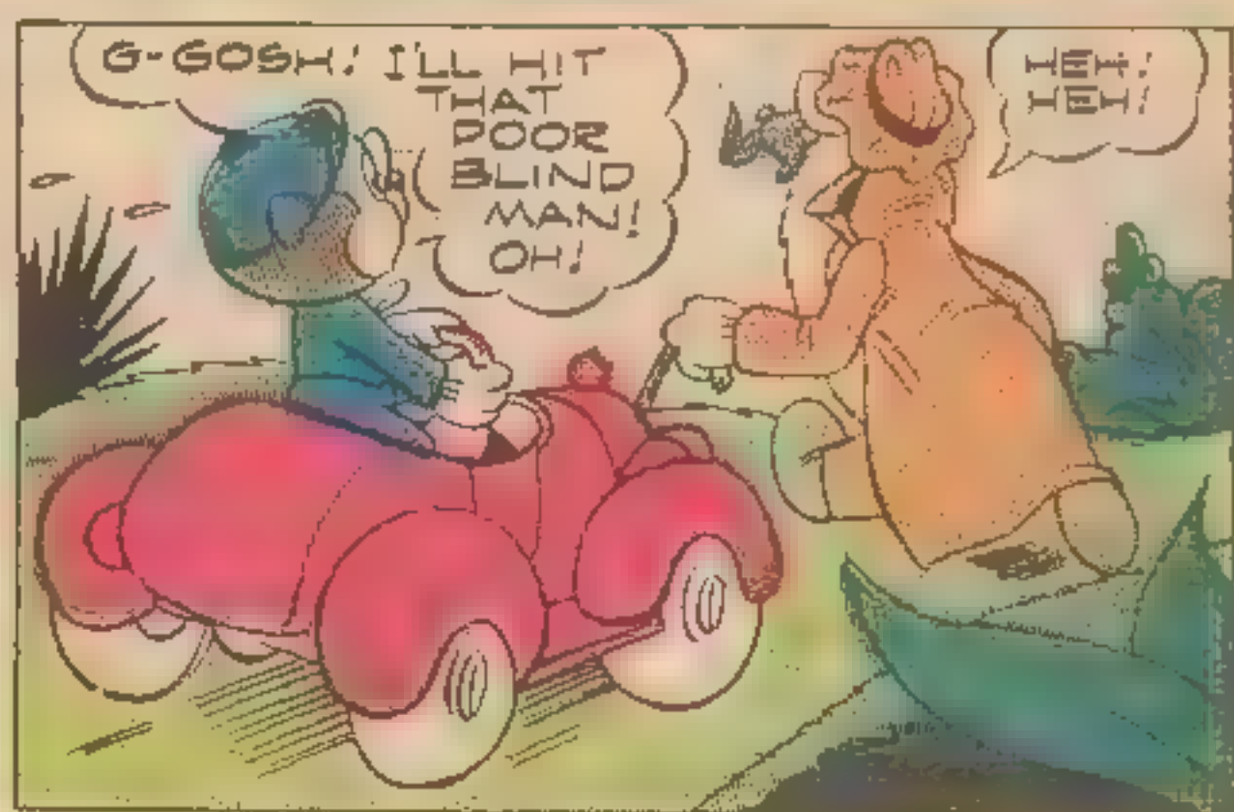

BUT I HAVEN'T GOT ANY TIME! HE'LL BE COMING BACK ANY MINUTE NOW!

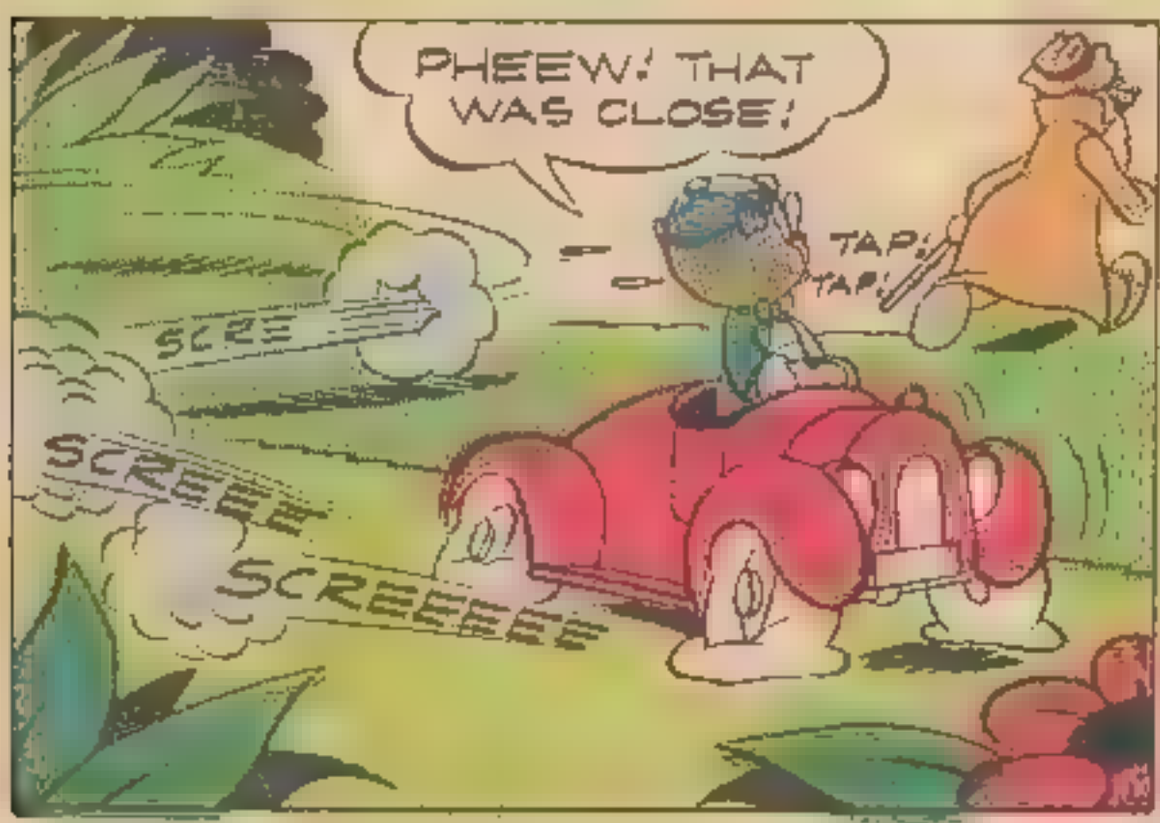

I'VE GOT A PLAN! I'LL PUT ON THIS DISGUISE -- HE'LL NEVER KNOW ME!
I'LL HOLD YER COAT, POP! HURRY!

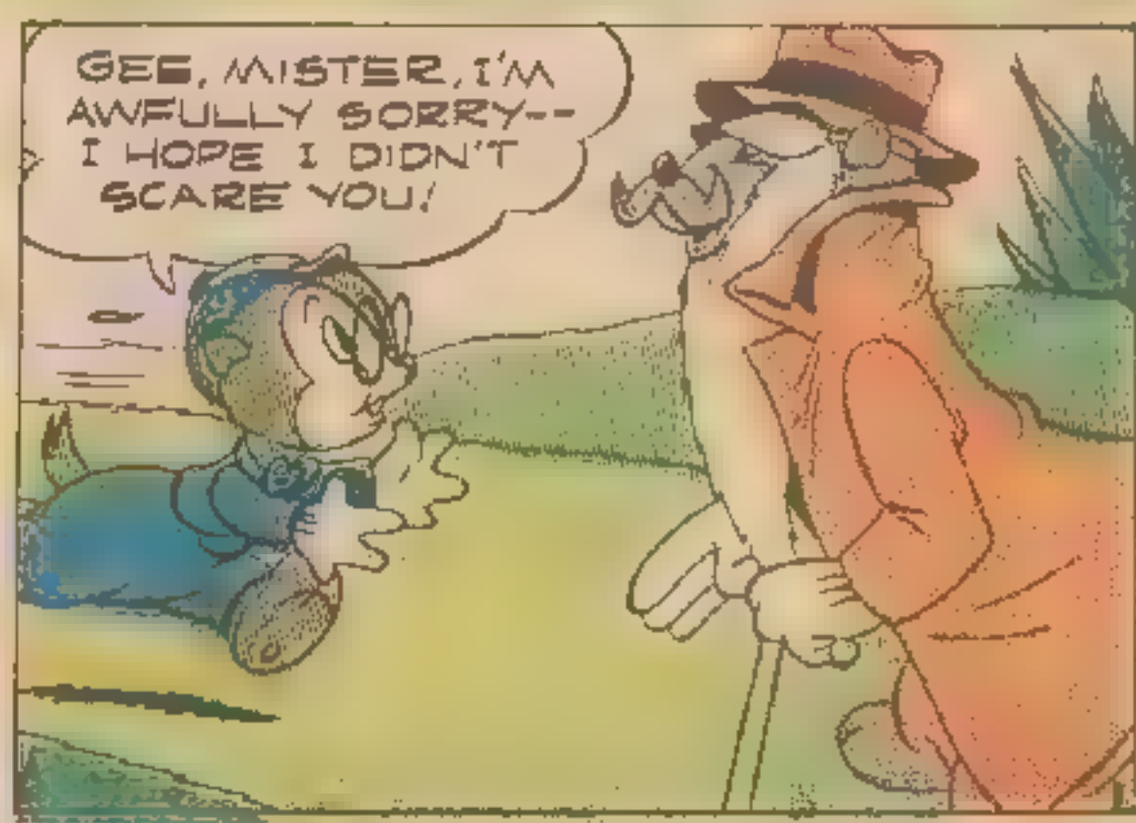

Y'LOOK SWELL, POP! HURRY BACK!
TAP
TAP

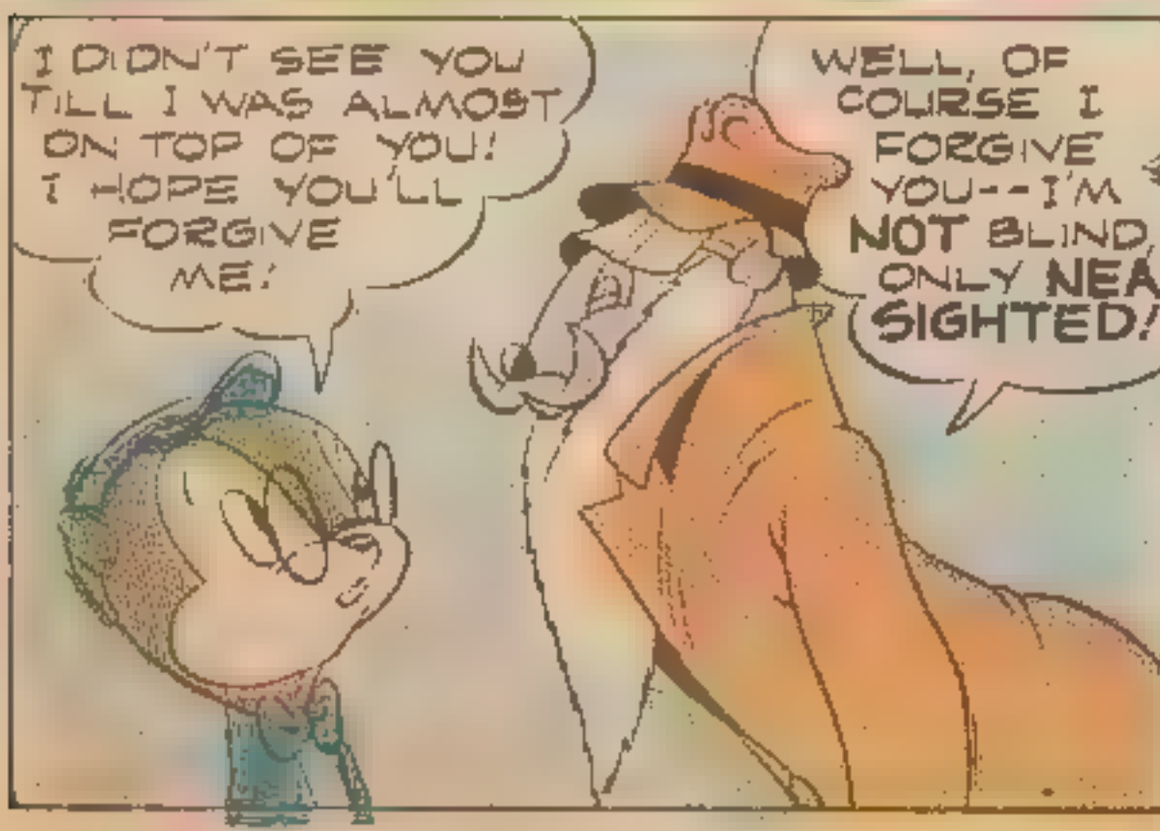

I'LL JUST HIDE IN THIS TALL GRASS TILL HE'S ALMOST ON TOP OF ME!

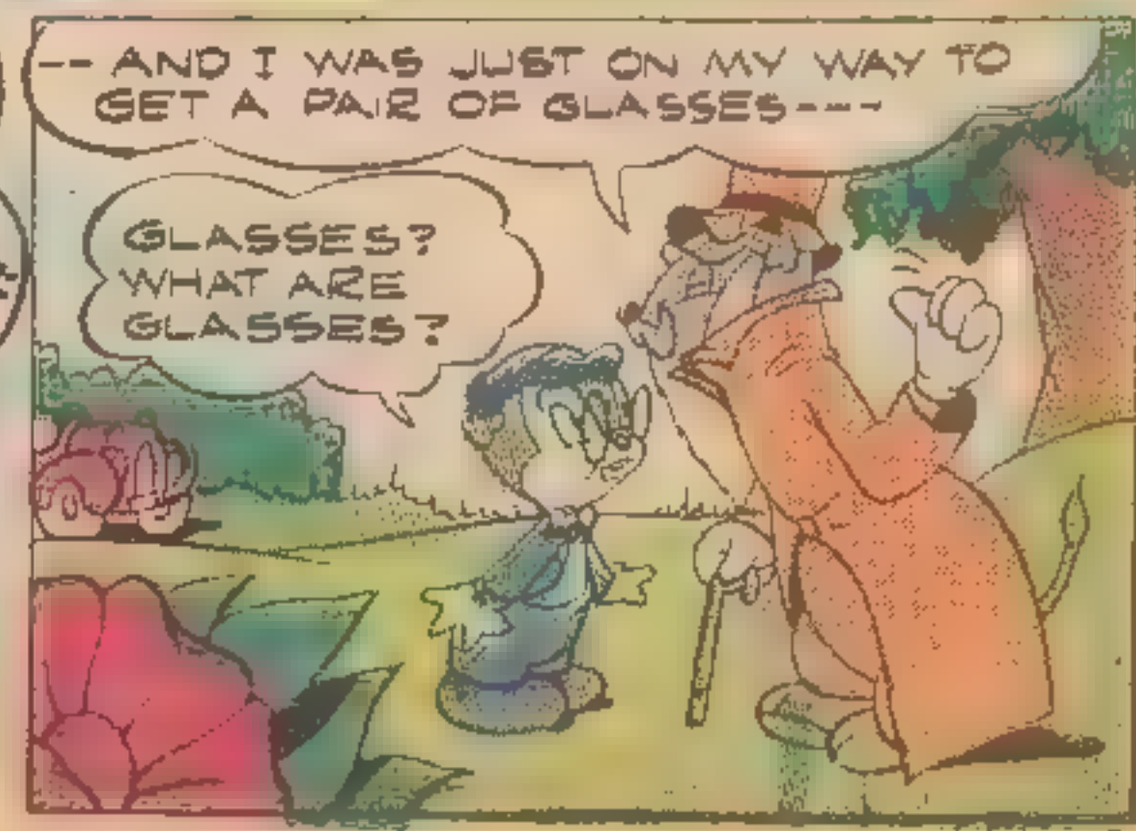

HEY! HEY! LOOK OUT!
HE DOESN'T KNOW ME! WHAT A SAP!
HONK! HONK!
TAP!
TAP! TAP!

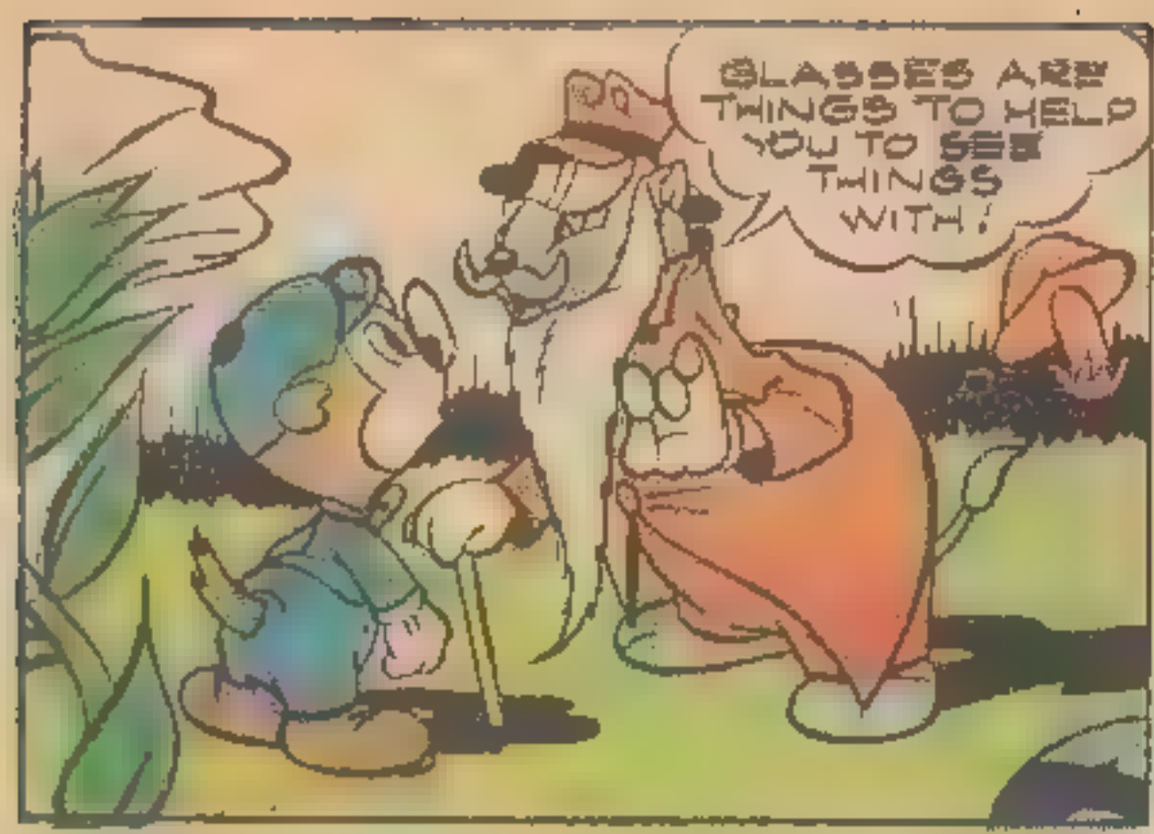

G-GOSH! I'LL HIT THAT POOR BLIND MAN! OH!
HEH! HEH!

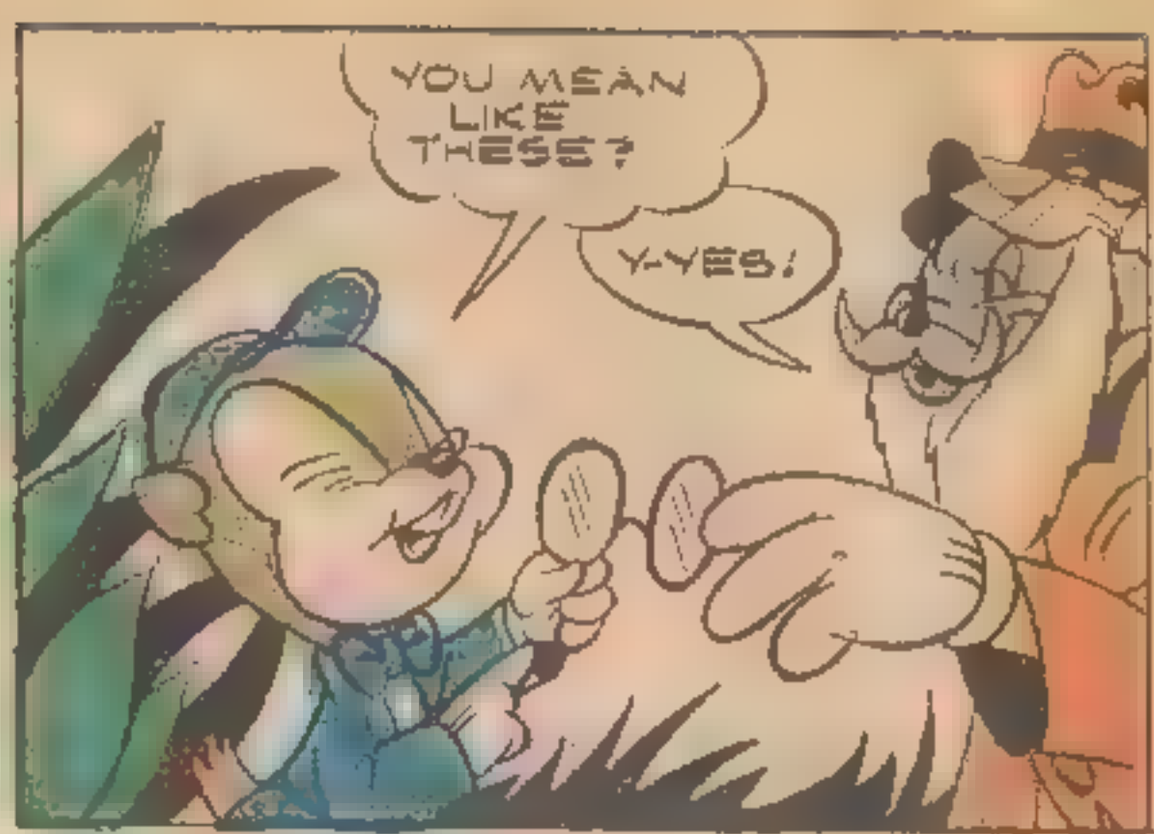

PHEEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
TAP! TAP!
SCRE
SCREEE
SCREEEEE

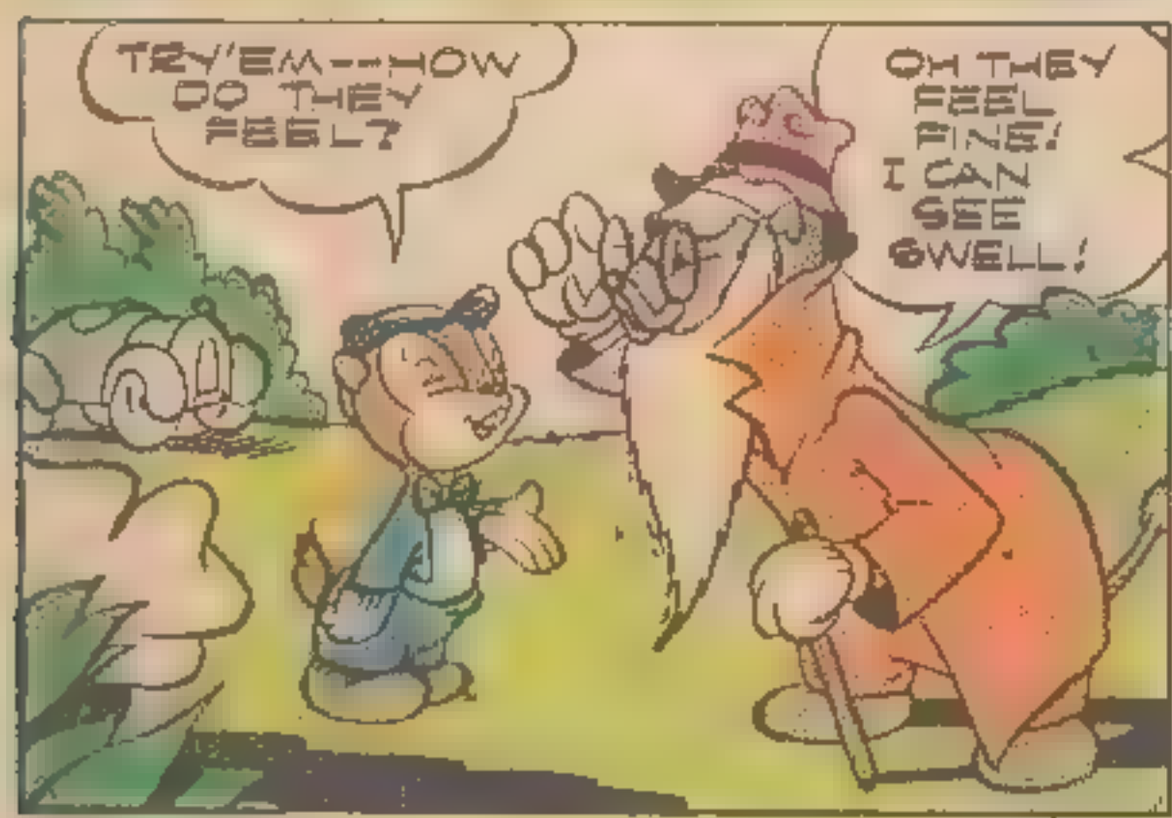

GEE, MISTER, I'M AWFULLY SORRY-- I HOPE I DIDN'T SCARE YOU!

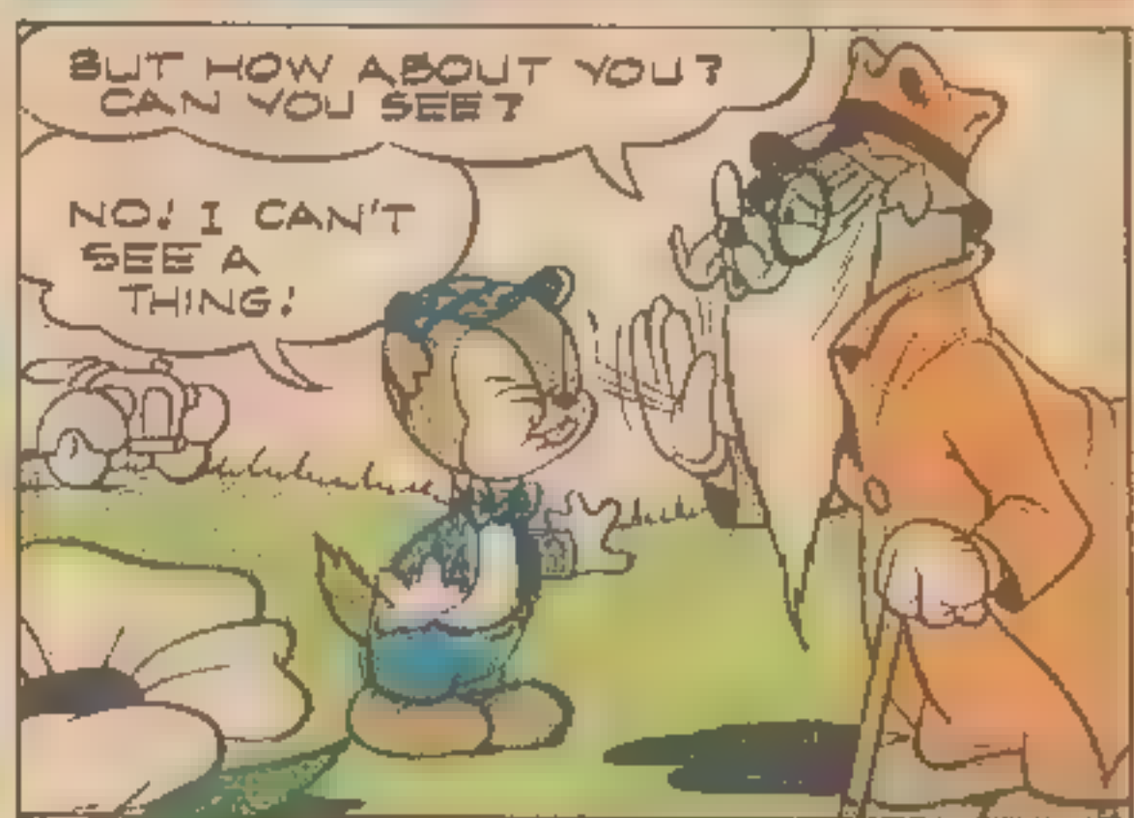

I DIDN'T SEE YOU TILL I WAS ALMOST ON TOP OF YOU! I HOPE YOU'LL FORGIVE ME!
WELL, OF COURSE I FORGIVE YOU--I'M NOT BLIND, ONLY NEAR-SIGHTED!

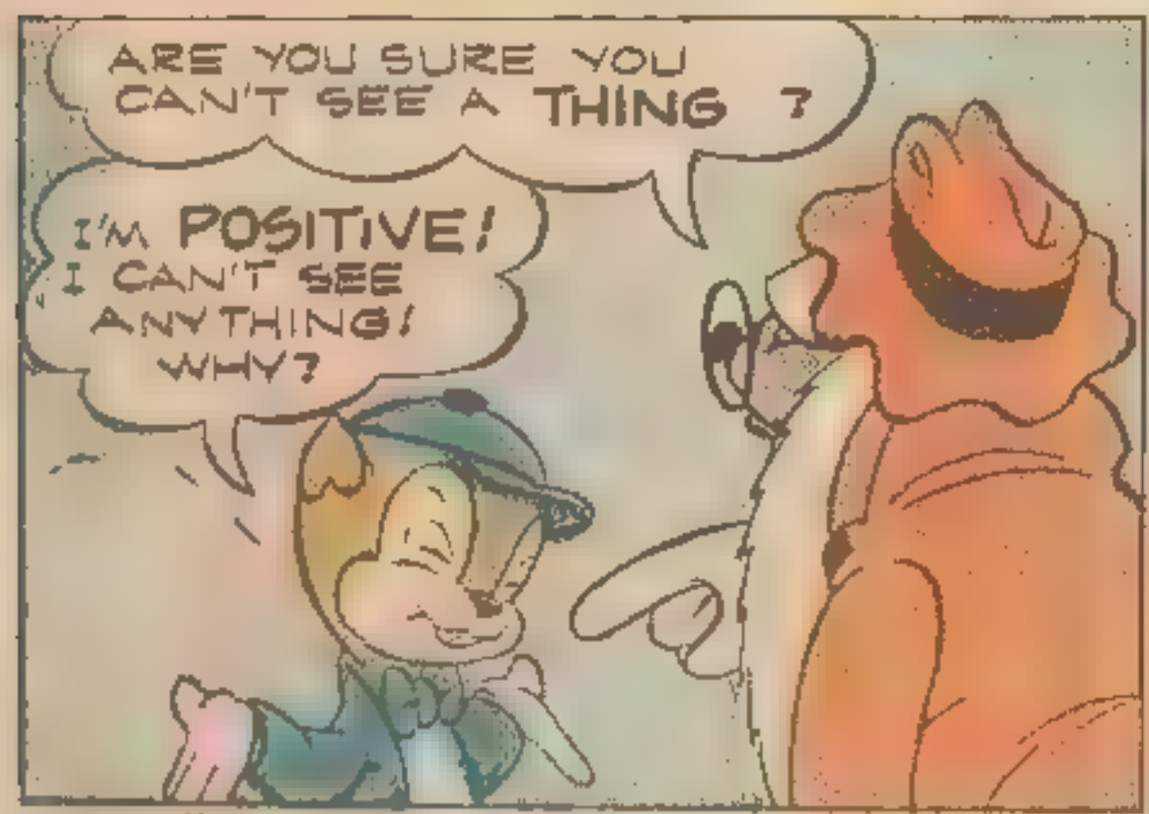

--AND I WAS JUST ON MY WAY TO GET A PAIR OF GLASSES---
GLASSES? WHAT ARE GLASSES?

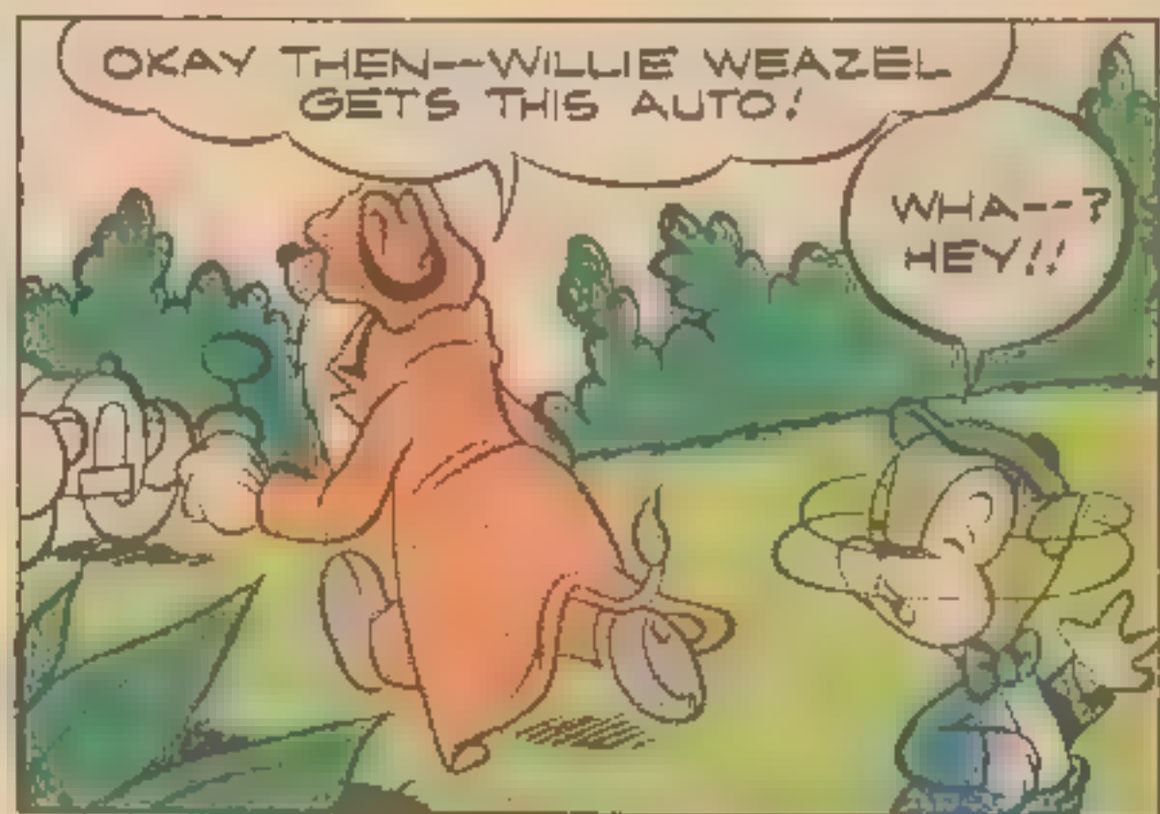

GLASSES ARE THINGS TO HELP YOU TO SEE THINGS WITH!

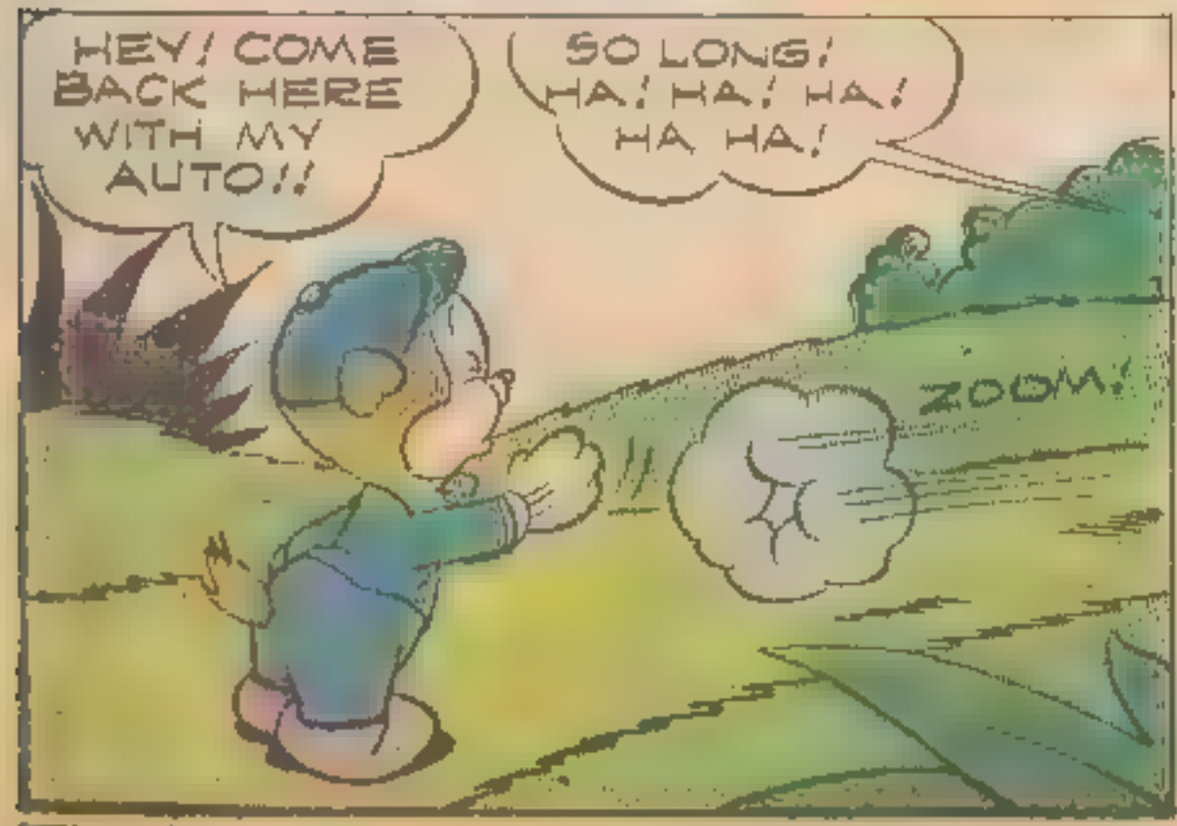

YOU MEAN LIKE THESE?
Y-YES!

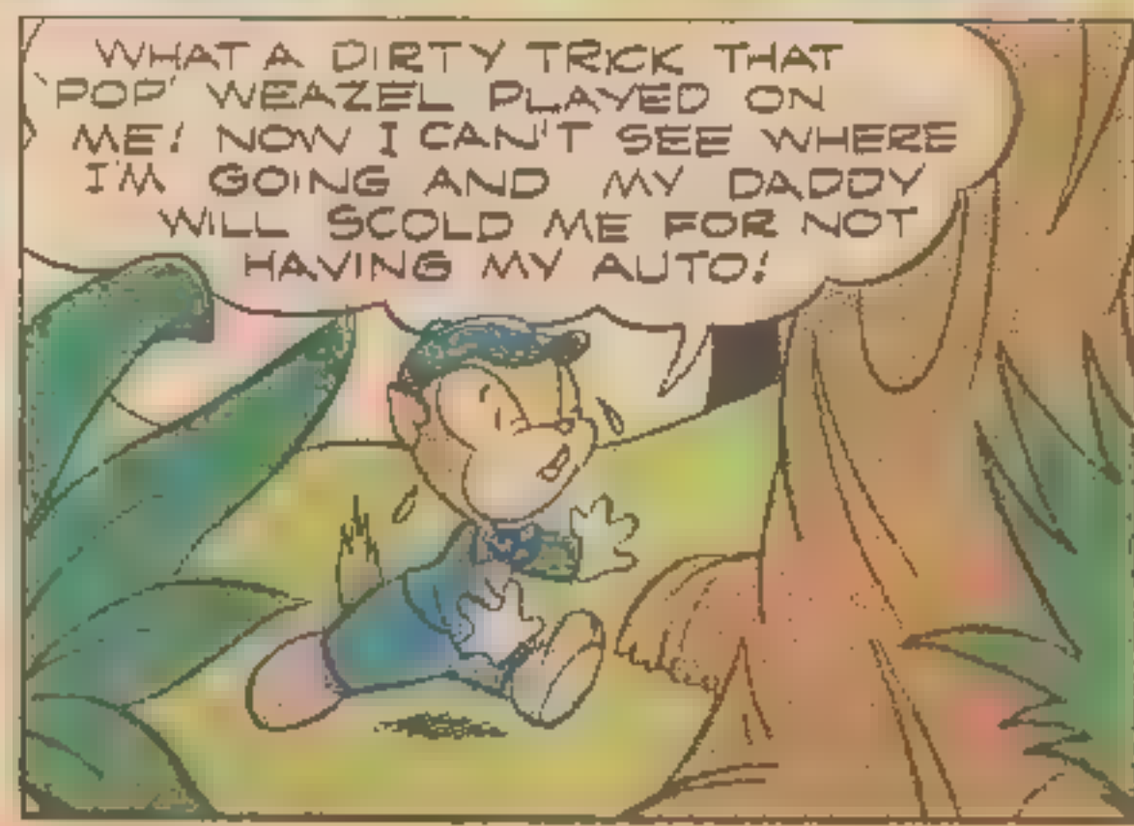

TRY'EM--HOW DO THEY FEEL?
OH THEY FEEL FINE! I CAN SEE SWELL!

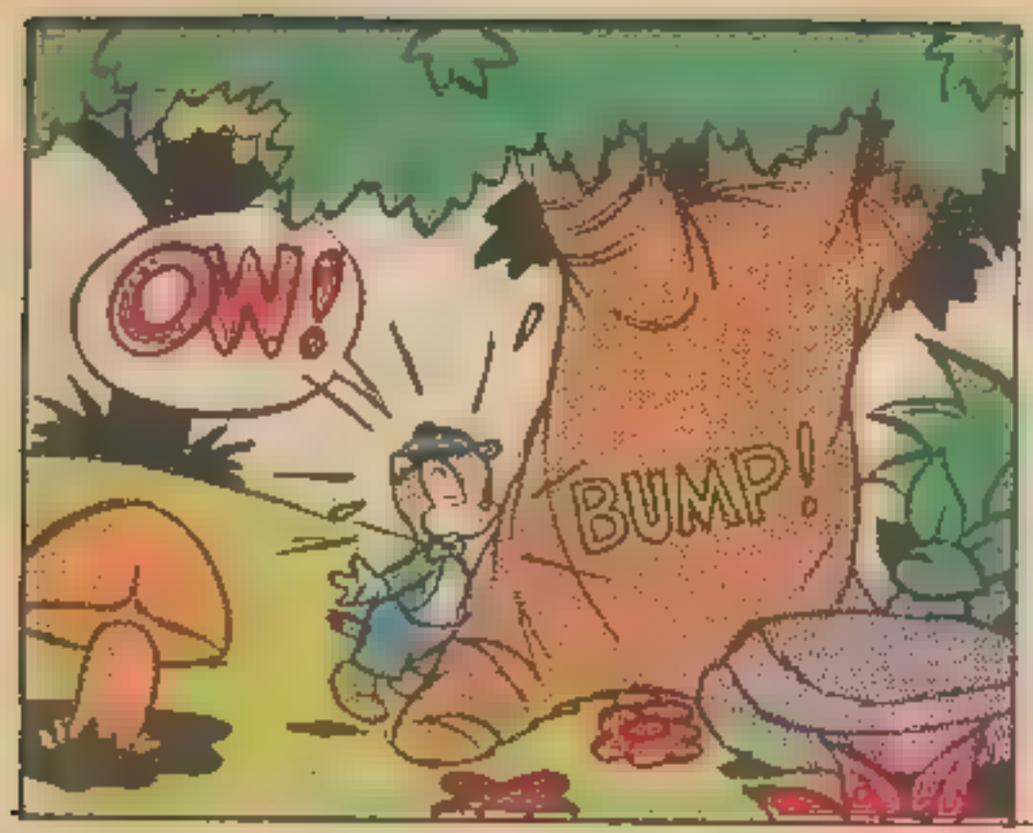

BUT HOW ABOUT YOU? CAN YOU SEE?
NO! I CAN'T SEE A THING!

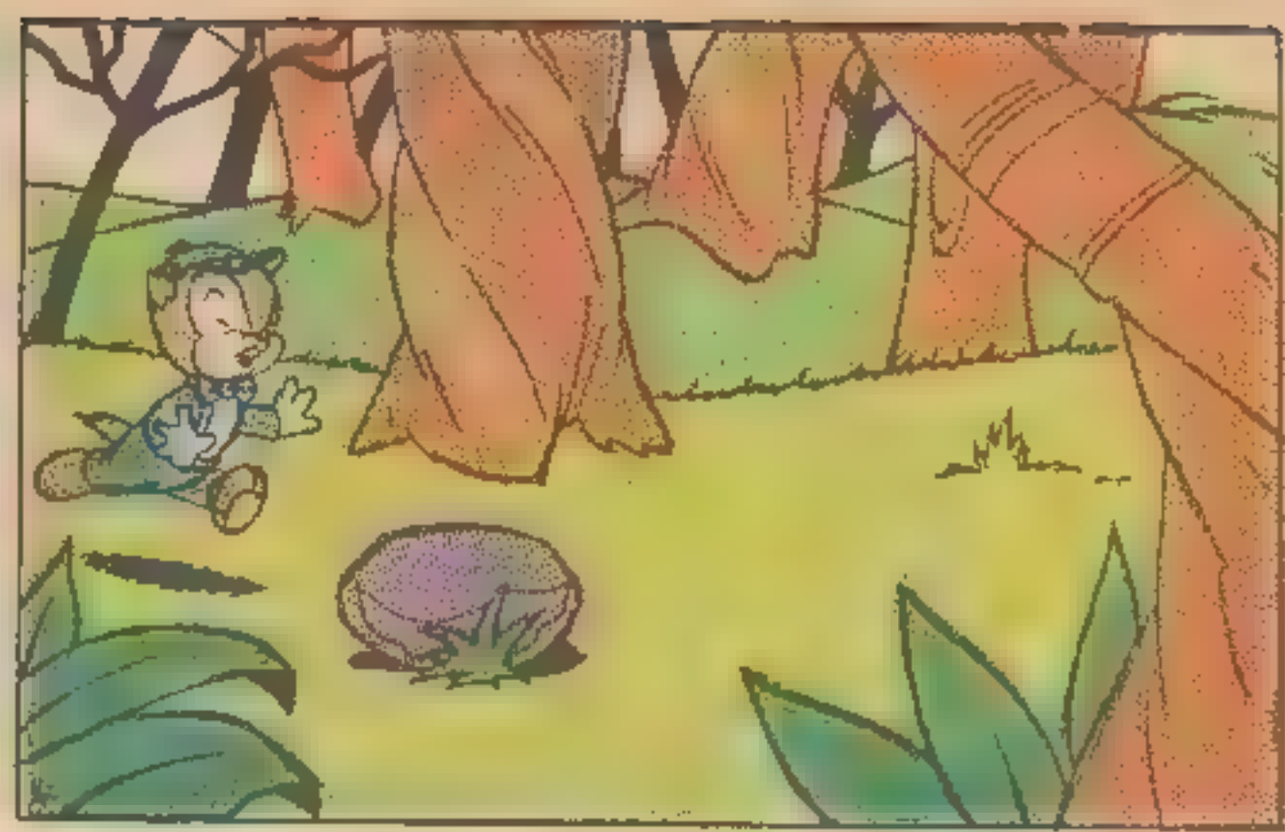

ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN'T SEE A THING ?
I'M POSITIVE! I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING! WHY?

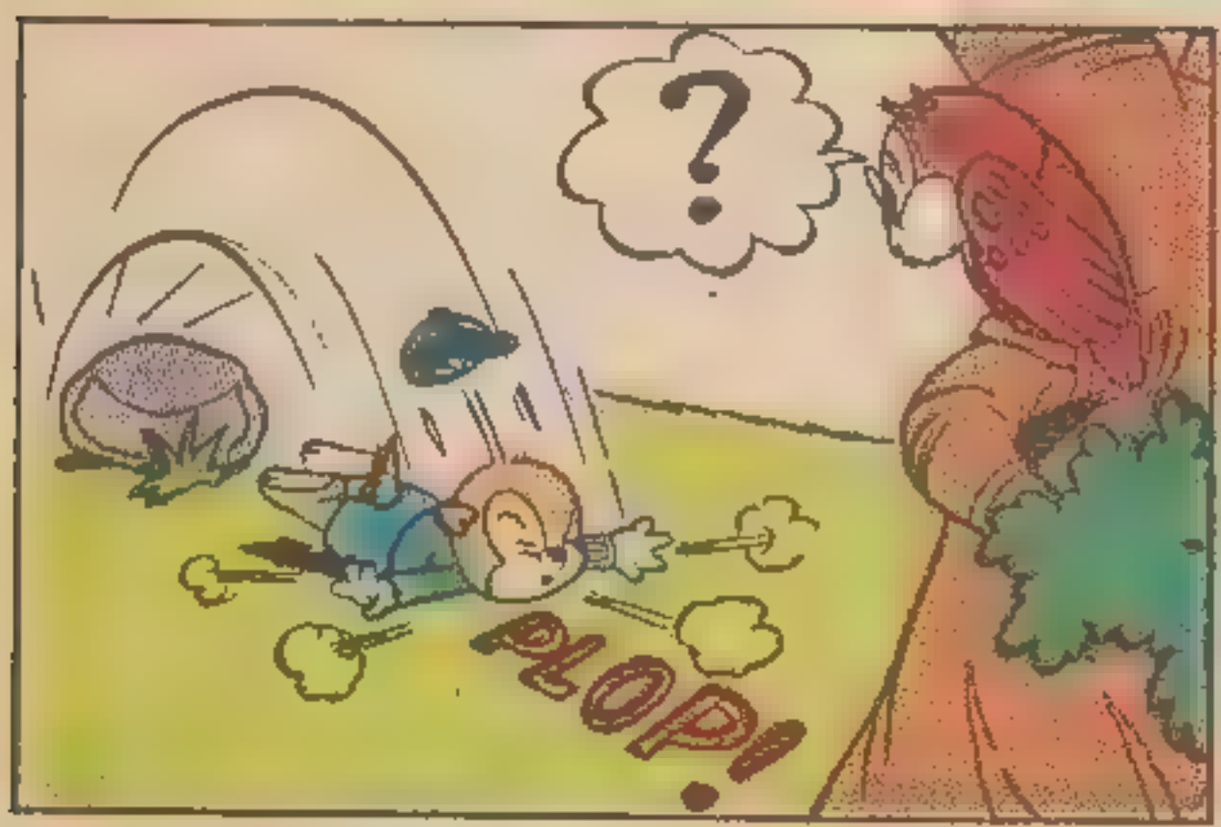

OKAY THEN--WILLIE WEAZEL GETS THIS AUTO!
WHA--? HEY!!

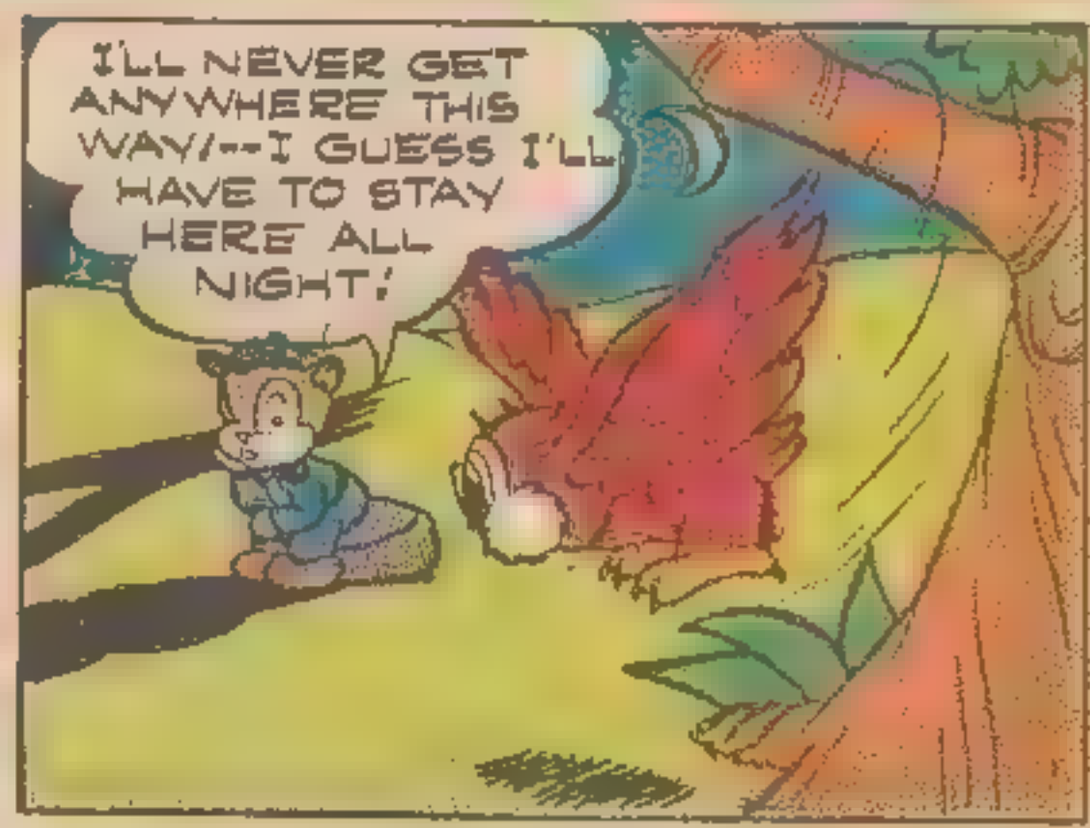

HEY! COME BACK HERE WITH MY AUTO!!
SO LONG! HA! HA! HA! HA HA!
ZOOM!

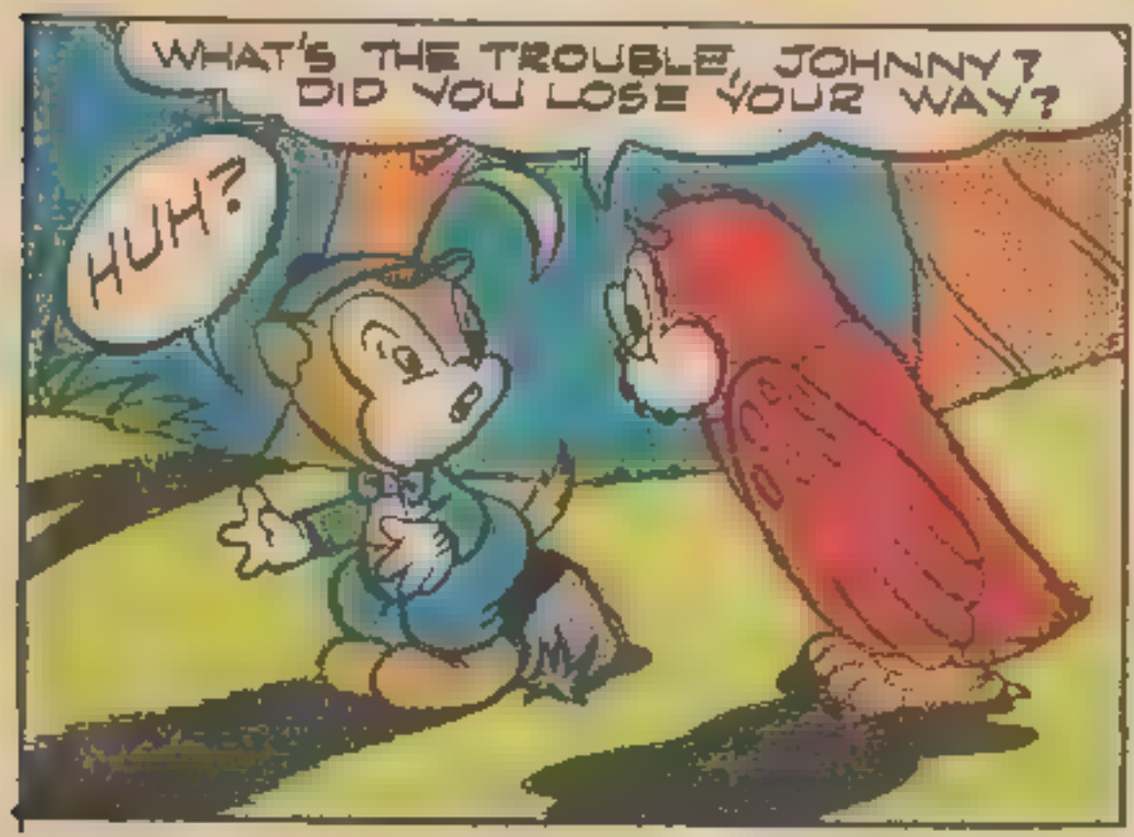

WHAT A DIRTY TRICK THAT 'POP' WEAZEL PLAYED ON ME! NOW I CAN'T SEE WHERE I'M GOING AND MY DADDY WILL SCOLD ME FOR NOT HAVING MY AUTO!

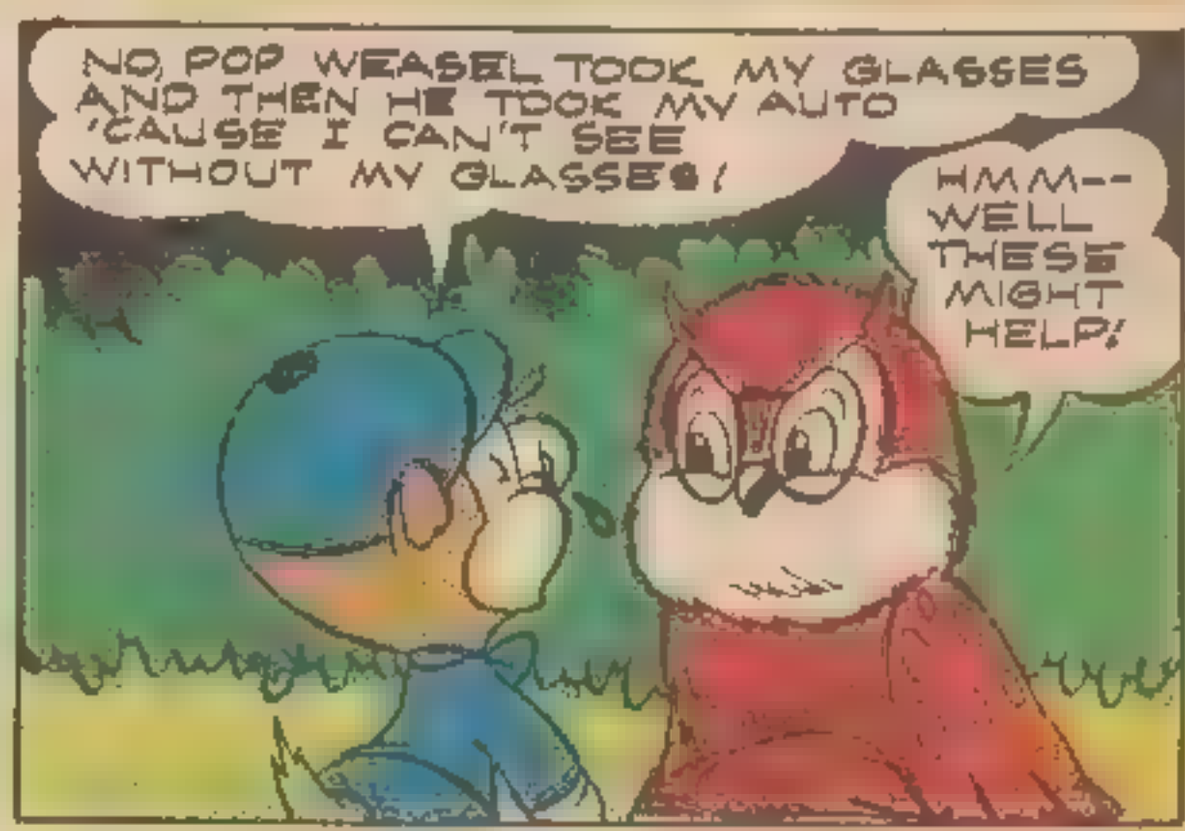

OW!
BUMP!

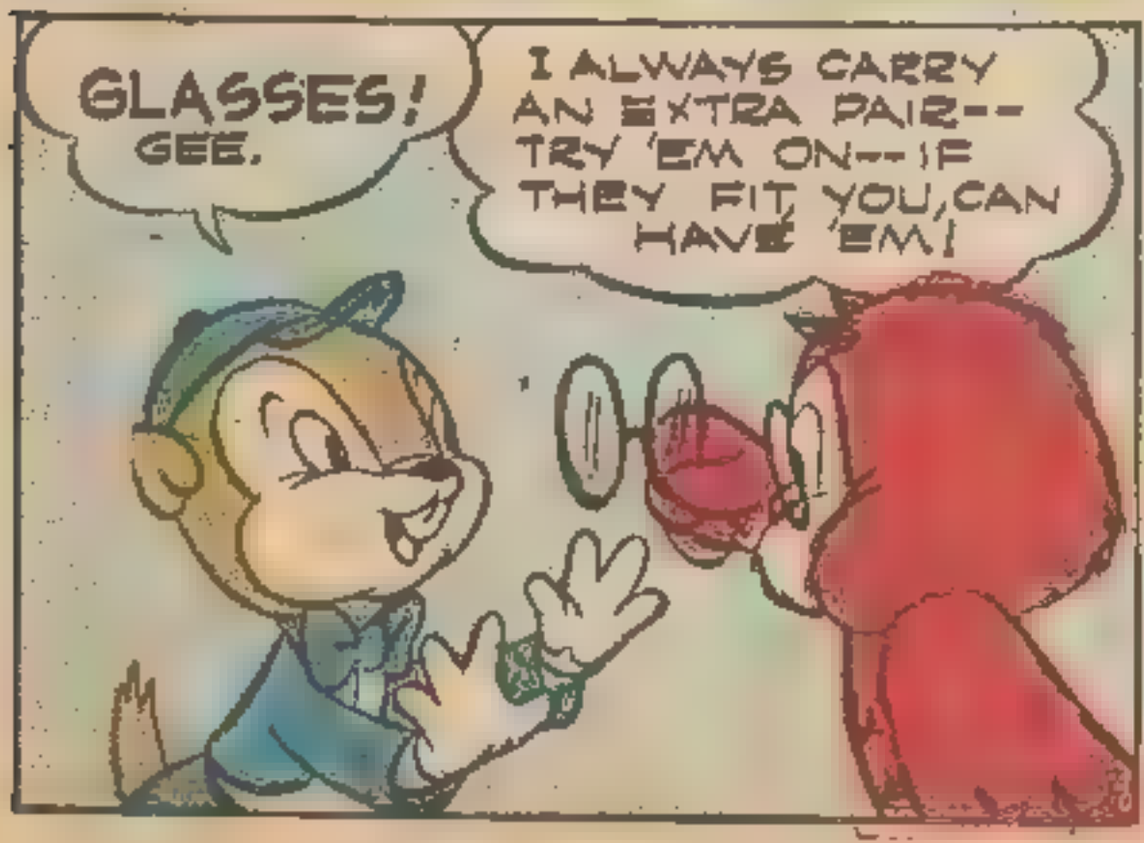


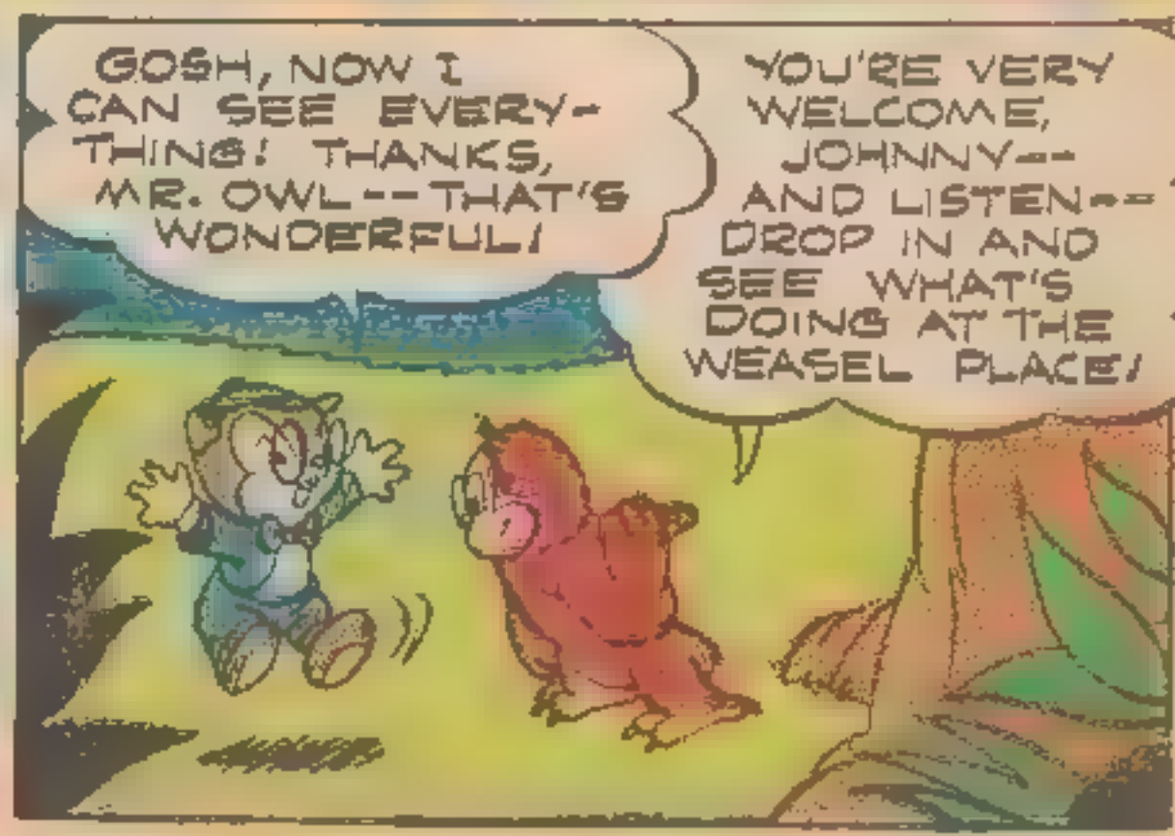

?
PLOP!

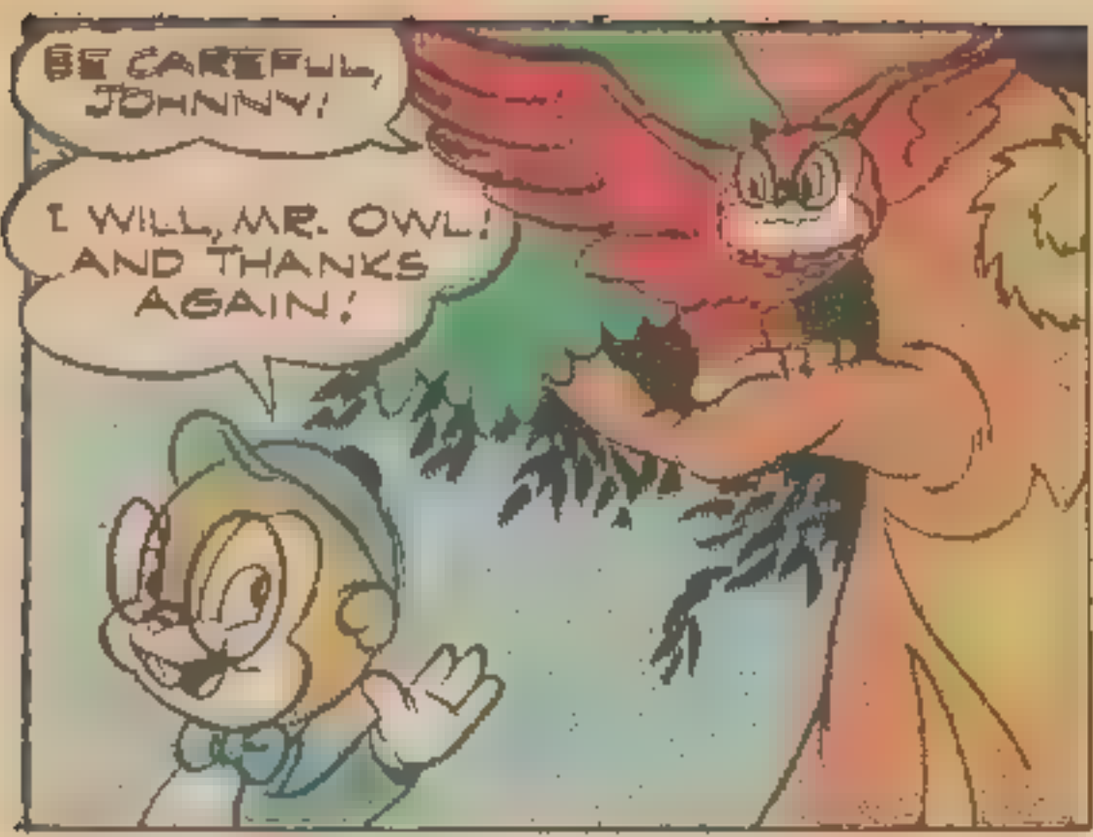

I'LL NEVER GET ANYWHERE THIS WAY!--I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO STAY HERE ALL NIGHT!

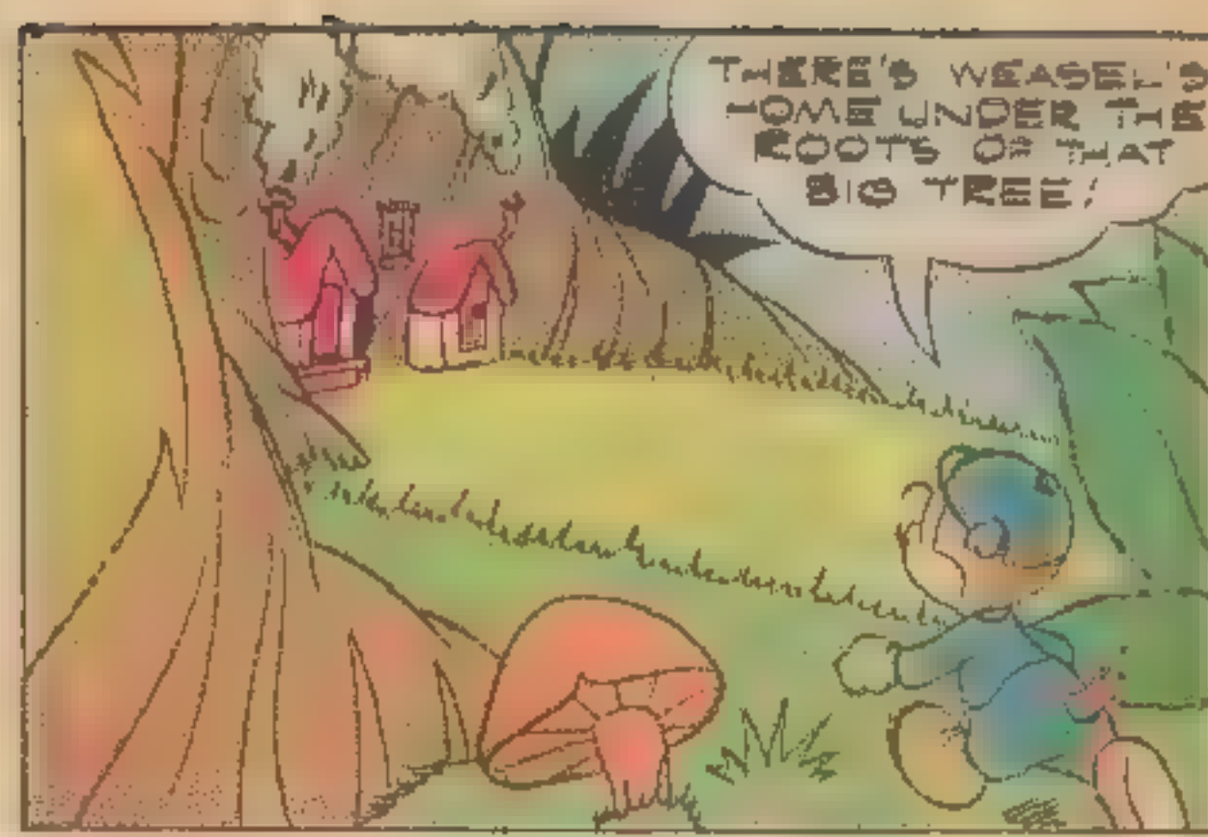

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, JOHNNY? DID YOU LOSE YOUR WAY?
HUH?

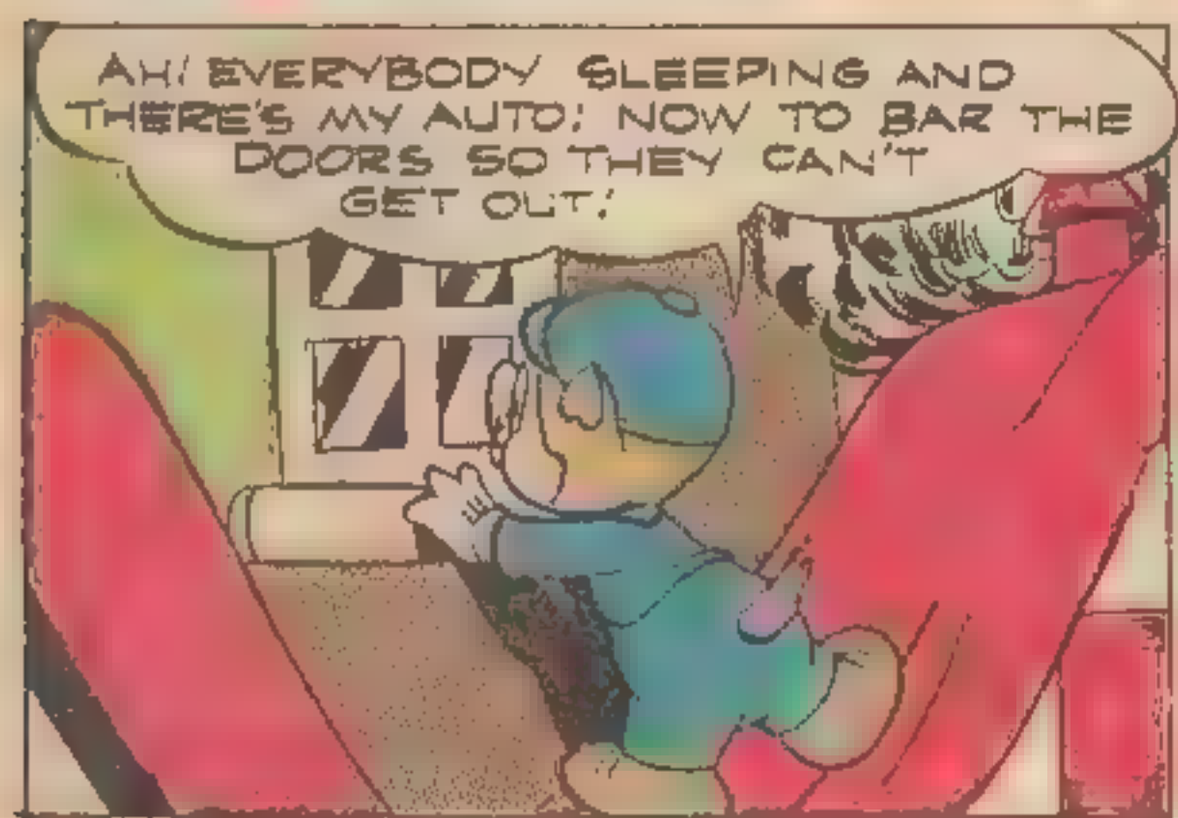

NO, POP WEASEL TOOK MY GLASSES AND THEN HE TOOK MY AUTO 'CAUSE I CAN'T SEE WITHOUT MY GLASSES!
HMM-- WELL THESE MIGHT HELP!

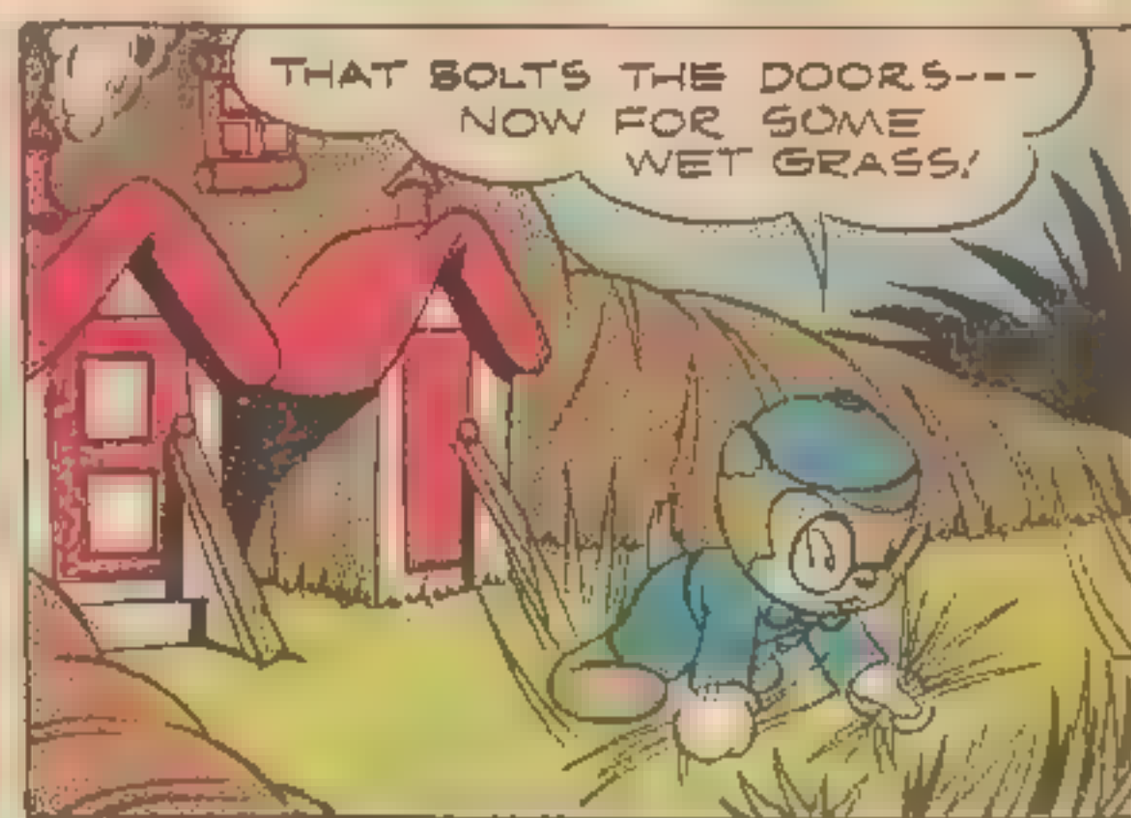

GLASSES! GEE.
I ALWAYS CARRY AN EXTRA PAIR-- TRY 'EM ON--IF THEY FIT YOU, CAN HAVE 'EM!

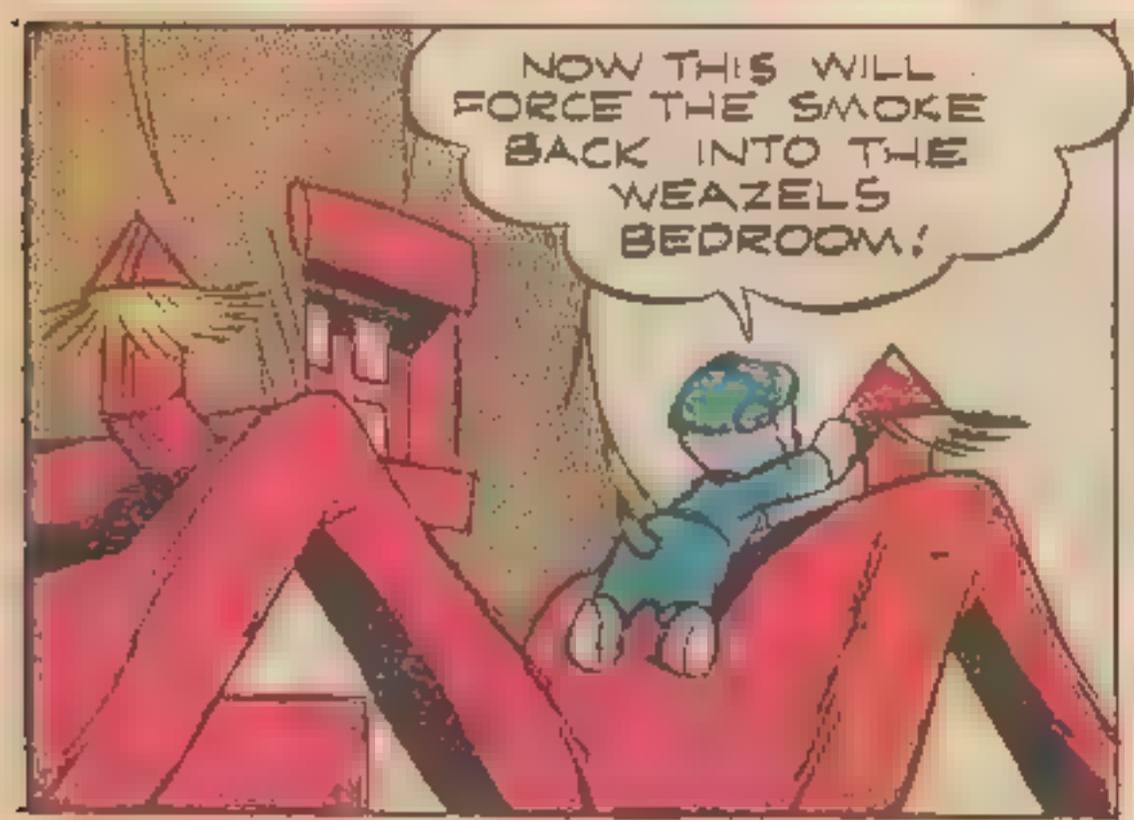

GOSH, NOW I CAN SEE EVERY-THING! THANKS, MR. OWL--THAT'S WONDERFUL!
YOU'RE VERY WELCOME, JOHNNY-- AND LISTEN-- DROP IN AND SEE WHAT'S DOING AT THE WEASEL PLACE!

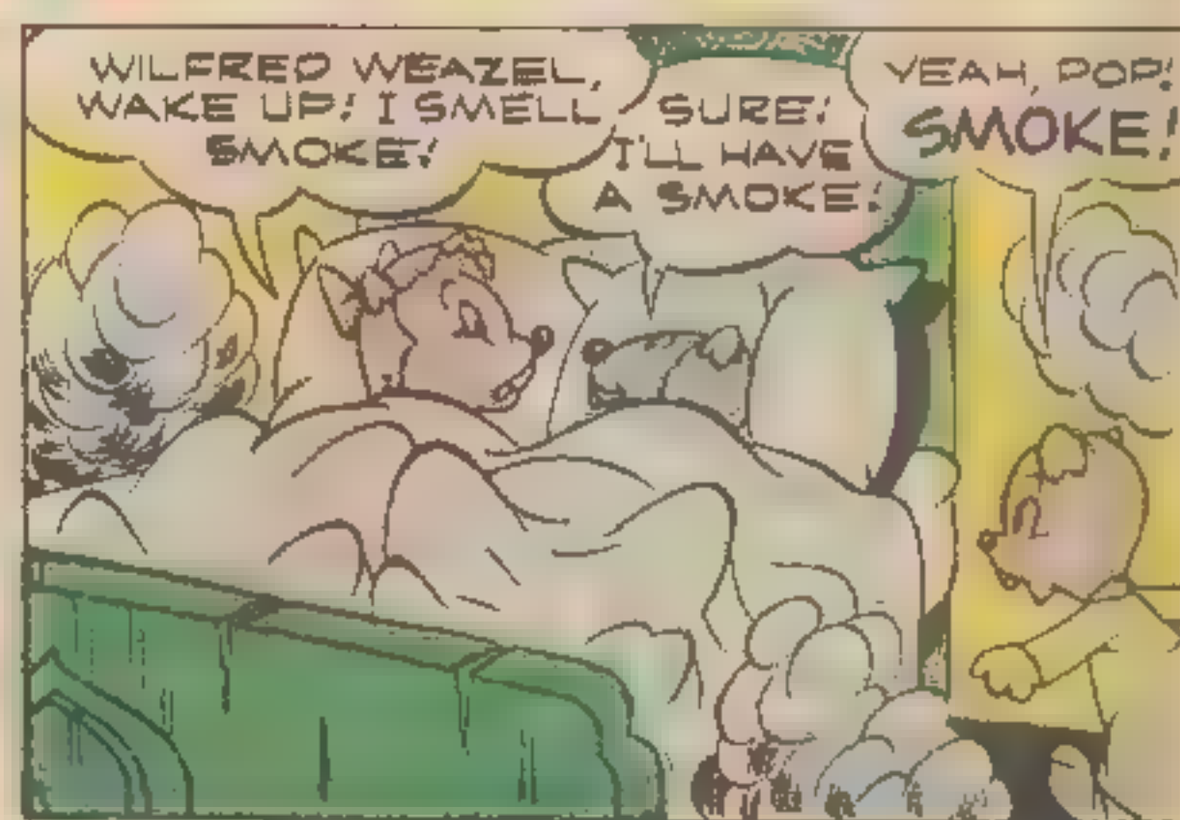

BE CAREFUL, JOHNNY!
I WILL, MR. OWL! AND THANKS AGAIN!

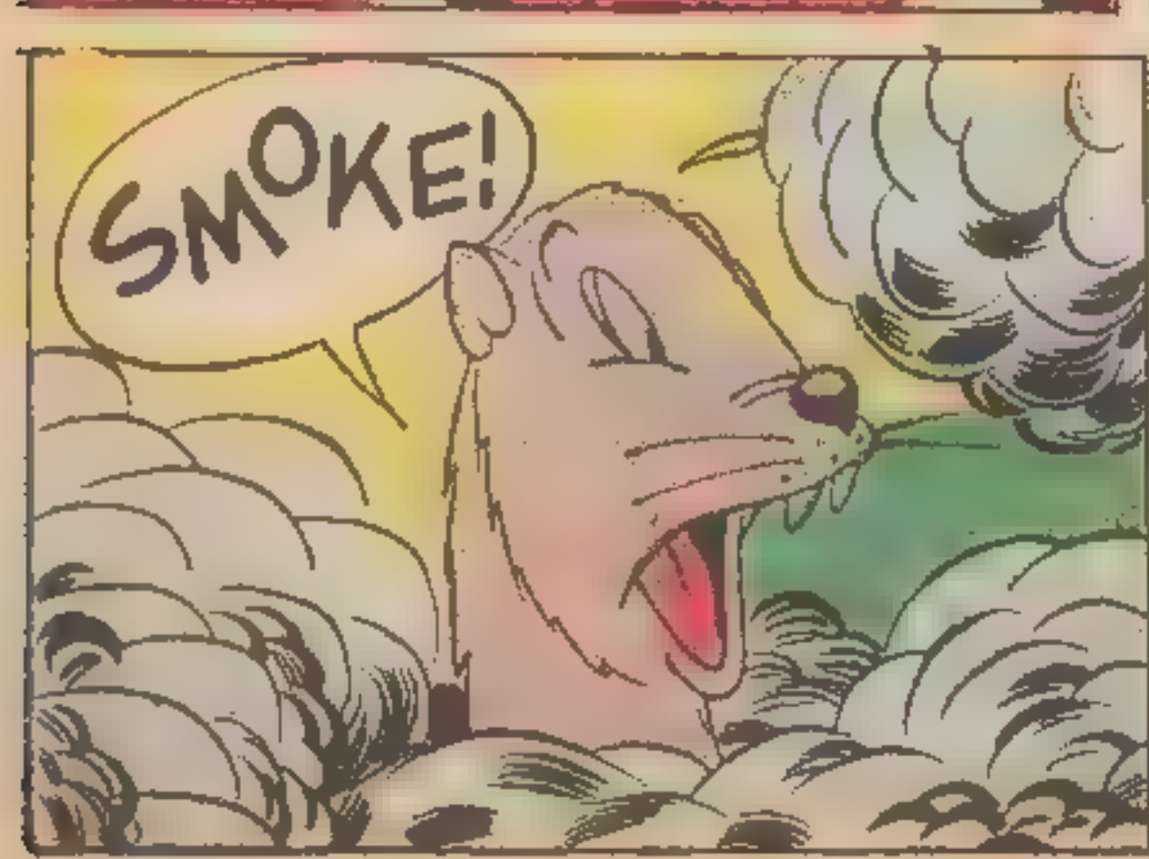

THERE'S WEASEL'S HOME UNDER THE ROOTS OF THAT BIG TREE!


AH! EVERYBODY SLEEPING AND THERE'S MY AUTO! NOW TO BAR THE DOORS SO THEY CAN'T GET OUT!

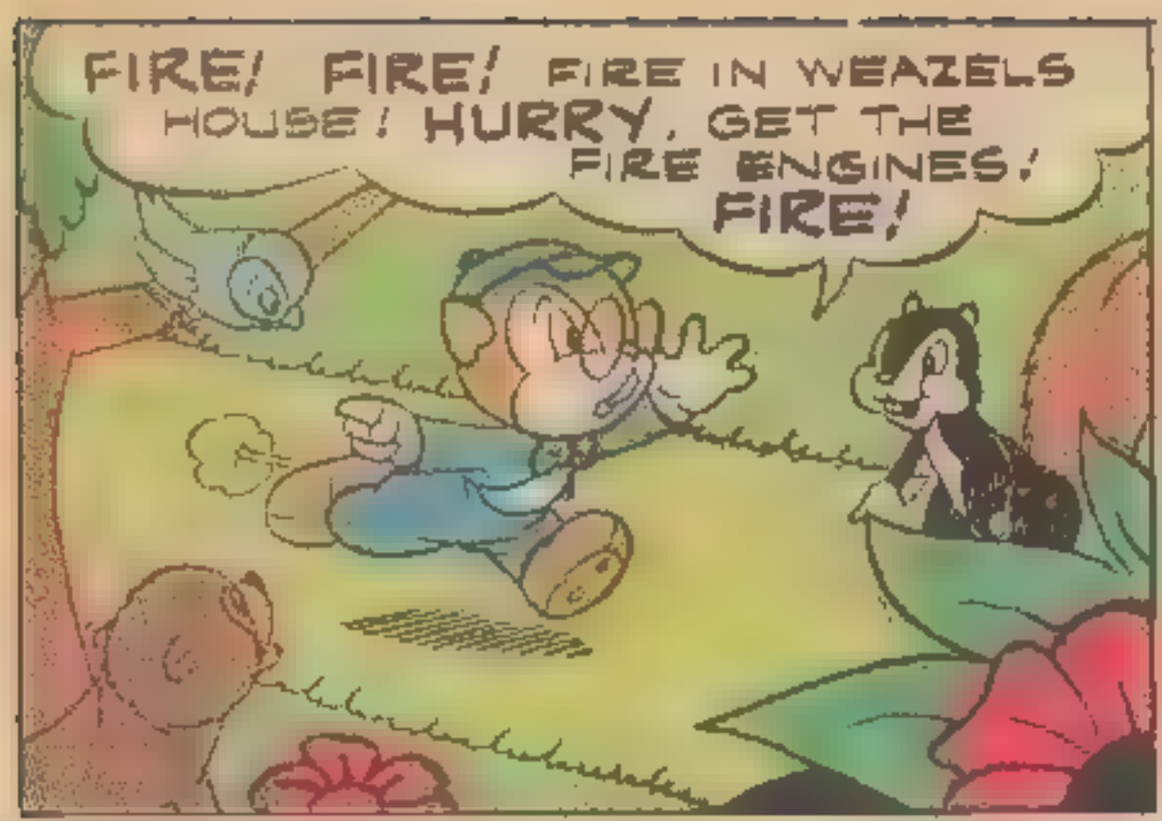

THAT BOLTS THE DOORS--- NOW FOR SOME WET GRASS!

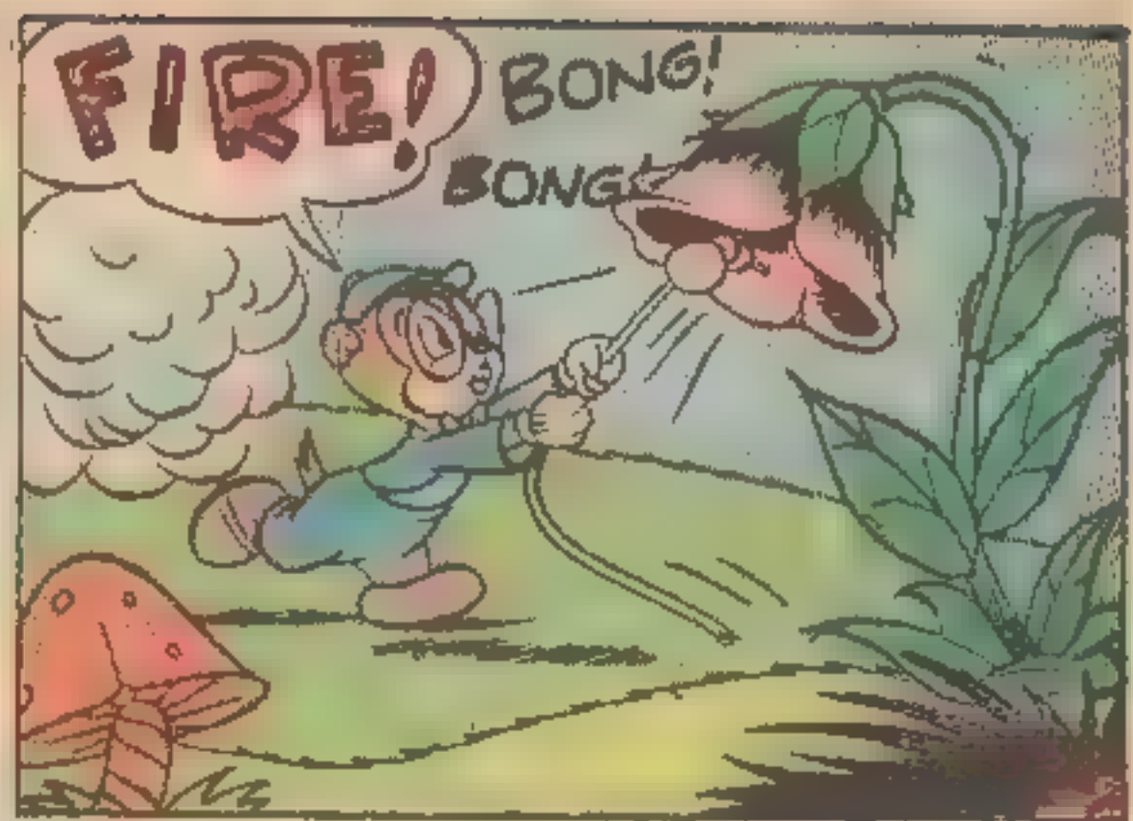

NOW THIS WILL FORCE THE SMOKE BACK INTO THE WEAZELS BEDROOM!

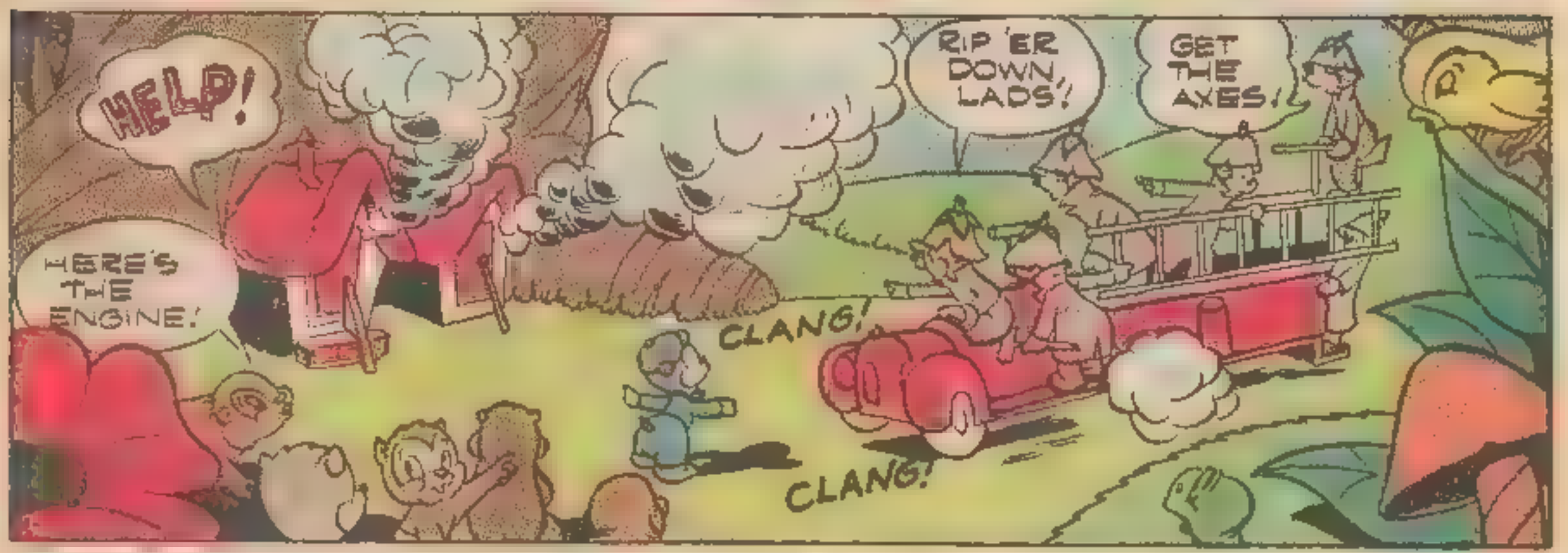

WILFRED WEAZEL, WAKE UP! I SMELL SMOKE!
SURE! I'LL HAVE A SMOKE!
YEAH, POP! SMOKE!

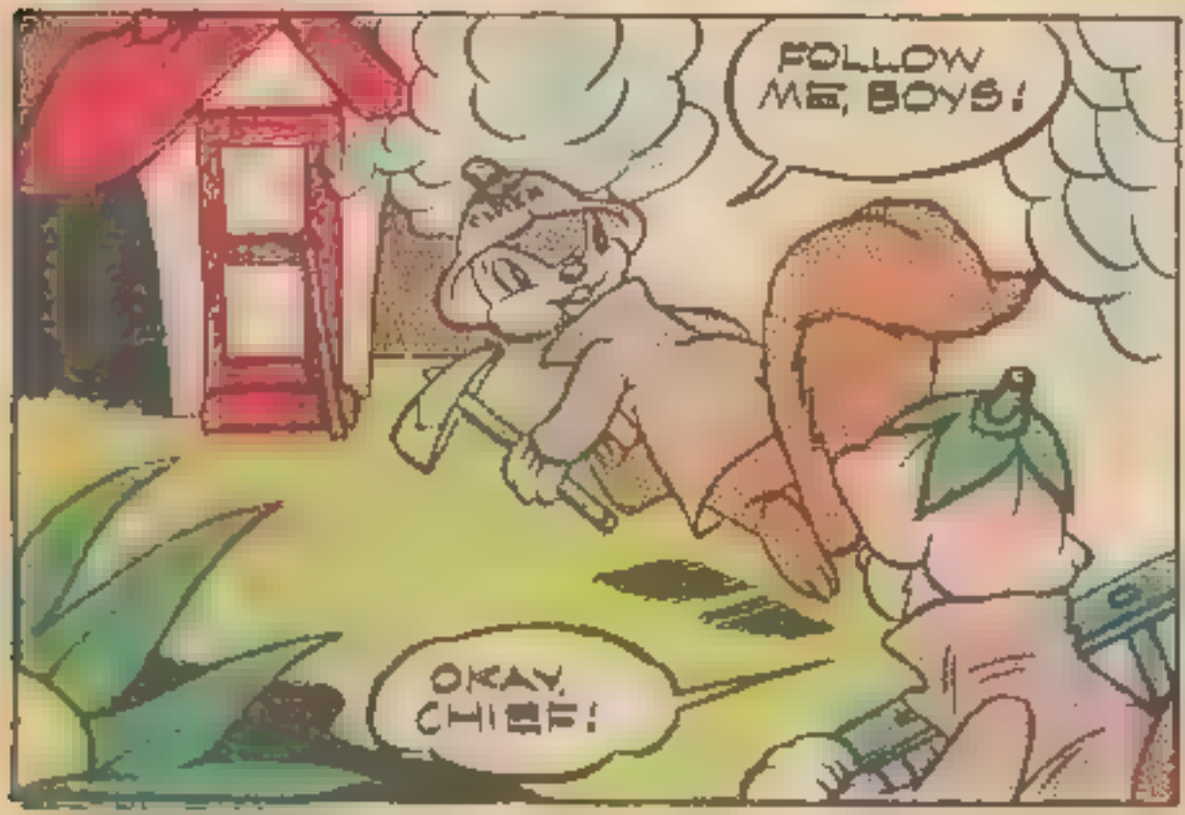

SMOKE!

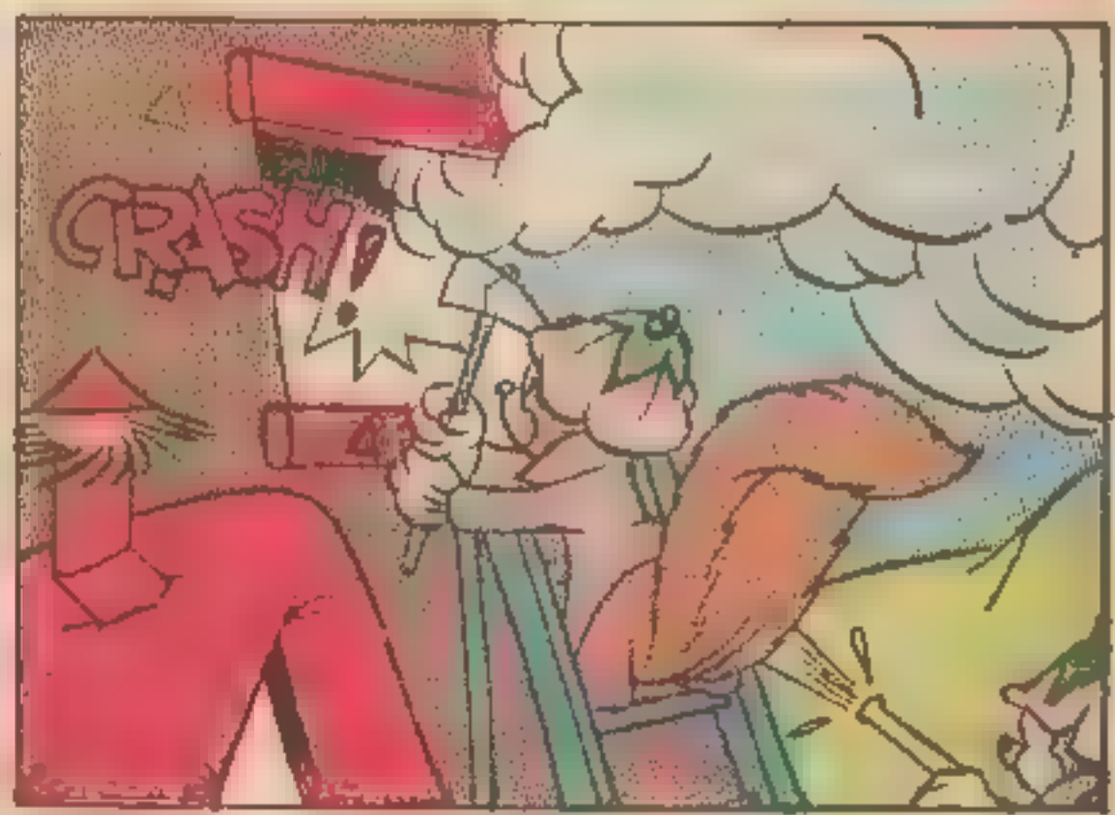
FIRE! HELP! HELP!
HELP

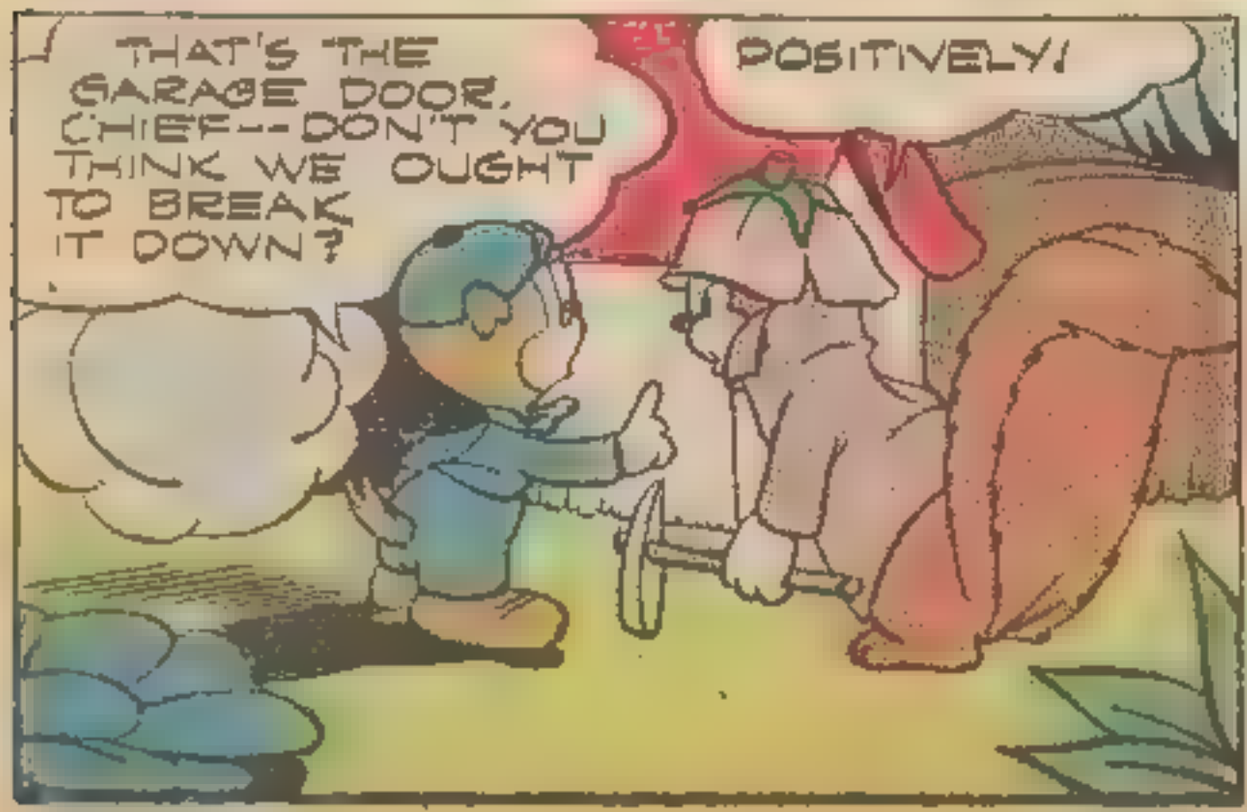

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE IN WEAZELS HOUSE! HURRY, GET THE FIRE ENGINES! FIRE!

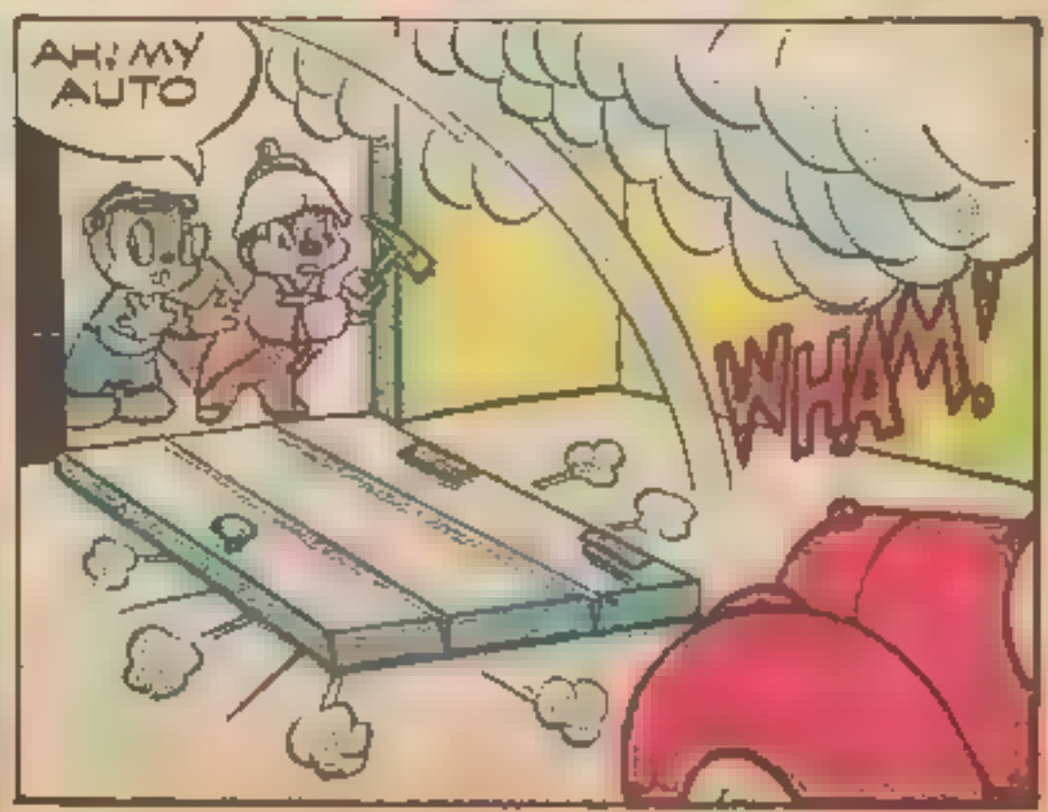

FIRE!
BONG!
BONG!

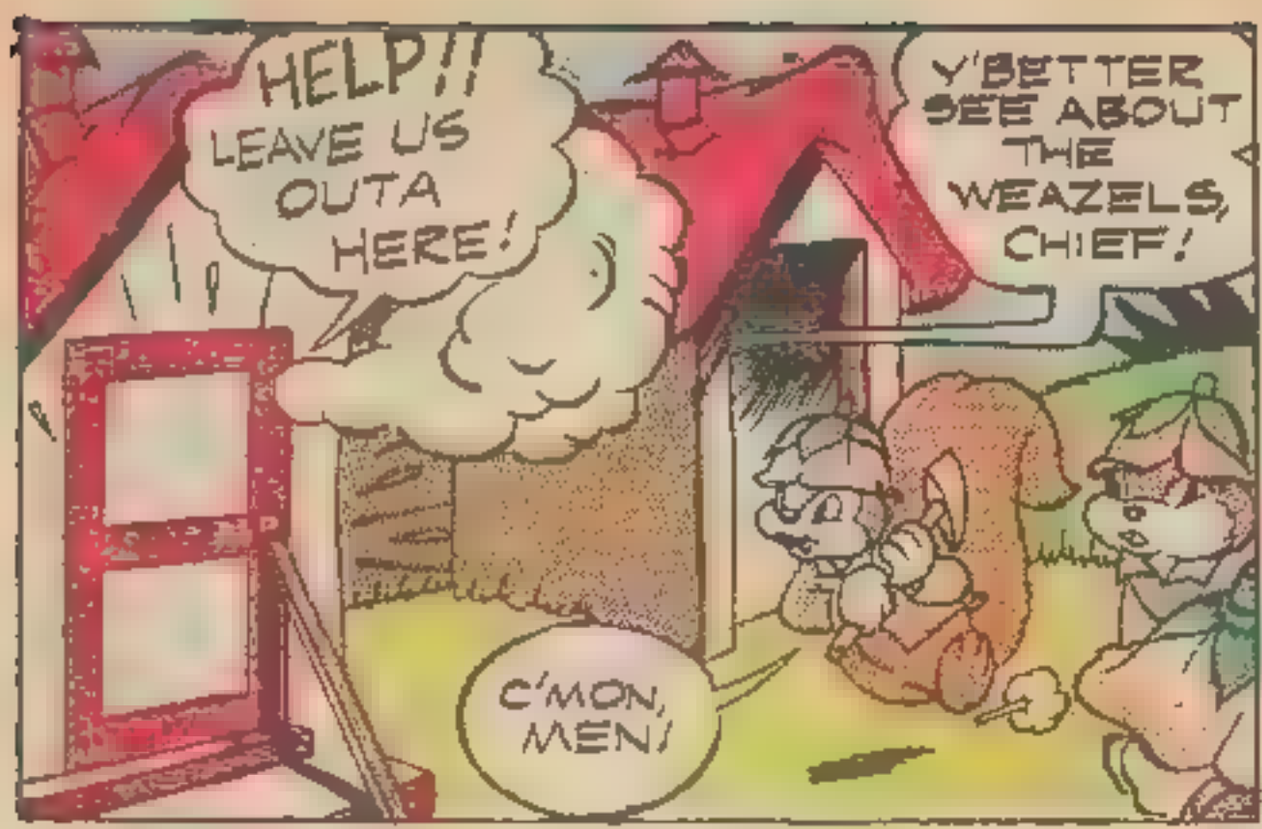

HELP!
HERE'S THE ENGINE!
RIP 'ER DOWN, LADS!
GET THE AXES!
CLANG!
CLANG!

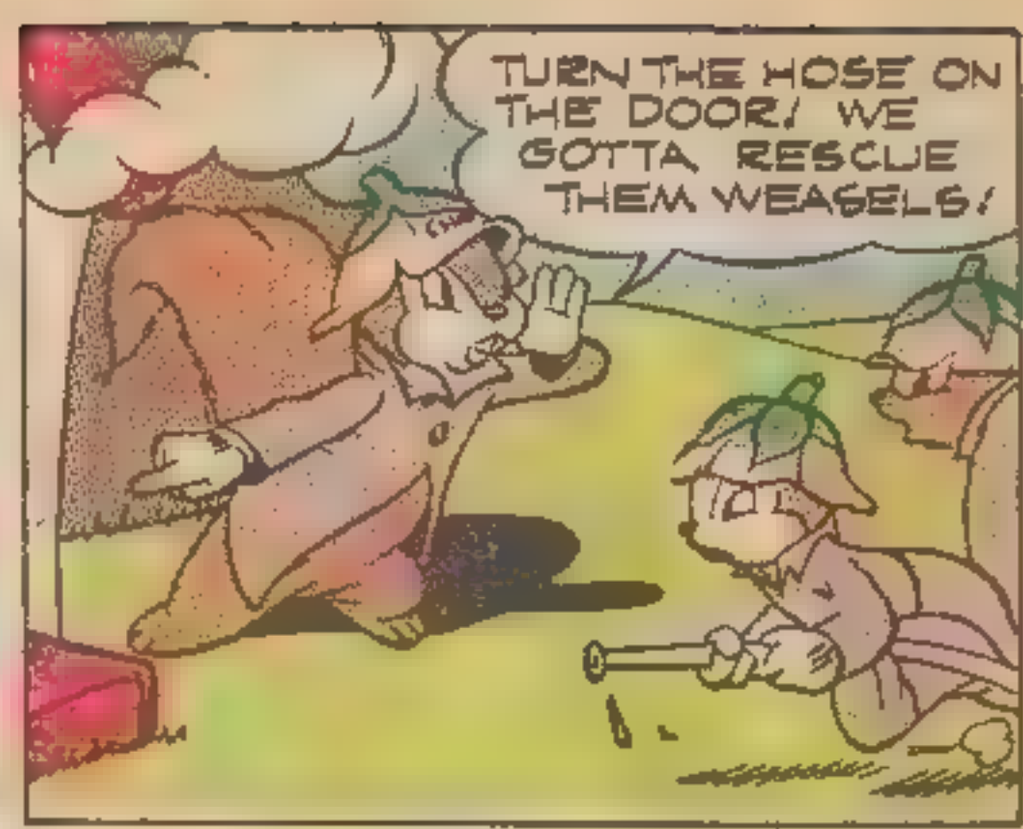

FOLLOW ME, BOYS!
OKAY, CHIEF!

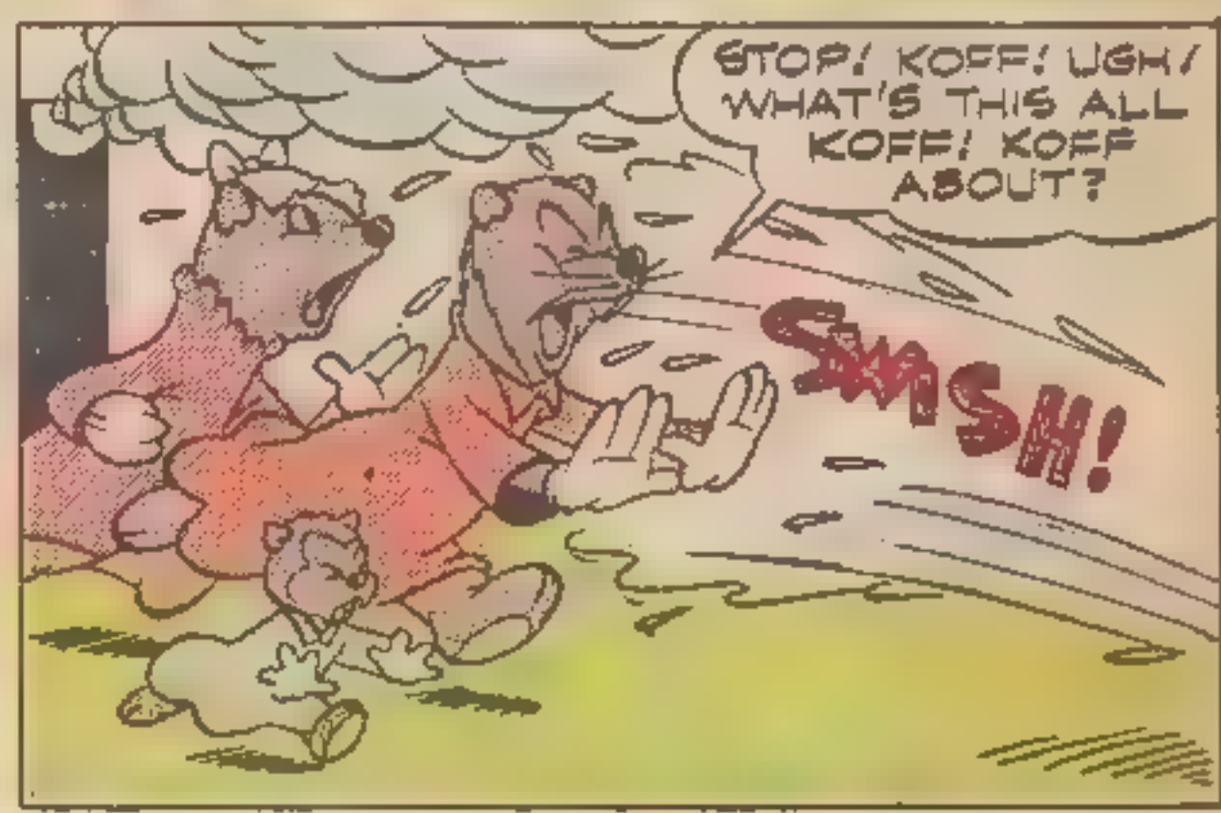

CRASH!

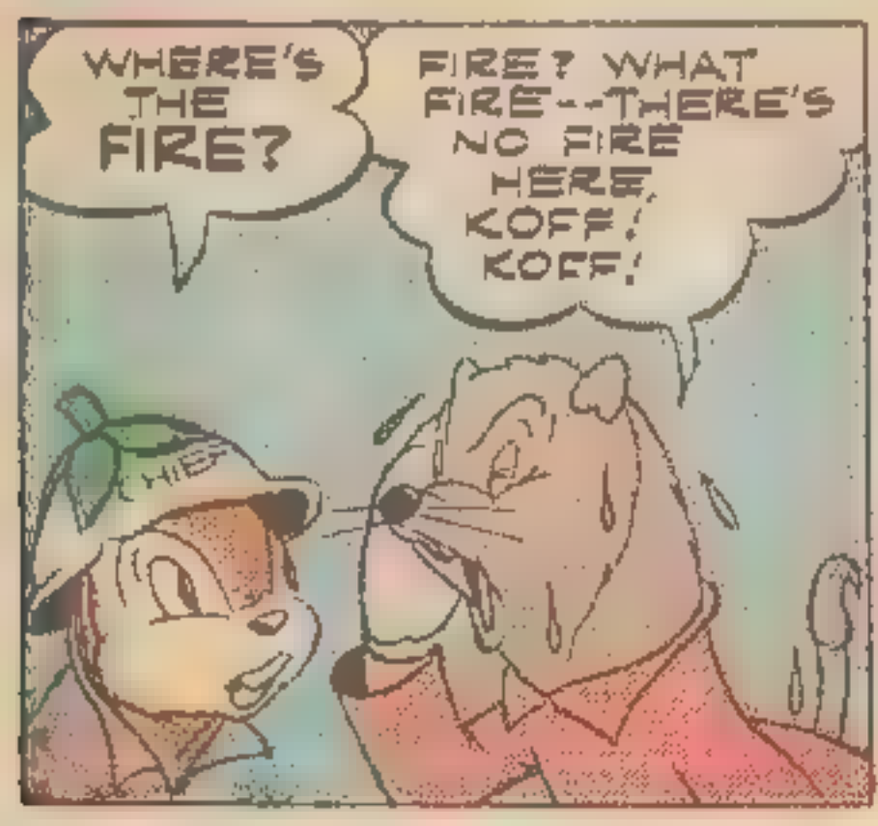

THAT'S THE GARAGE DOOR, CHIEF--DON'T YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO BREAK IT DOWN?
POSITIVELY!

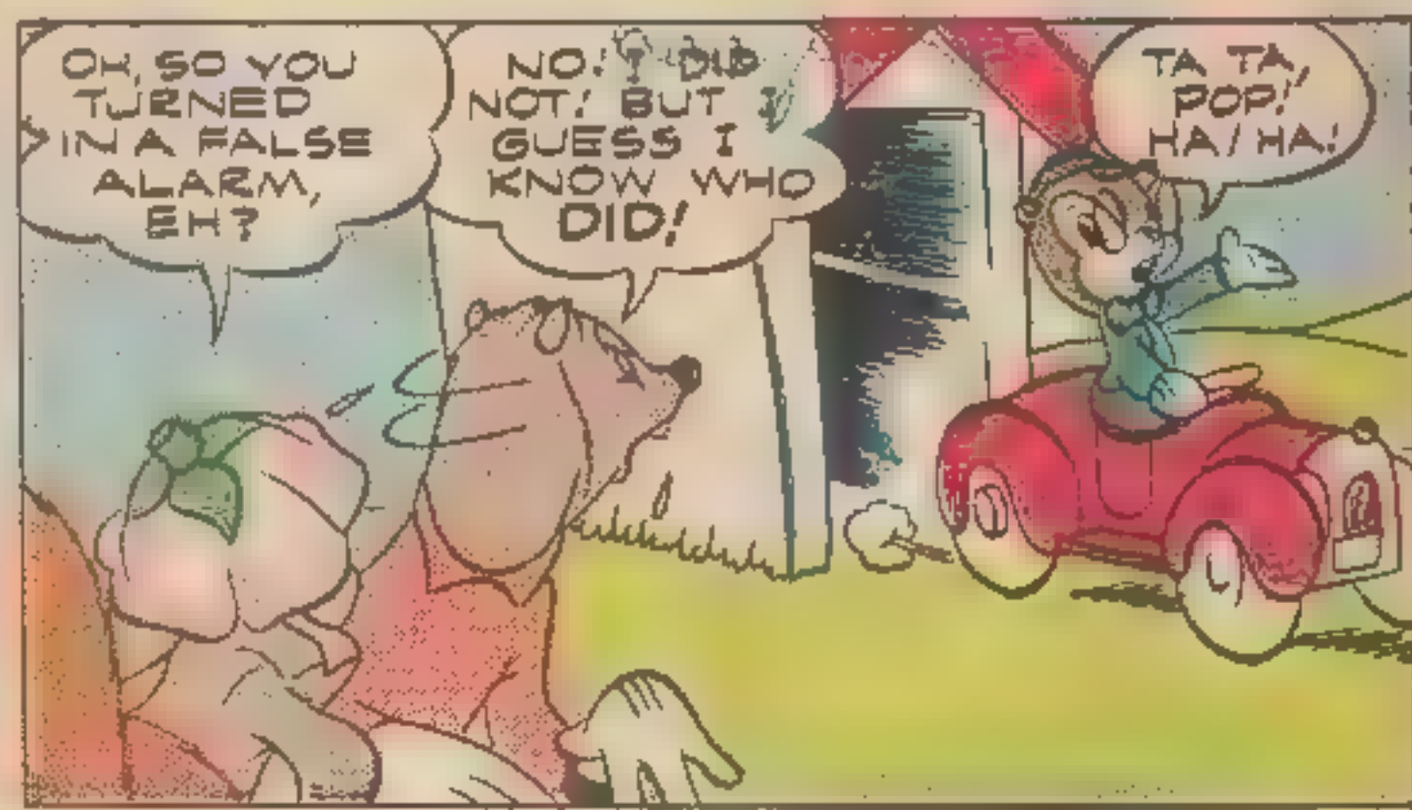

AH! MY AUTO
WHAM!

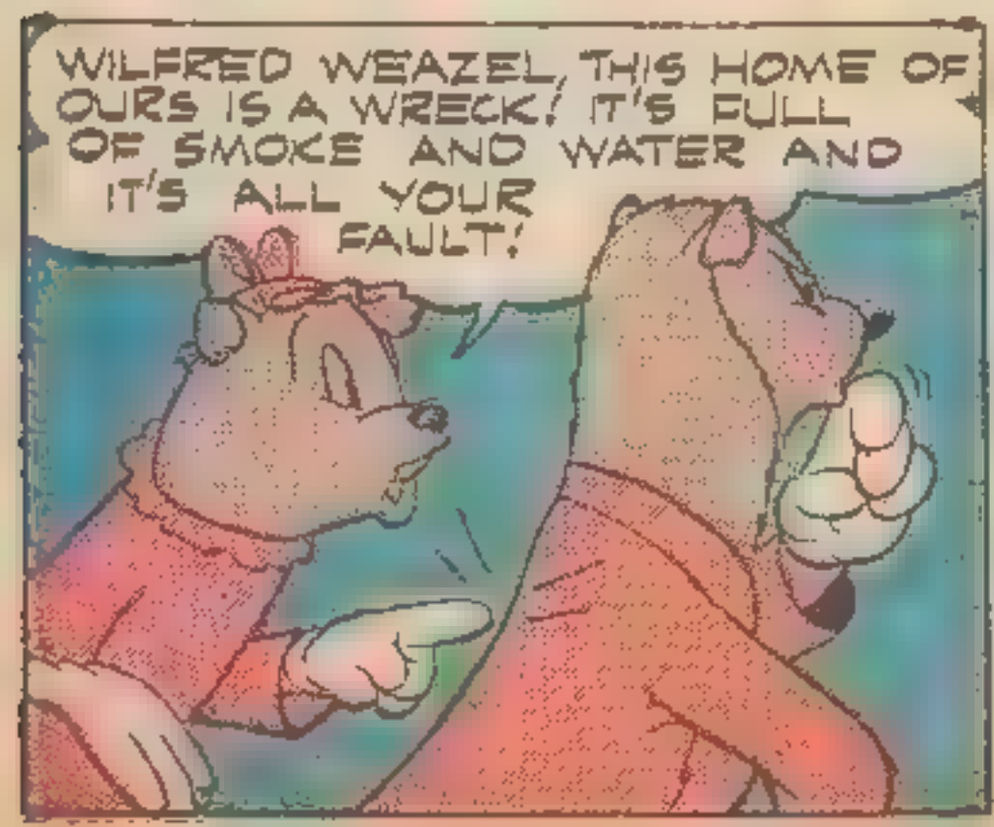


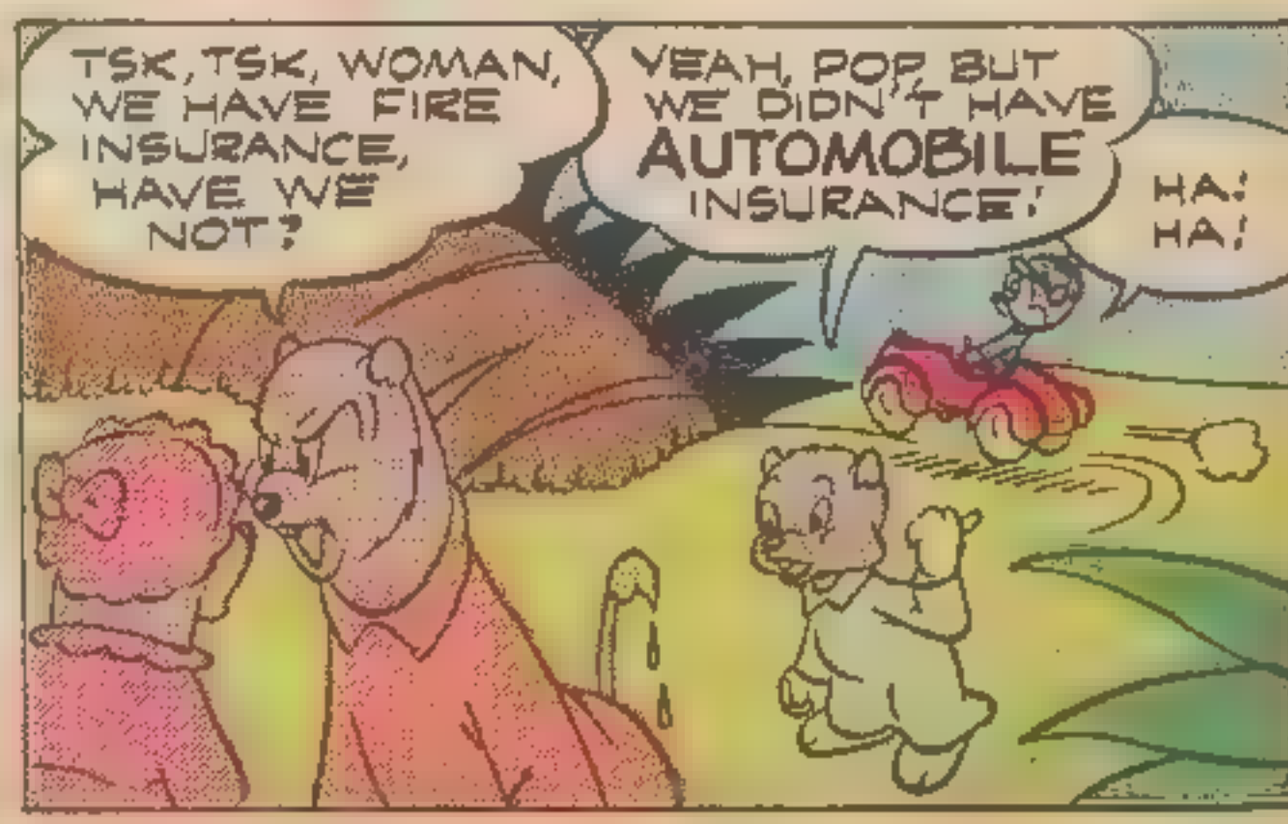





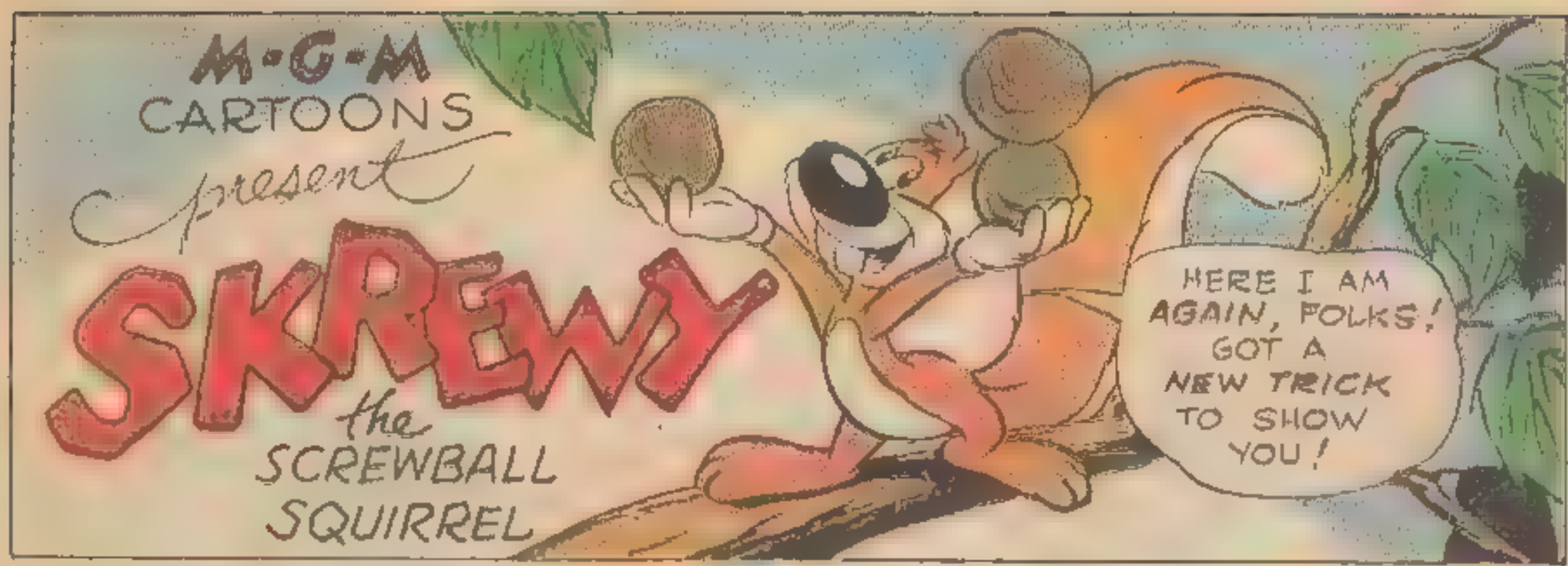



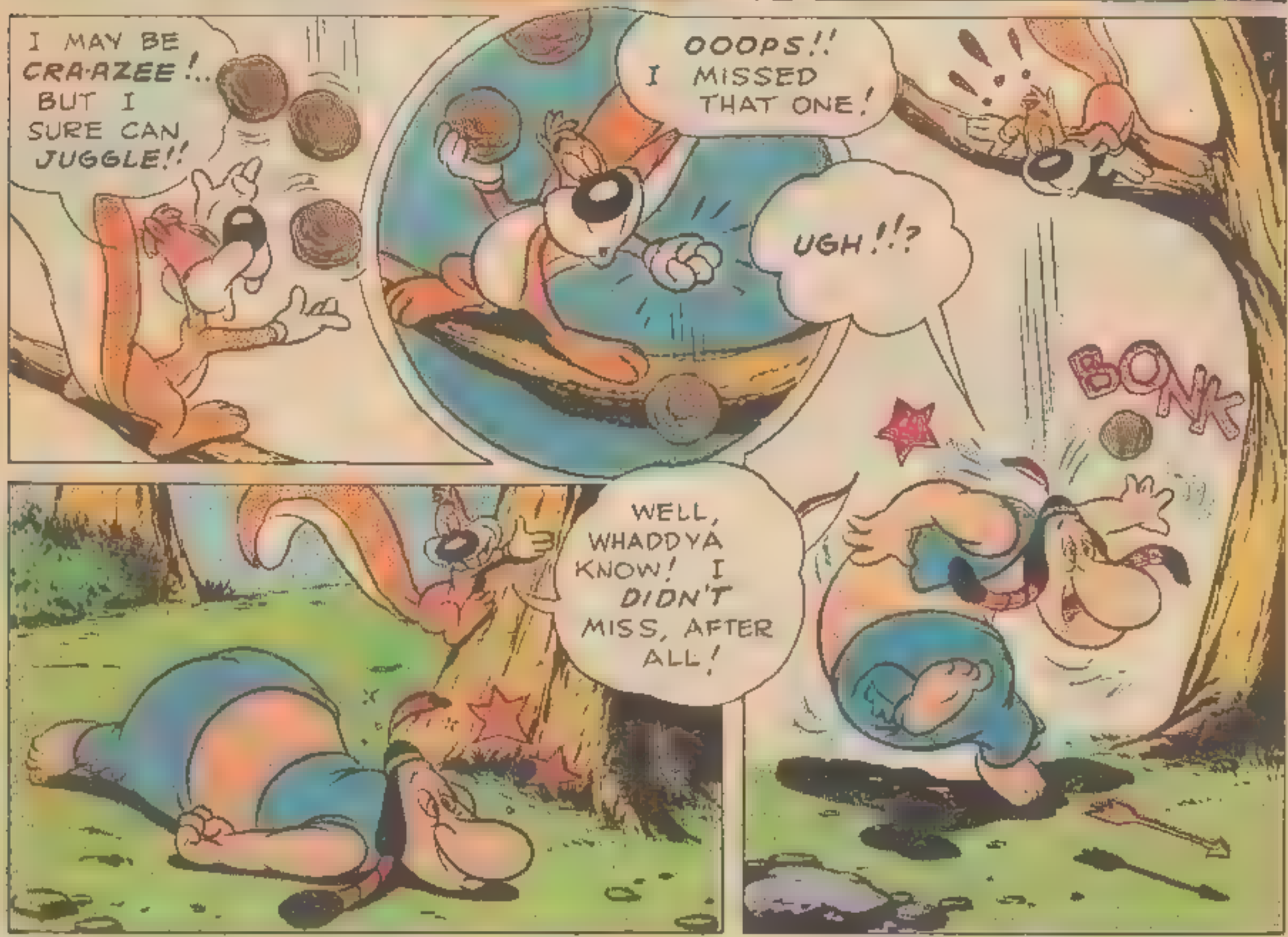



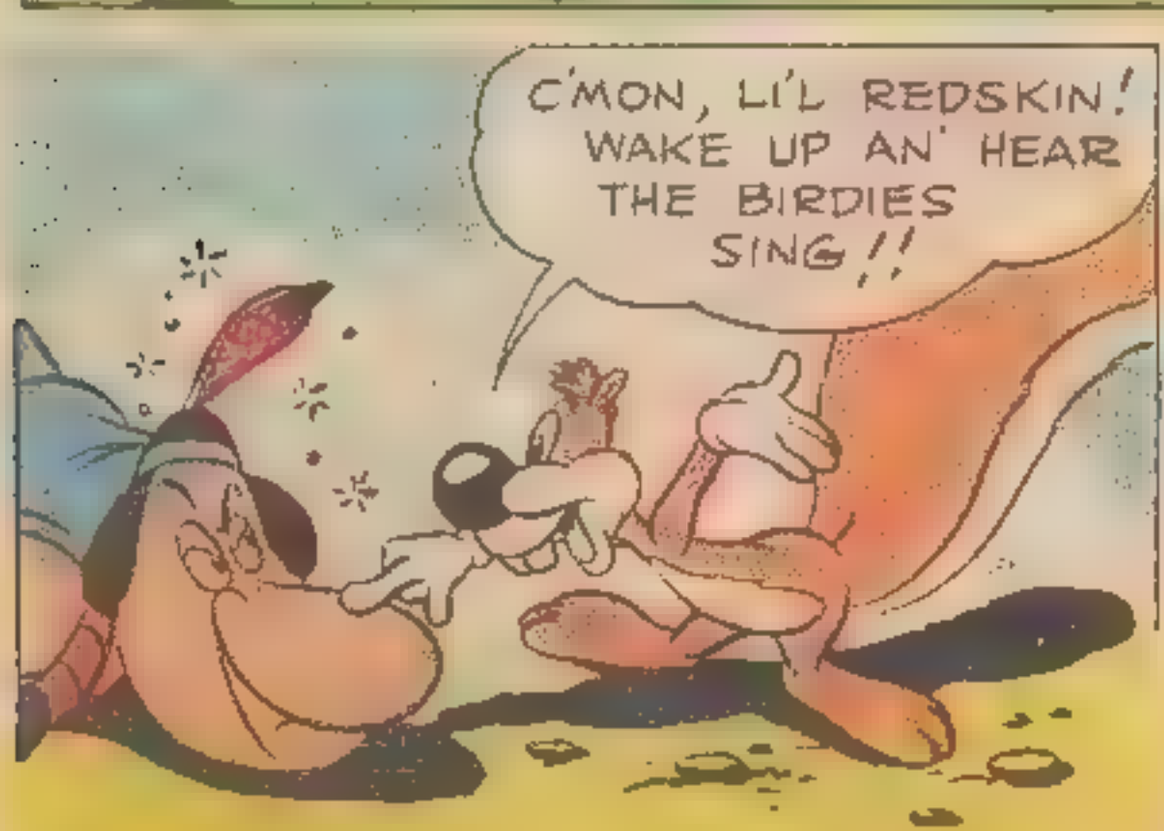



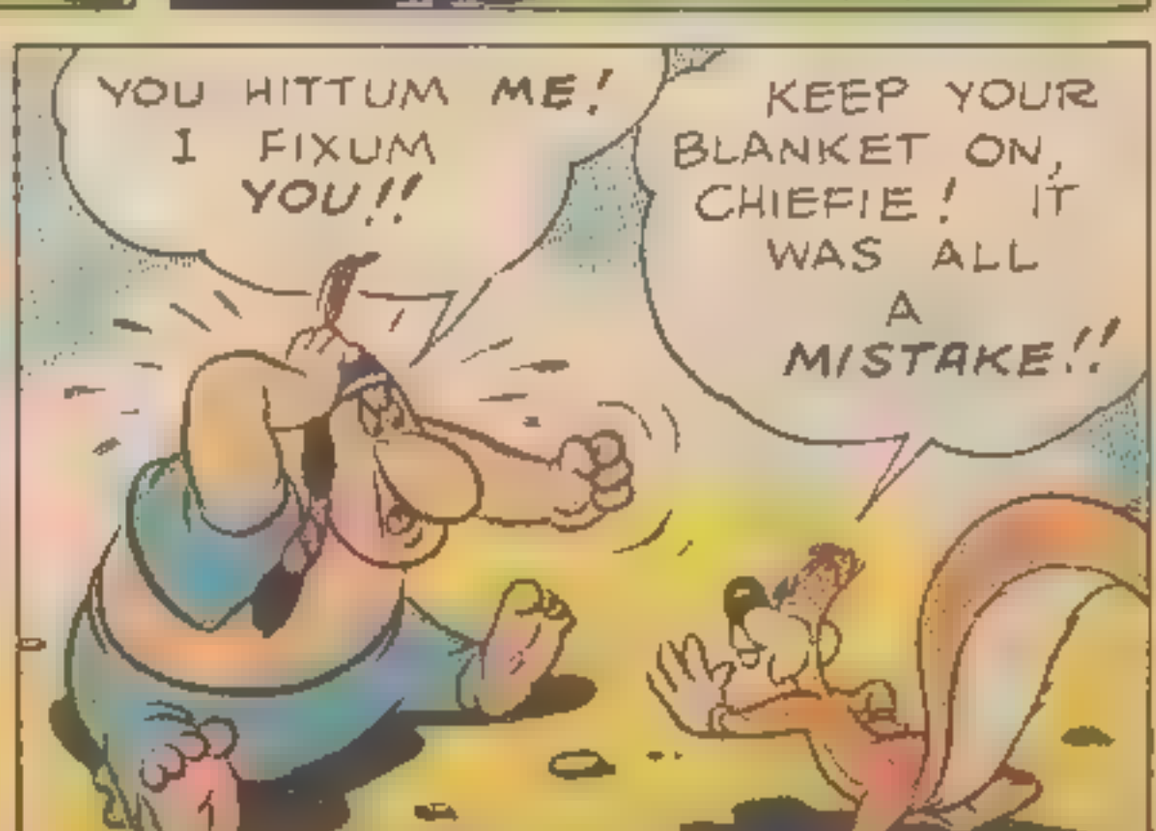



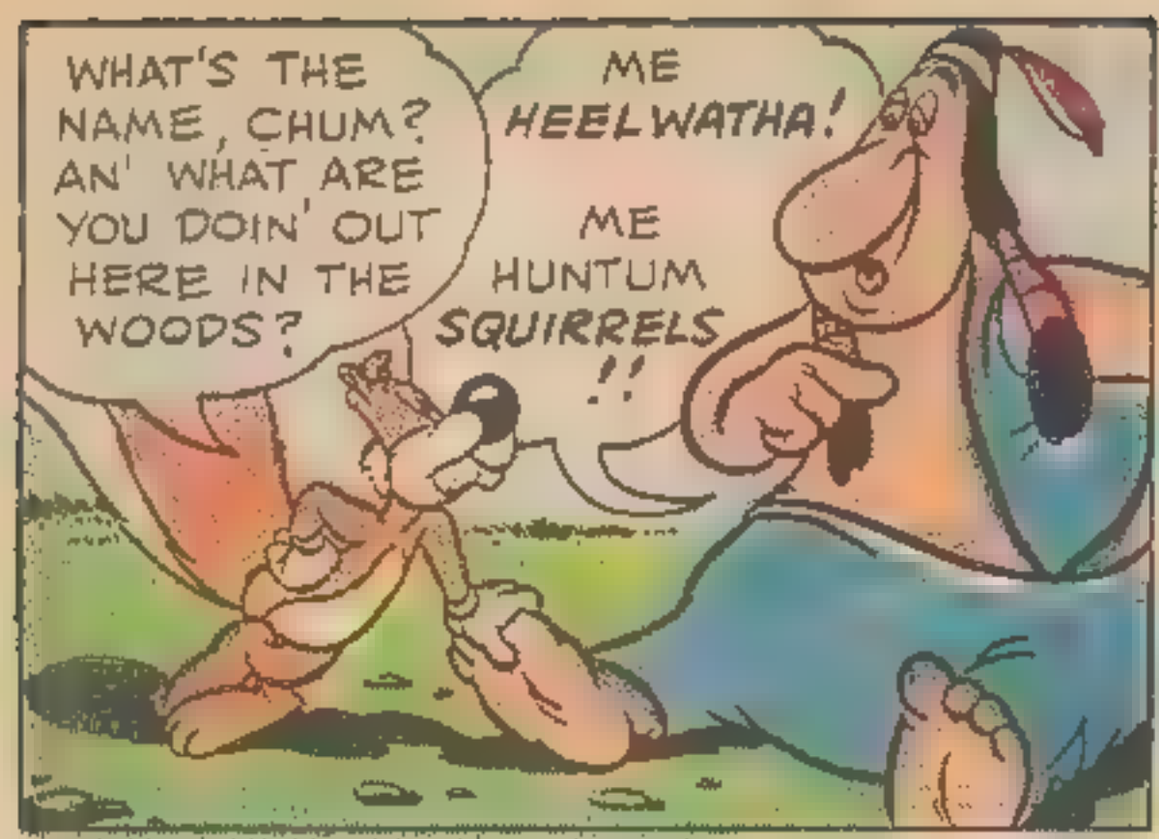

M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

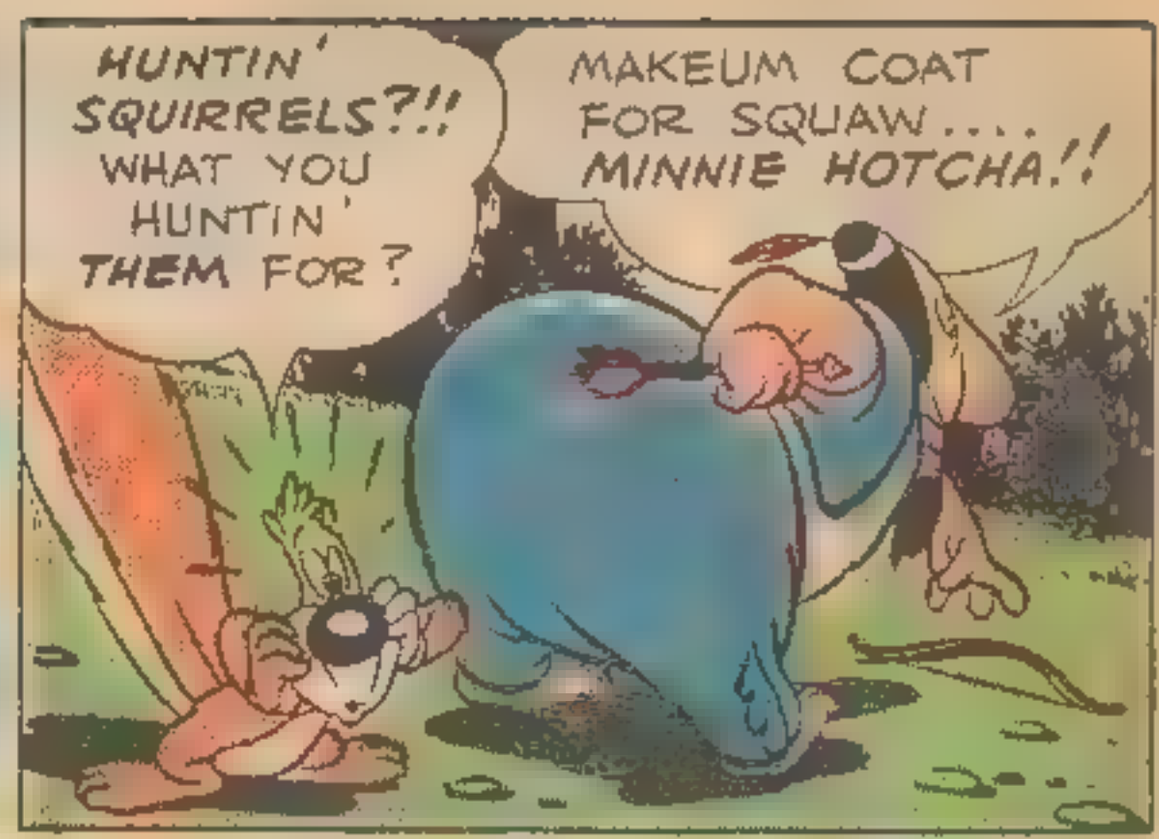

M-G-M CARTOONS
present
SKREWY
the SCREWBALL SQUIRREL
HERE I AM AGAIN, FOLKS! GOT A NEW TRICK TO SHOW YOU!

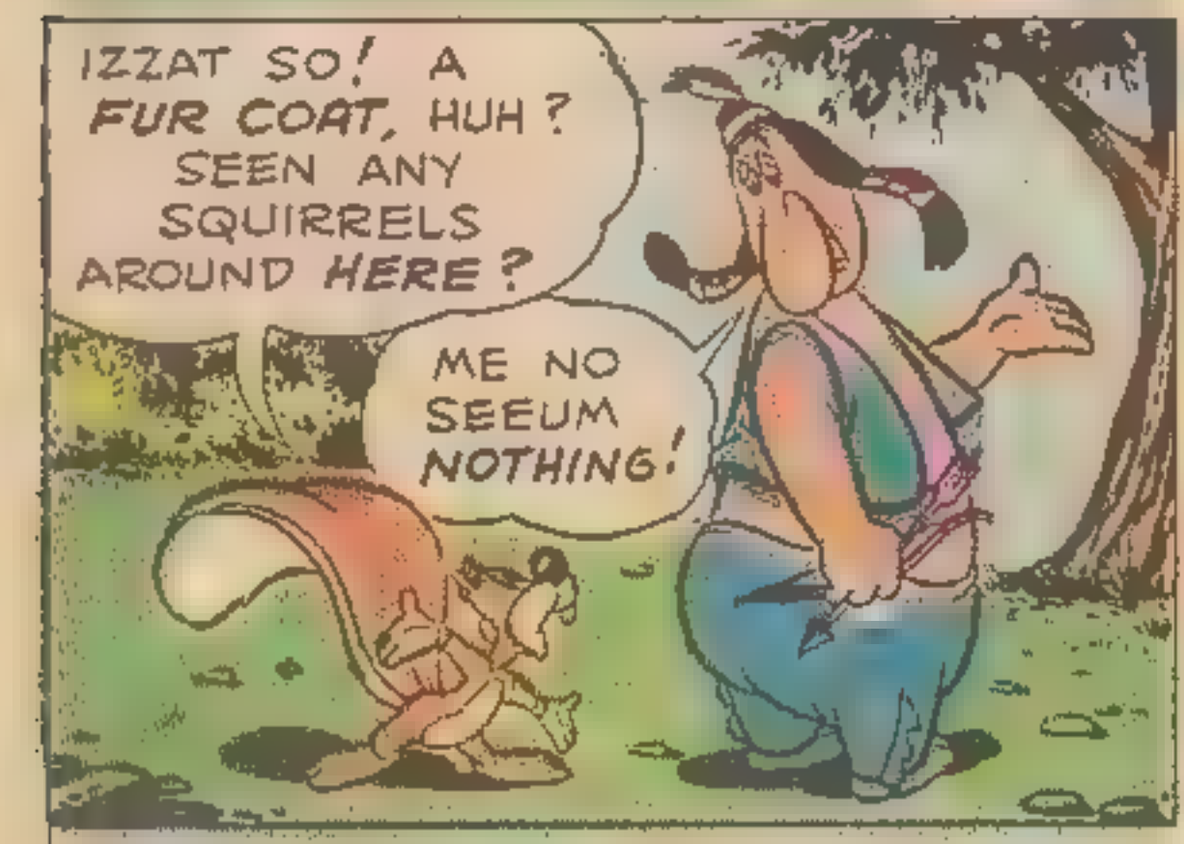

I MAY BE CRA-AZEE!... BUT I SURE CAN JUGGLE!!
OOOPS!! I MISSED THAT ONE!
UGH!!?
BONK
WELL, WHADDYA KNOW! I DIDN'T MISS, AFTER ALL!

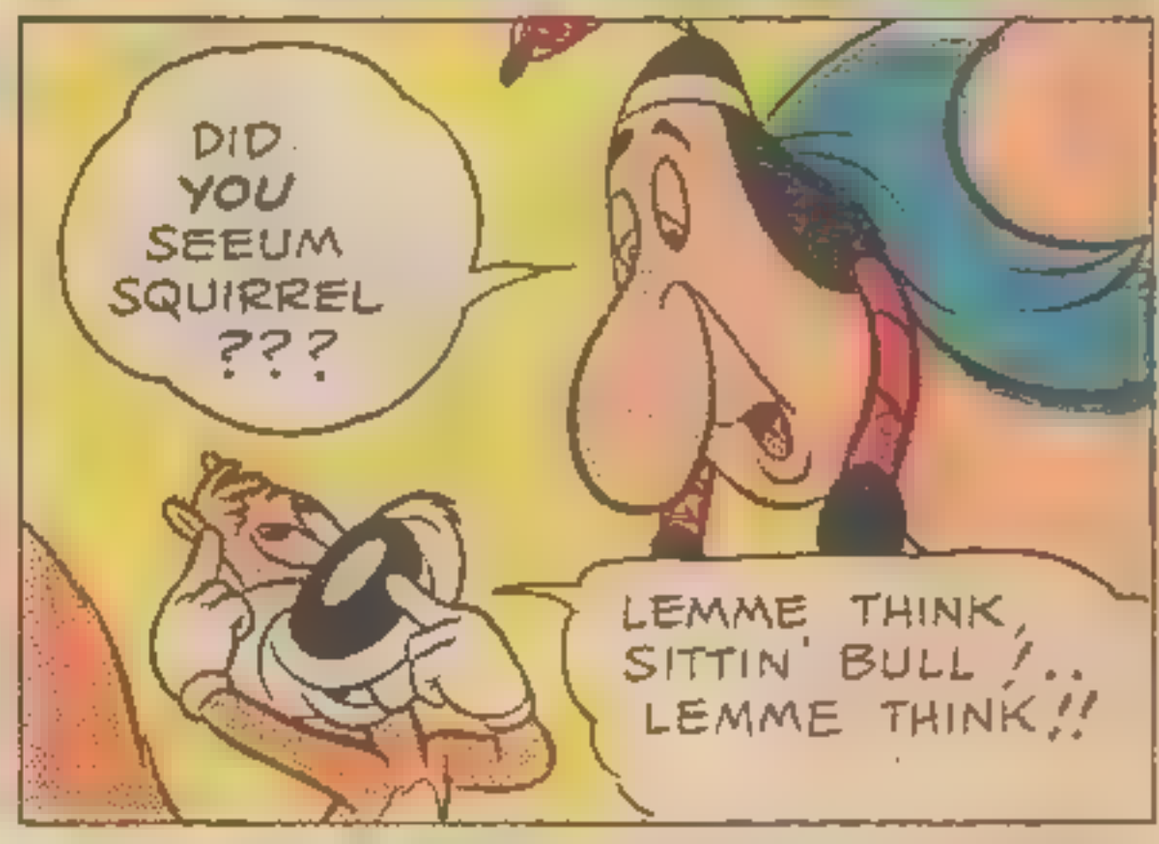

C'MON, LI'L REDSKIN! WAKE UP AN' HEAR THE BIRDIES SING!!

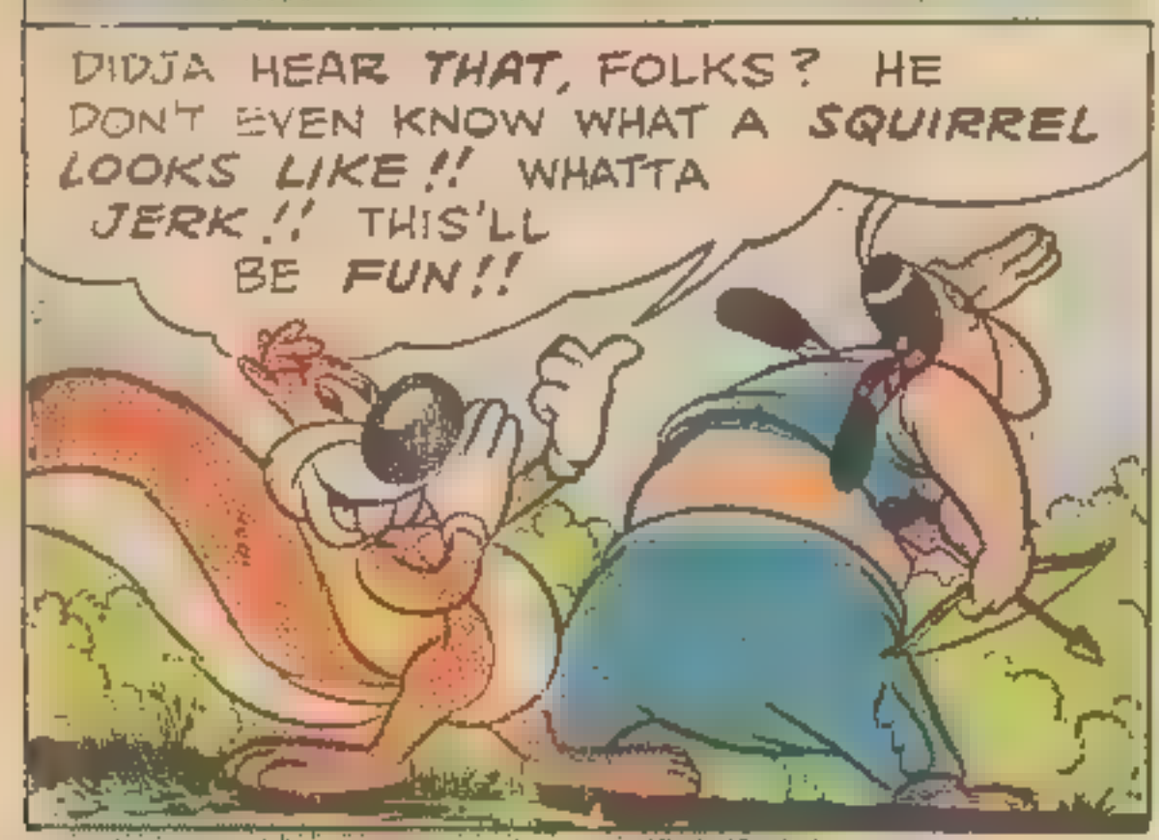

YOU HITTUM ME! I FIXUM YOU!!
KEEP YOUR BLANKET ON, CHIEFIE! IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE!!

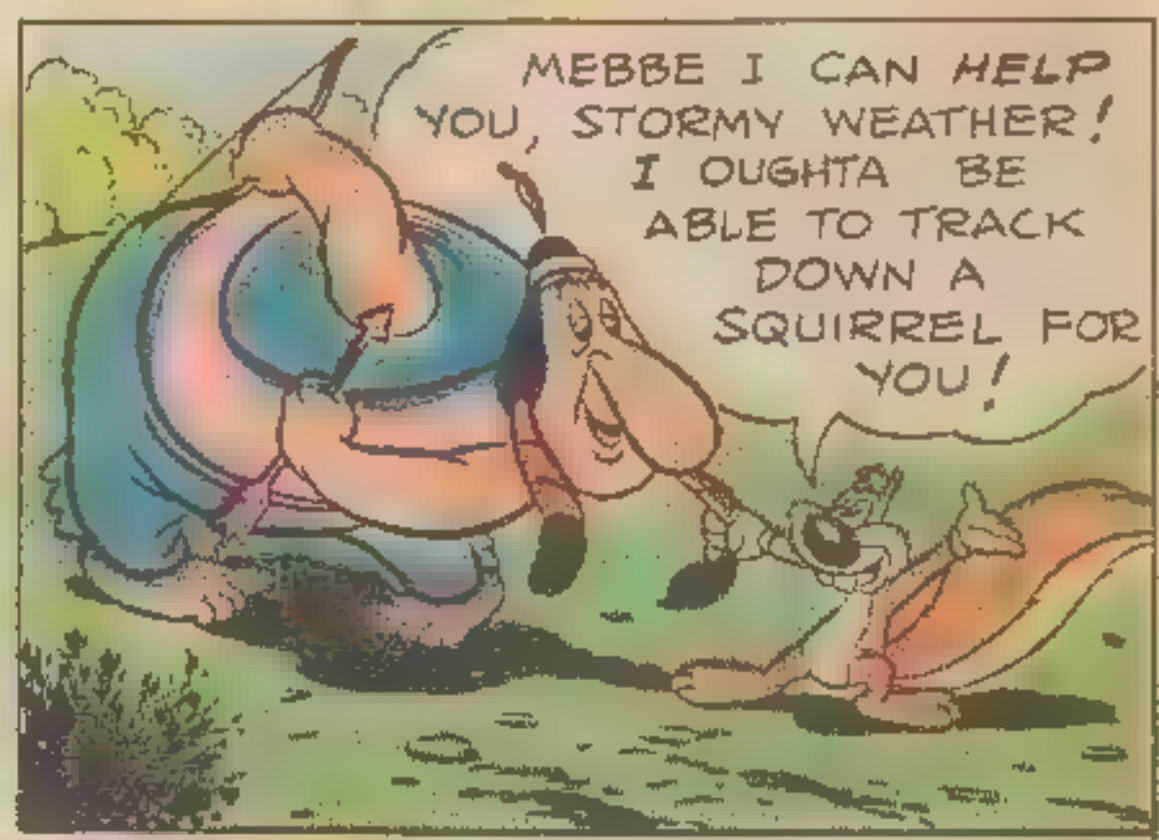

WHAT'S THE NAME, CHUM? AN' WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' OUT HERE IN THE WOODS?
ME HEELWATHA!
ME HUNTUM SQUIRRELS !!

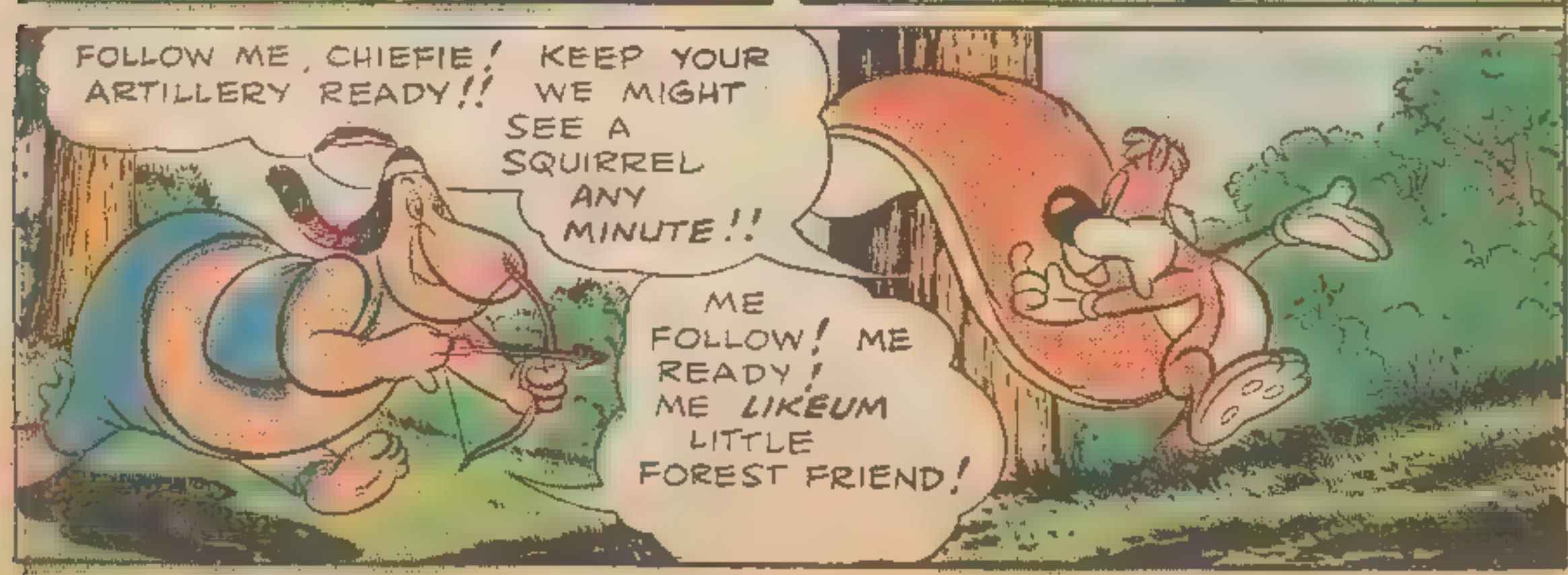

HUNTIN' SQUIRRELS?!! WHAT YOU HUNTIN' THEM FOR?
MAKEUM COAT FOR SQUAW.... MINNIE HOTCHA!!


IZZAT SO! A FUR COAT, HUH? SEEN ANY SQUIRRELS AROUND HERE?
ME NO SEEUM NOTHING!

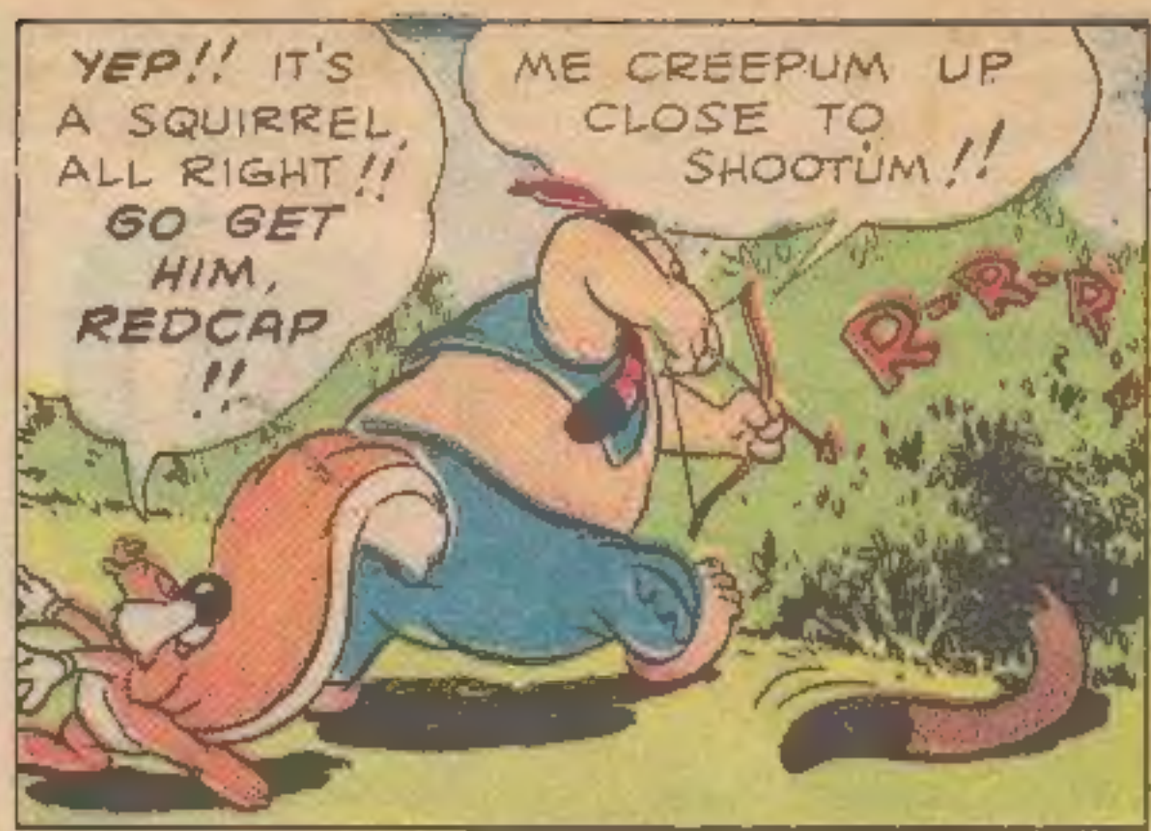

DID YOU SEEUM SQUIRREL ???
LEMME THINK, SITTIN' BULL!.. LEMME THINK!!


DIDJA HEAR THAT, FOLKS? HE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT A SQUIRREL LOOKS LIKE!! WHATTA JERK!! THIS'LL BE FUN!!

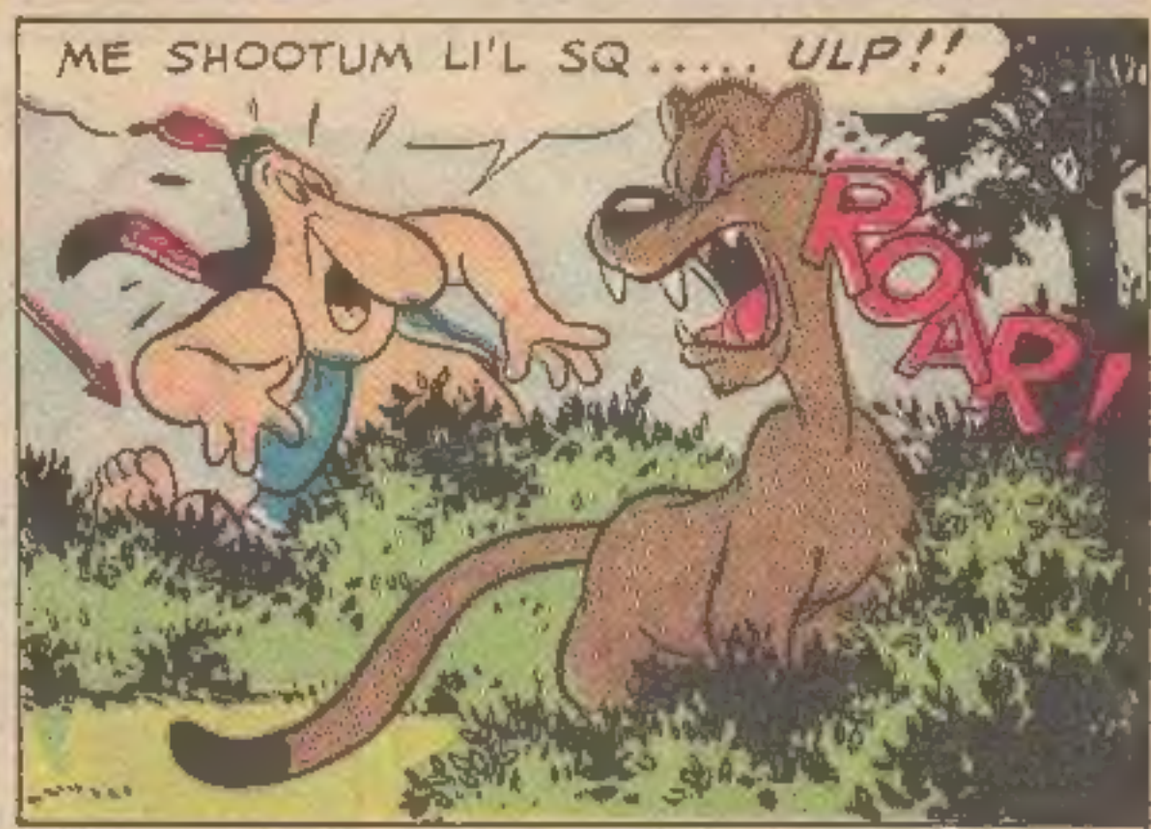

MEBBE I CAN HELP YOU, STORMY WEATHER! I OUGHTA BE ABLE TO TRACK DOWN A SQUIRREL FOR YOU!

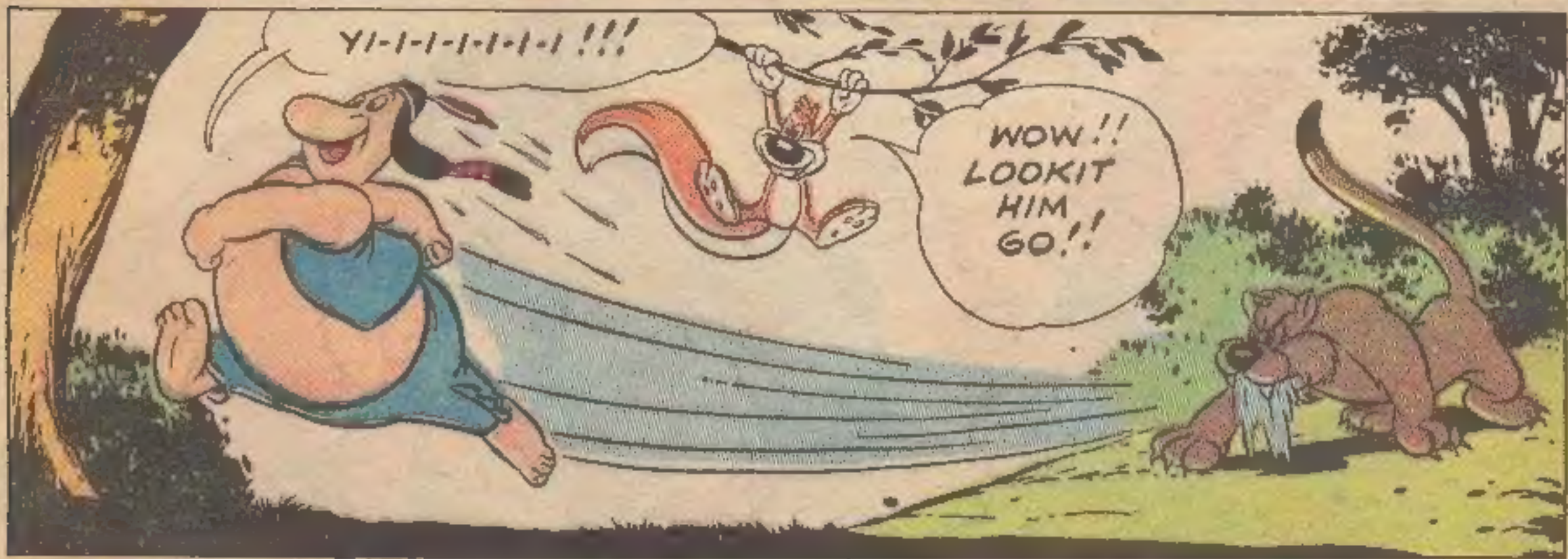

FOLLOW ME, CHIEFIE! ARTILLERY READY!!
KEEP YOUR WE MIGHT SEE A SQUIRREL ANY MINUTE!!
ME FOLLOW! ME READY! ME LIKEUM LITTLE FOREST FRIEND!

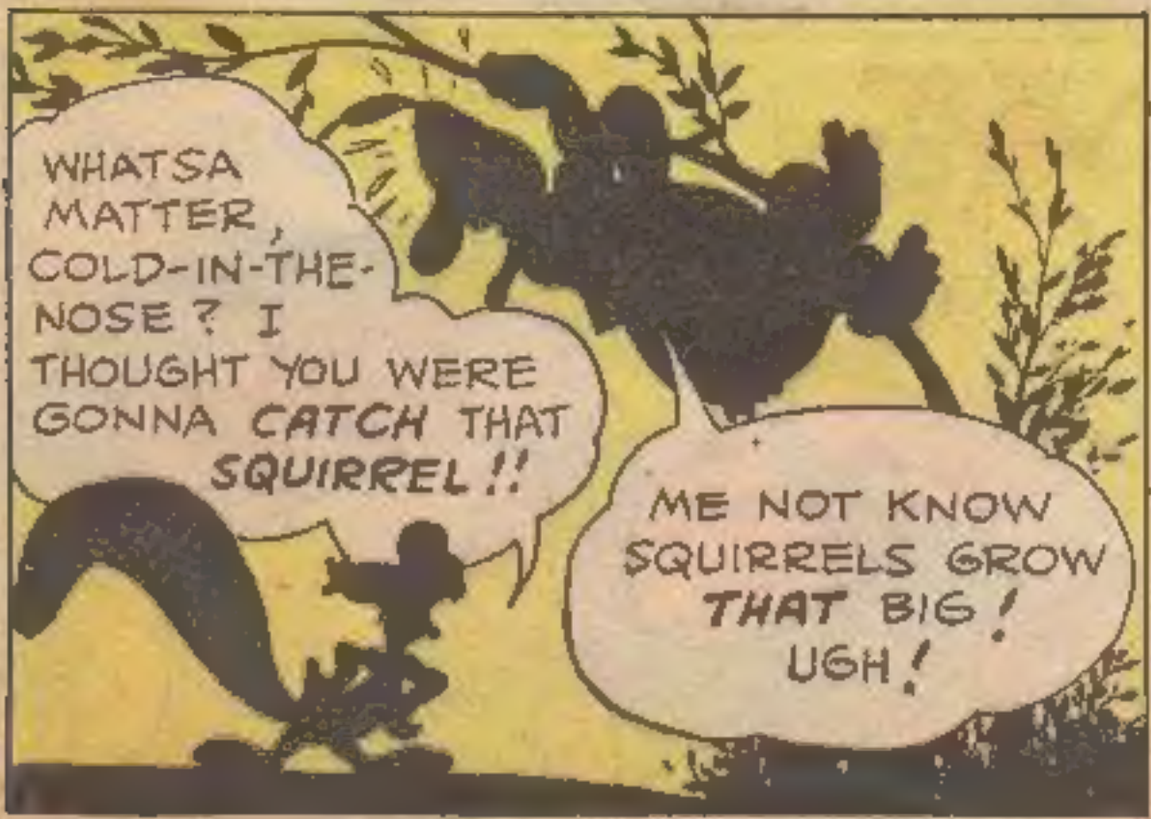
LISSEN!! I THINK I HEAR A SQUIRREL IN THOSE BUSHES!!
GR-R-R
UGH!! HIM MIGHTY NOISY SQUIRREL!

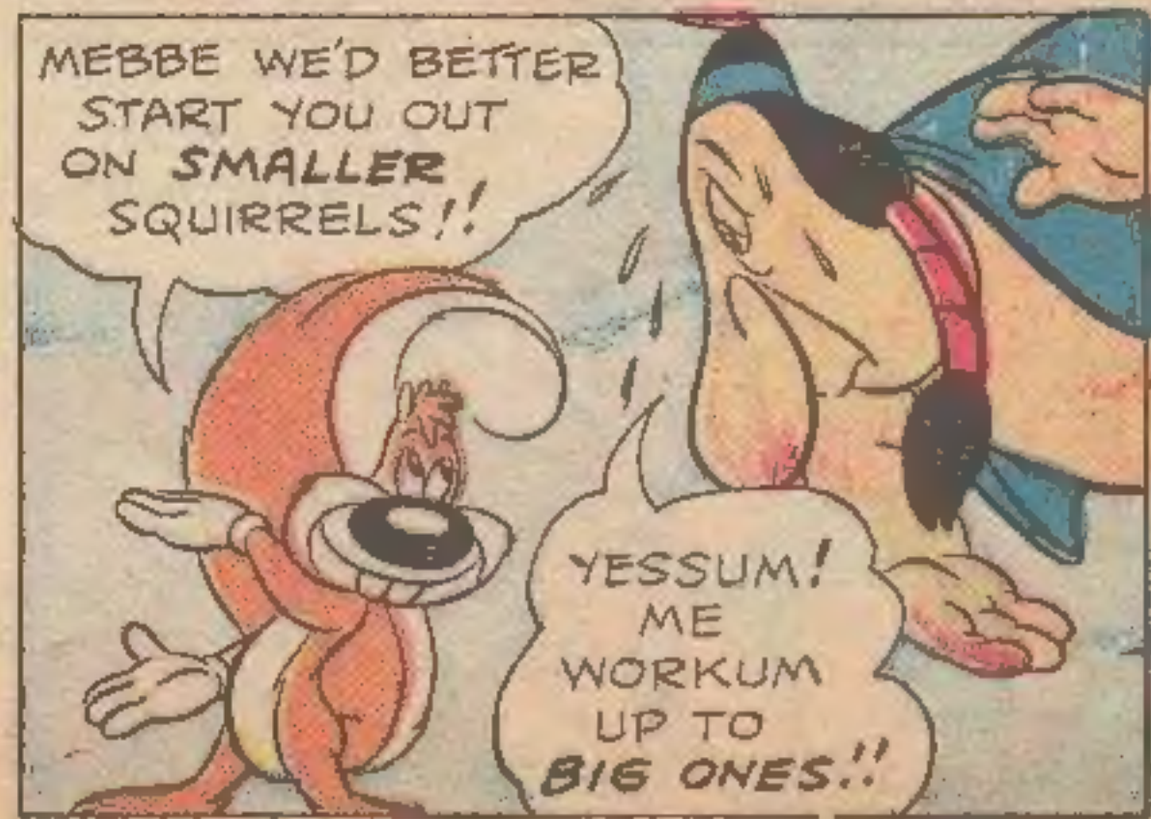

YEP!! IT'S A SQUIRREL, ALL RIGHT!! GO GET HIM, REDCAP!!
ME CREEPUM UP CLOSE TO SHOOTUM!!
R-R-R

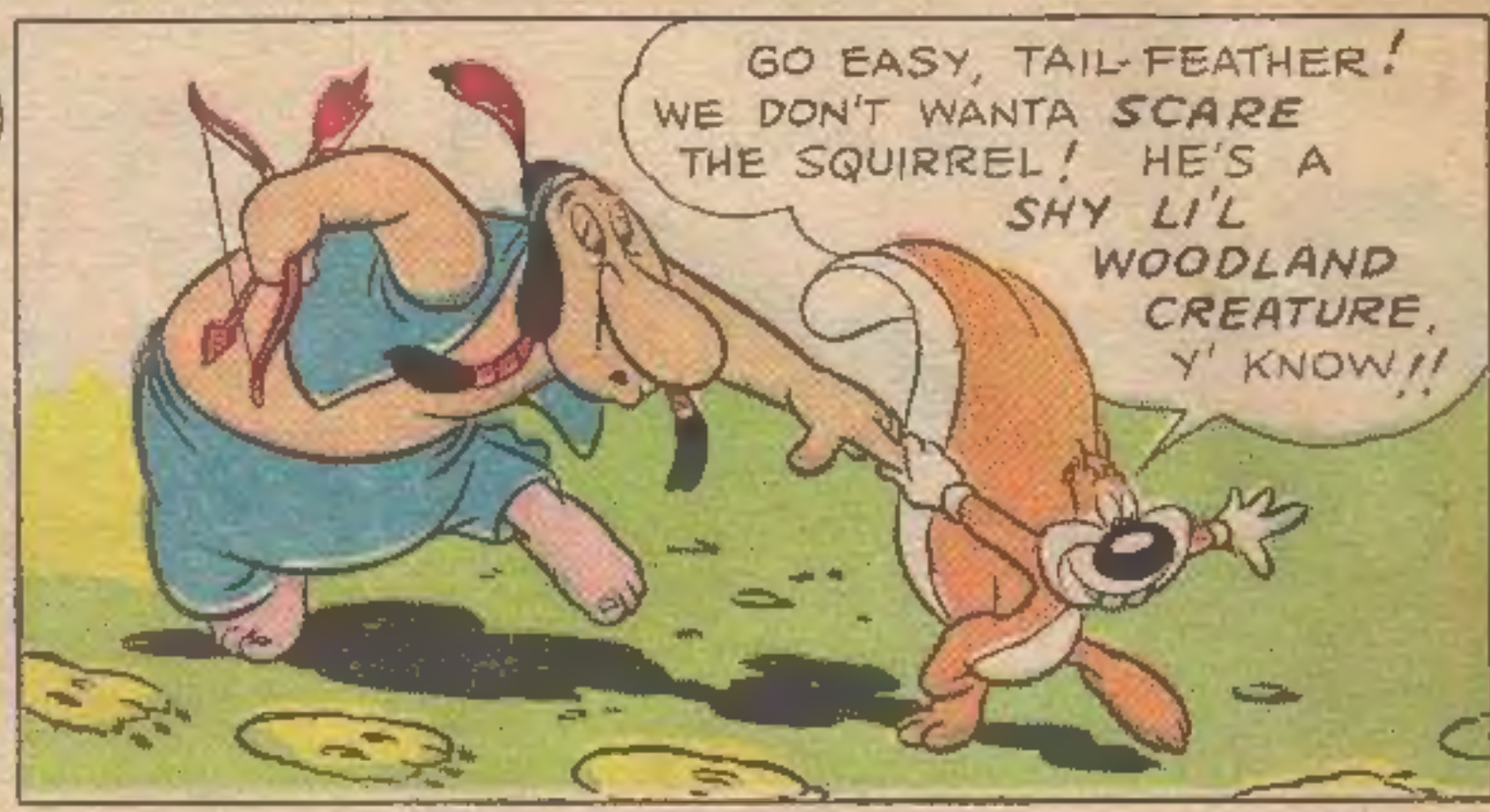
WE'RE ABOUT TO WITNESS THE LAST OF THAT MOHICAN!! HAHA! HEH! HEH!

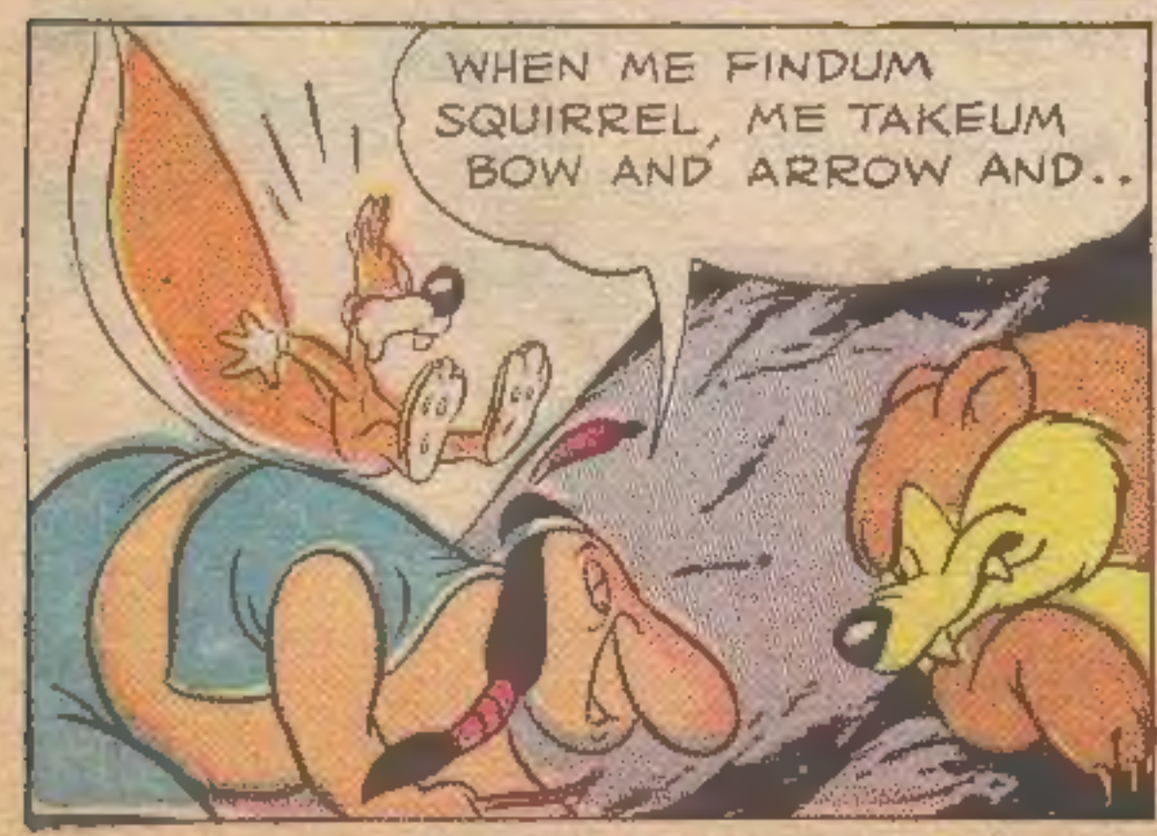

ME SHOOTUM LI'L SQ..... ULP!!
ROAR!

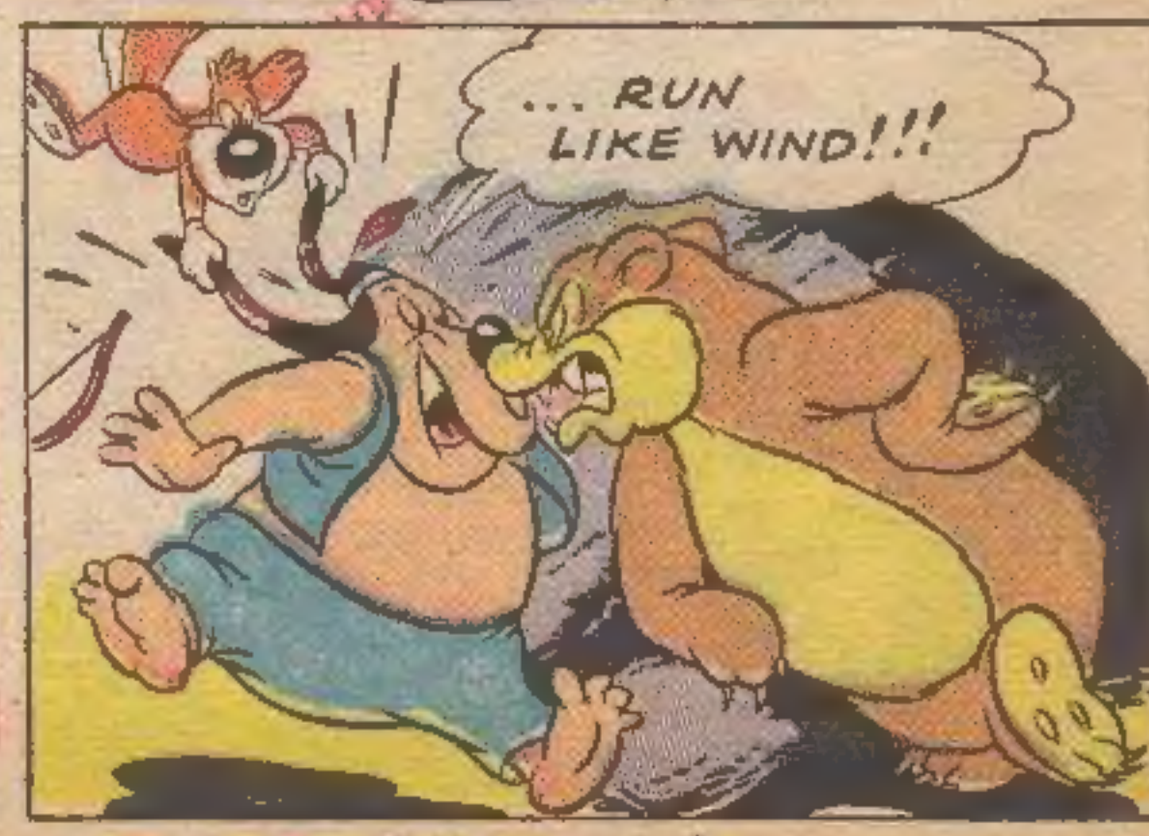

YI-I-I-I-I-I-I-I!!!
WOW!! LOOKIT HIM GO!!


WHATSA MATTER, COLD-IN-THE-NOSE? I THOUGHT YOU WERE GONNA CATCH THAT SQUIRREL!!
ME NOT KNOW SQUIRRELS GROW THAT BIG! UGH!


MEBBE WE'D BETTER START YOU OUT ON SMALLER SQUIRRELS!!
YESSUM! ME WORKUM UP TO BIG ONES!!



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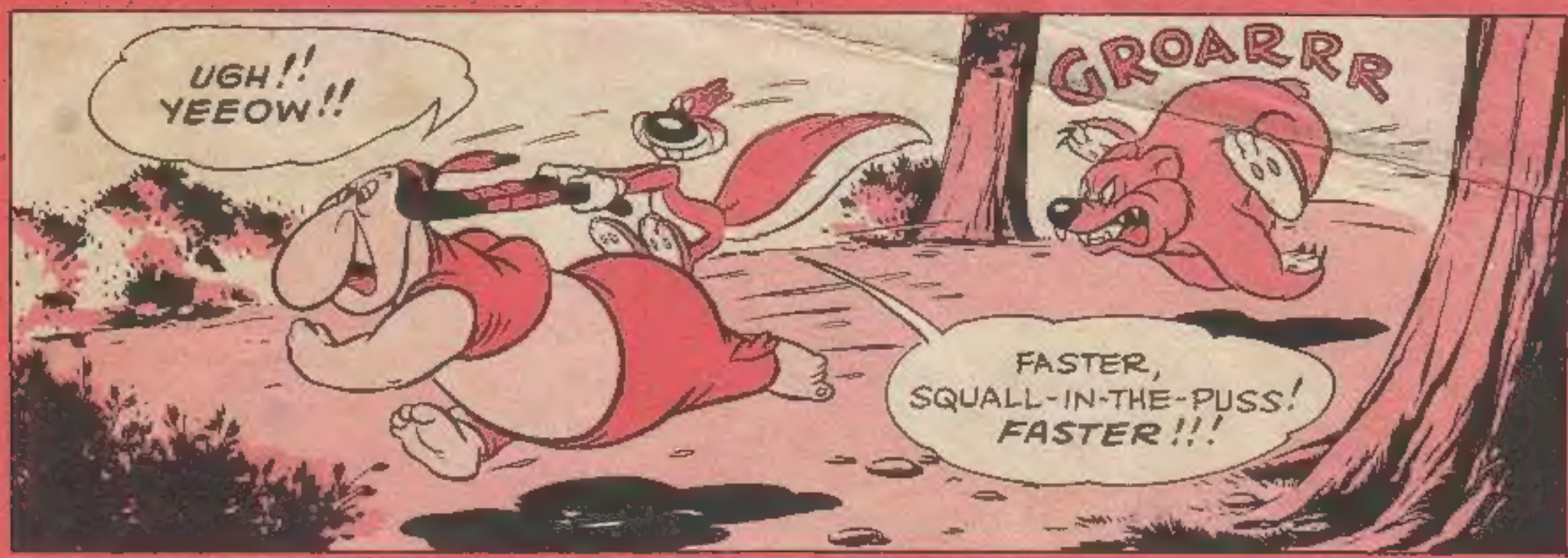
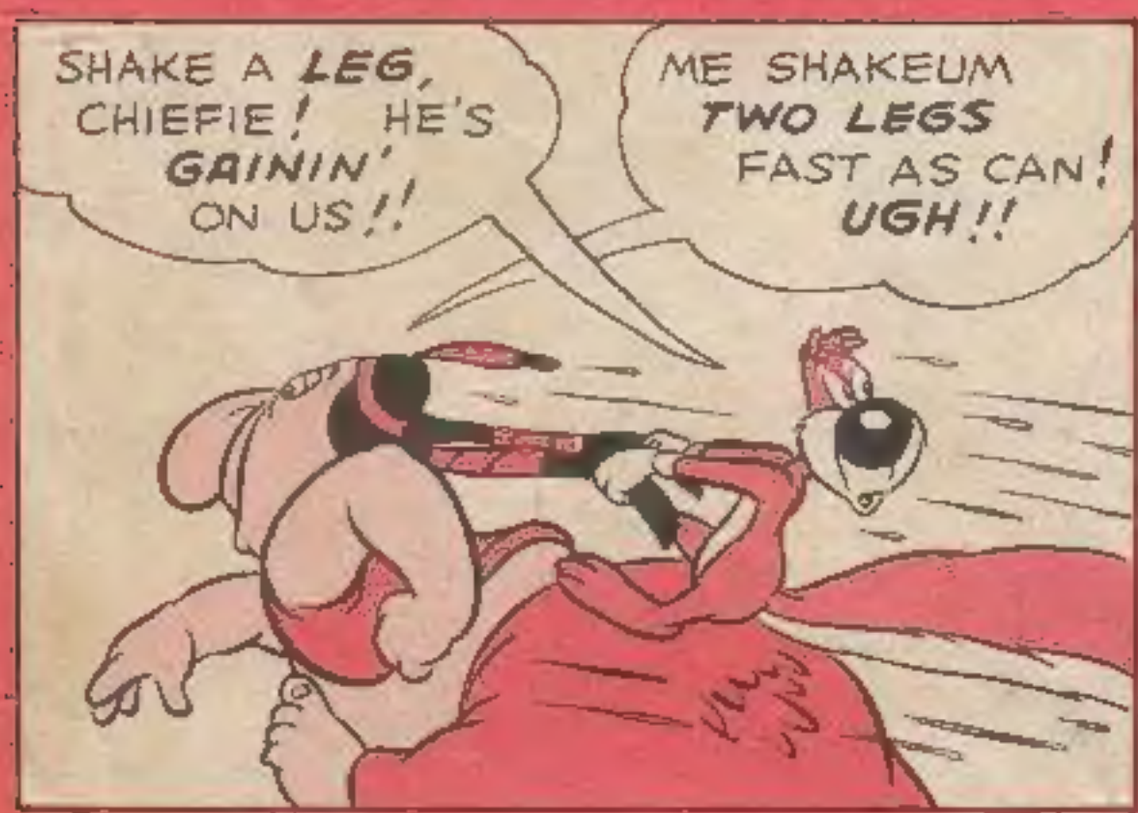
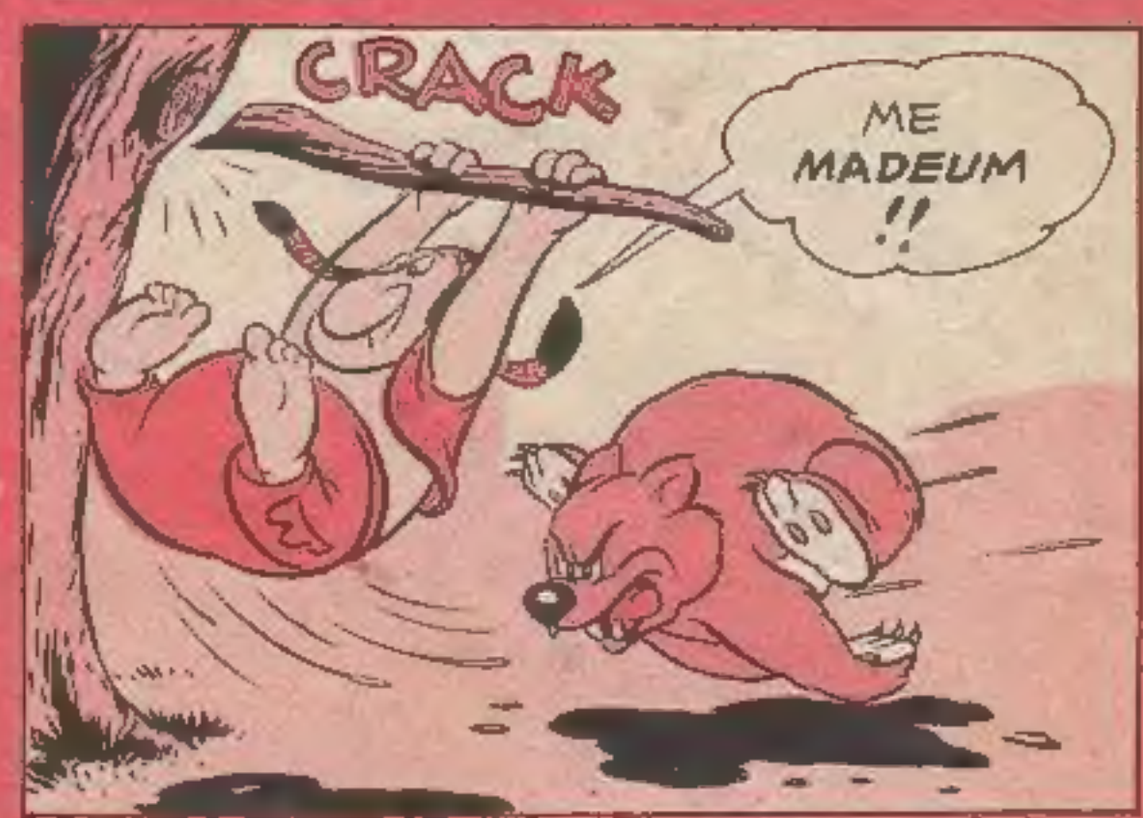
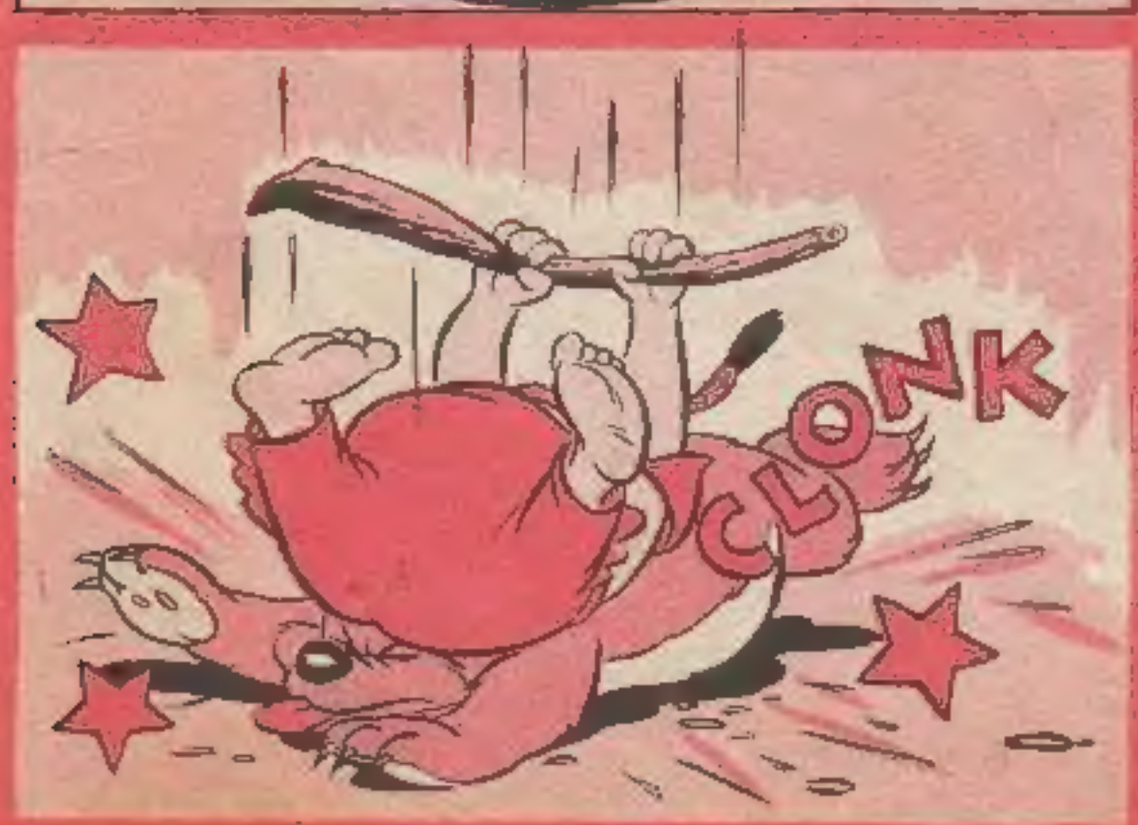

UGH!! YEEOW!!
GROARRR
FASTER, SQUALL-IN-THE-PUSS! FASTER!!!

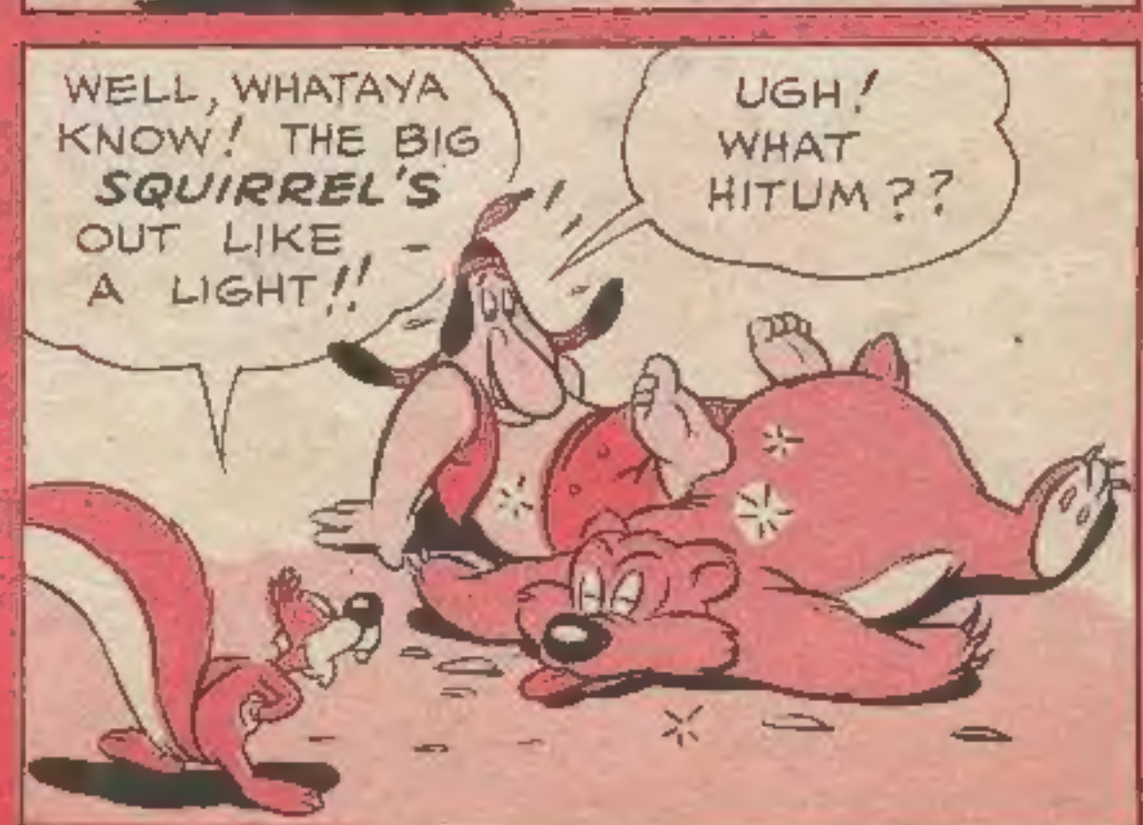

SHAKE A LEG, CHIEFIE! HE'S GAININ' ON US!!
ME SHAKEUM TWO LEGS FAST AS CAN! UGH!!

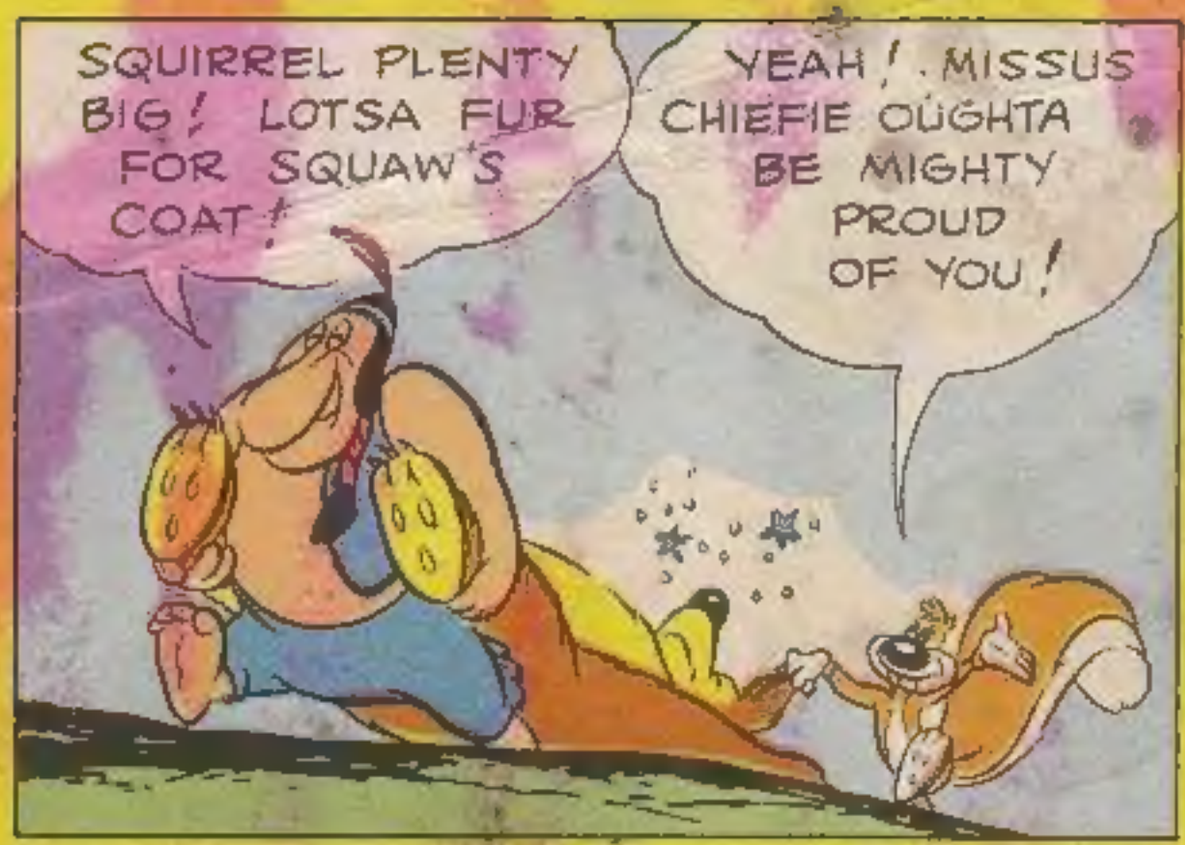
TAKE TO THE TREES, STANDING-COW!! QUICK!!

ME MAKEUM TREE... ... ME HOPEUM!!


CRACK
ME MADEUM !!

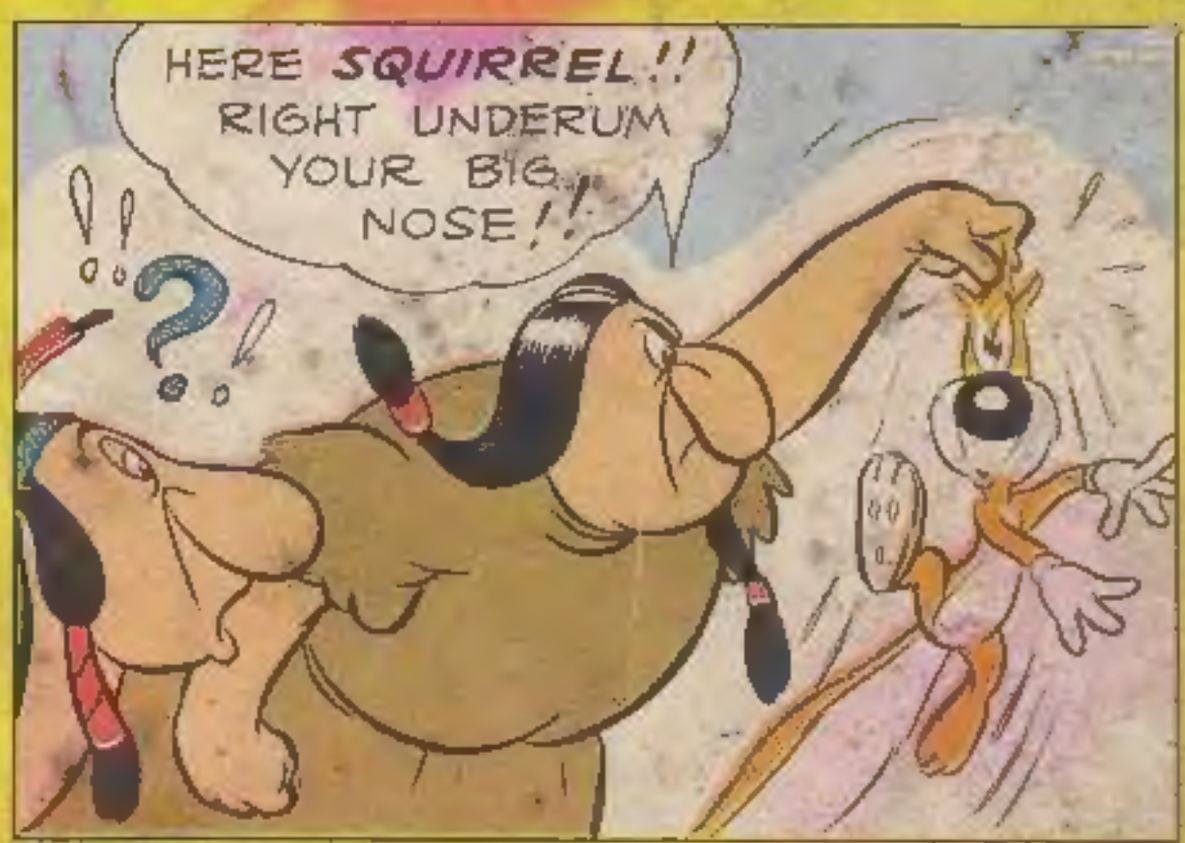

CLONK


WELL, WHATAYA KNOW! THE BIG SQUIRREL'S OUT LIKE A LIGHT!!
UGH! WHAT HITUM??


SQUIRREL PLENTY BIG! LOTSA FUR FOR SQUAW'S COAT!
YEAH! MISSUS CHIEFIE OUGHTA BE MIGHTY PROUD OF YOU!

SEEUM? MINNIE HOTCHA WAITUM!!
SHE'S A BIG GAL, AIN'T SHE?

I TOLD YOU GETUM SQUIRRELS!!... .. NOT BEAR!!
BUT...
G-GUESS I'D BETTER BE MOSEYIN' ALONG!


HERE SQUIRREL!! RIGHT UNDERUM YOUR BIG NOSE!!
!!?!

PUT ME DOWN, MISSUS HOTCHA! I GOT SOMETHIN' TO SHOW YOU! SOMETHING VERY INTERESTIN'!

FLASHY FOREST FASHIONS
LOOK AT THIS!! YOU DON'T WANTA FUR COAT!

KNIT COATS are Newest Woodland Fashion
SEE! YOU'D BE OUTA STYLE IN A FUR COAT! YOU WANT A KNIT COAT!

WELL, ANYWAY, THIS IS BETTER'N BEIN' A SLEEVE IN A FUR JACKET!!